

ARE THEY STARS OR STOOGES?

Silver Screen

November

0c



Irene Dunne

IN THIS
ISSUE

1936 GOLD MEDAL WINNER



“How about a week from Thursday?”

Her phone was always ringing . . . would she like to see this? . . . would she like to go there? . . . could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, *do* whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because

of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas

on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

If you like
Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like
Listerine Tooth Paste.
162 brushings in the big,
double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.

"Ridiculous"



SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"

SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about

tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

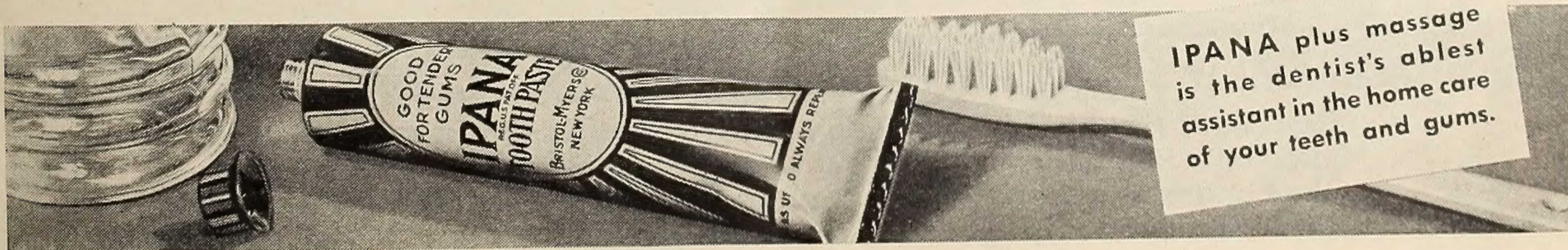
"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well

as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.



Jean
HARLOW
William
POWELL
Myrna
LOY
Spencer
TRACY
IN
LIBELED LADY
with **WALTER CONNOLLY**
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER 1936

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VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
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Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF IRENE DUNNE BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

for NOVEMBER 1936

The Opening Chorus



The Courteous Lily Pons

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

You'll probably fall right over in your wastepaper basket when you see what the subject of our little discourse is today. It's "People Who Have Pleased Me This Month," and the surprise, of course, is that an old grouch like me should be pleased by anyone or anything. But it just goes to show that my bark's worse than my bite.

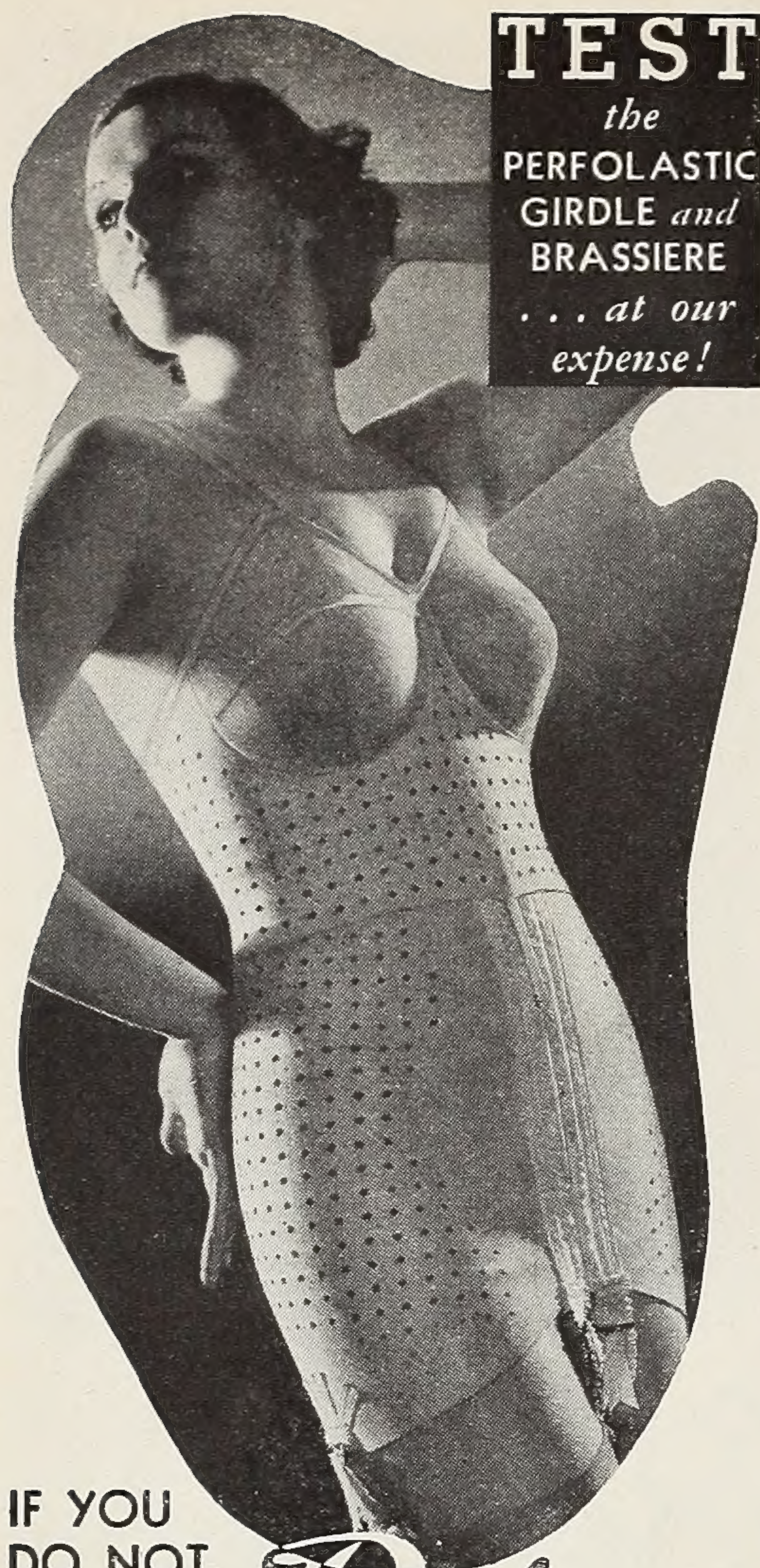
I'm awfully pleased over the way Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout behaved at each other's concerts here in the Hollywood Bowl this month. The night Lily Pons sang Miss Swarthout reserved a whole flock of boxes for her friends, was practically the first one there, and applauded long and sincerely. And a couple of weeks later, when Miss Swarthout sang "Carmen" at the Bowl, little Miss Pons brought all her friends and gave her professional rival a most cordial ovation. If rival politicians could only be as sporting as rival prima donnas I'm sure I wouldn't get sick at my stomach every time I pick up a newspaper these days.

And I'm awfully pleased with Bill Powell for having the good sense to sell that ostentatious mansion of his and return to the normal life of a few rooms and one servant. Bill has had his fling at being a movie star and now he's most content to live like a human being.

And Beulah Bondi pleased me no end with her superb portrayal of Rachael Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy." For the first time in my life I became deeply interested in the wife of the seventh president of the United States.

And Connie Bennett pleased me most of all when she told a press agent that she had far rather have a "nasty" story written about her, and well written, than all the gooey hearts-and-flowers stuff that is usually dished up by fan writers. Imagine a movie star not wanting to be flattered!

Liza



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PERFOLASTIC
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BRASSIERE
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expense!

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at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

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Tips On Pictures

What To See
That's Worth
Seeing.

ANTHONY ADVERSE—Fine. As a novel Anthony Adverse thrilled millions, and now, as a glamorous film with all the fascinating color and adventure of the original retained, it will reach out and thrill people all over the world. Fredric March heads a fine cast, including Claude Rains, Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Louis Hayward, etc.

BACK TO NATURE—Good. Another episode in the simple, domestic existence of the Jones family. Jed Prouty is still head of the family and Spring Byington his spouse. Everybody who likes good wholesome comedy of middle-class life will enjoy this opus. Of the youngsters in the cast George Ernest comes off with many honors, with Shirley Deane a close second.

CHINA CLIPPER—Good. Pat O'Brien is in his element in a story of commercial flying that possesses a number of exciting incidents, the most important of which is his hop across the Pacific. Beverly Roberts plays his wife, but the love interest is secondary to the flying angles.

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—Good. A harsh and dramatic plea against an easy parole system. Bruce Cabot, a born criminal, gets paroled through the pleadings of a fake wife and, once out of jail, causes several tragedies. It's a pretty sordid tale, but extremely well told. In cast Louise Latimer and John Arledge.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Fine. A lavishly produced musical with a real live plot concerning the extremely mad adventures of a theatrical family that takes over the troubles of a stranded show troupe. In the cast, and singing often and melodiously, are Marion Talley (of Metropolitan fame), and Michael Bartlett. (John Eldredge-Louis Albern).

GIRLS' DORMITORY—Fine. This serves to introduce a new and much publicized personality—Simone Simon, a little French girl who more than lives up to all the ballyhoo sent out about her. The plot concerns the adolescent but highly emotional love of a school girl for her teacher, and the setting is a boarding school on the Continent. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton are cast with the new screen find.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Excellent. The J. Fenimore Cooper historical novel which served as the basis for this picture has fascinated thousands of American youngsters, and now, transformed to the screen with some of your favorite actors in the well-remembered rôles, it will command the attention of adventure-lovers of every age. (Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel, Phillip Reed.)

MUMMY'S BOYS—Fair. There's a title for you—especially when you learn that Wheeler and Woolsey are the lads in question. And, speaking of Wheeler and Woolsey, if you like the comic absurdities of these two funnies, why this is your meat—otherwise its just plain applesauce, no matter how you look at it.

RACING BLOOD—Fair. A melodrama of the race tracks that will interest all of you with a gambling instinct in spite of its hokum. Frankie Darro plays a jockey who is a descendant of a long line of famous jockeys and therefore has the traditions of the track behind him. The love interest is taken care of by Kane Richmond and Gladys Blake.

ROMEO AND JULIET—Splendid. An exquisite production of Shakespeare's immortal love tragedy. You will want to see it on many counts—the authenticity of its magnificent settings, the lyric quality of its dialogue, and the excellence of



Bill Powell and Jean Harlow in
"Libeled Lady." Please pass the
salt and pepper.

its individual character interpretations. Norma Shearer surpasses herself as Juliet; Leslie Howard plays Romeo, John Barrymore is Mercutio, Basil Rathbone, Tybalt.

SEVEN SINNERS—Fair. A detective yarn made in England, starring our own Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. While some of the situations are pretty wild to take, the direction is excellent and the acting more than makes up for plot discrepancies.

SING, BABY, SING—Excellent. The most amusing farce of the month, with Adolphe Menjou giving a superb performance as the middle-aged actor whose star is on the wane. Adding to the breathlessly funny situations that crowd up one after another are Alice Faye, Michael Whalen, Patsy Kelly, Ted Healy and Gregory Ratoff.

STAR FOR A NIGHT—Good. A picture that will please audiences who like a good dish of honest sentiment. Plot concerns a blind mother in Europe who decides to pay a surprise visit to her children in America who have always convinced her that they are on top of the heap. Their problem to make good their bluff will command your sympathies and interest throughout. (Jane Darwell-Claire Trevor-Arlene Judge).

TENTH MAN, THE—Fine. A British picture taken from one of Somerset Maugham's highly dramatic yarns. John Lodge, one of England's finest actors, has the title rôle and acquits himself splendidly. The supporting cast is everything that you might expect from a first-rate feature picture of this kind.

TWO IN A CROWD—Interesting. An entertaining comedy-romance co-starring Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. The plot brings these two together after they each come into possession of a half of a thousand dollar bill. They pool the money, buy a horse and groom it for a big race in spite of being handicapped by gangsters. (Nat Pendleton).

WALKING ON AIR—Very amusing. This is all about a beautiful but stubborn heiress whose father refuses to let her marry the man of her choice—and rightly, too. Enter—Gene Raymond, a college crooner temporarily in need of money with which to buy food. The heiress hires him to pose as a phony count, but ends up by falling in love with him. Cast includes Ann Sothorn, Henry Stephenson, Jessie Ralph.

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—Fair. Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Florence Rice in a swift-moving action film having to do with various rackets. It has a number of exciting and a number of amusing moments.

The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

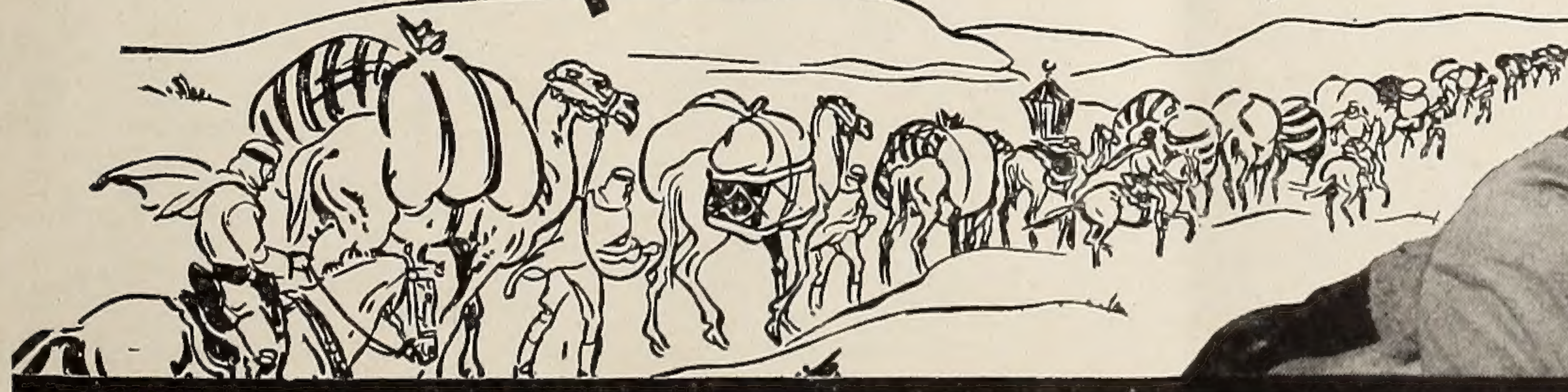
None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene Dietrich Charles Boyer
The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR
with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI
From the book by ROBERT HICHENS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



**Another splitting
Headache**



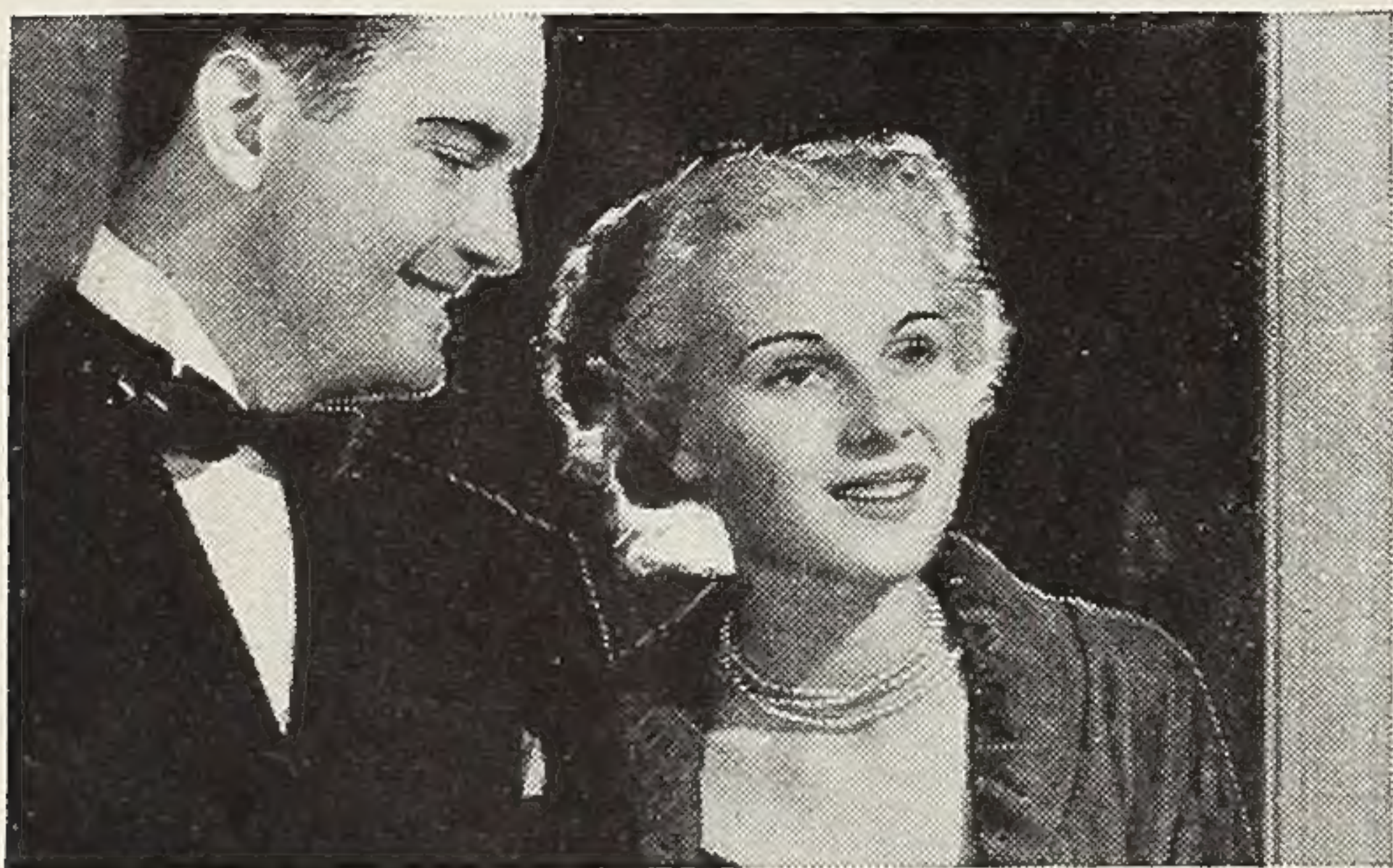
● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



**THE 3
MINUTE WAY!**

Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference

● Just *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



**Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c**

Slightly higher in Canada.

BEAUTY OF FORM HAS ALLURE

Care To Keep
Legs, Ankles
And Feet
Shapely Is Es-
sential To
Beauty



By
Mary
Lee

Marlene Dietrich adopts the new short skirt of revealing length.

THEY'RE going up—and we hope you're glad to welcome short skirts back again, after the relapse into demure length

and ankle-swathing that lasted just about as long as the depression. The standard 13 inches from the floor of the new daytime skirts will be a "lucky 13" for you, provided you keep your legs and feet trim enough to show them off with pride. It's certainly a "lucky 13" for Marlene Dietrich, who is known as the owner of one of the loveliest pairs of legs in Hollywood!

Now that ankles and a fair amount of calf are coming into Beauty's spotlight, we feel it our bounden duty to give you some advice on keeping them as attractive as possible. Don't envy Marlene Dietrich her famous legs—and stop there! You can do so much to improve your own.

One of the greatest drawbacks to shapely legs and good posture is the habit so many girls have, especially if they're tall, of keeping their knees slightly bent when they're walking, standing or dancing. This makes the tendons under your knees tighten up, so you look knock-kneed when you really shouldn't.

Here's an excellent exercise to straighten out tensed knees: Lie flat on your back with your arms stretched straight out at the sides. Then bring your right leg over so the toe comes as close to touching the left hand as possible, but don't bend your knees or raise your shoulders. Do this ten times, then ten times with the left foot reaching for the right hand. Stretch hard to reach that hand. It'll hurt at first, but keep it up.

For fat calves and thighs, we recommend the epsom salts "half-bath." Put a pound of epsom salts in the tub, then draw enough water, as hot as you can stand, to cover your legs and thighs when you're in a sitting position. Stay in 15 to 20 minutes. We don't advise immersing the entire body as it is too weakening. Massage and pinching under water helps, too, and continue the pinching through your Turkish towel after you emerge.

Actually, beauty of ankle and leg starts with the lowly feet, which are so apt to be neglected simply because they're covered up with shoes and stockings most of the time they appear in public. It's utterly impos-

sible to be graceful with painful feet. Still it isn't necessary to proclaim your foot weakness to the world by wearing heavy, ugly shoes in the hope that they will cure ills that may need entirely different treatment.

Most foot ailments are caused by throwing your weight unevenly on your feet, by badly-fitting shoes or stockings that are too short (a chief offender in starting ingrowing toenails). You can avoid trouble by getting both your shoes and stockings long enough and having heels the height that is right for you.

It's just as important to beauty as it is to comfort to have foot troubles corrected. For instance, if your arch changes from its normal position, your whole body is thrown out of balance and you can't walk gracefully. Or a painful toe may cause you to throw too much weight on one side of your foot, running down the heels and otherwise getting even your prettiest shoes out of shape.

No two pairs of feet are exactly alike (actually, footprints are almost as characteristic as fingerprints), so it's the better part of wisdom to have your feet examined and the remedy individually prescribed as soon as you feel the first pain. Foot ailments don't correct themselves. We're enthusiastic about the Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Service which is available in almost any leading shoe store or shoe section of a department store.

You'll find an expert trained in the Dr. Scholl methods who will give you a thorough foot examination, without charge, and fit you with whatever remedial device you need—whether it's a lightweight arch support to slip into your own modish shoes, a Zino-pad to correct corn or callus, or a "Walk-Strate" to keep you from running down your heels. So much can be done to make legs look straight, ankles trim and carriage graceful simply by having the right "build-up" in your shoes to equalize the burden of your body's weight!

There's really a Dr. Scholl remedy for every foot ailment we ever heard of.

(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS



A- UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

HE SAID:

"You've got the loveliest hair of any girl here."



SHE THOUGHT:

"Then I'm the first one to discover Admiracion."

New Beauty for your **HAIR** IN ONE TREATMENT

IMAGINE!—this new soapless shampoo treatment brings out all the glorious natural color, sheen, and softness of your hair—the very first time you use it!

Admiracion completely eliminates the soap film which even repeated rinsings never removed and which has been masking the real loveliness of your hair. Admiracion makes no messy lather. It washes away with just *one* rinse—so easy!

Admiracion is *more* than a shampoo because it contains *Davolene*—the most effective scalp tonic known to science today. It helps eliminate the causes of excessive oiliness or dryness, falling hair, or dandruff.

You will revel in the simplicity of your first Admiracion treatment. Marvelous for children's hair. Buy a bottle today; or send coupon for a 2-Treatment bottle.

Admiracion DeLuxe Treatments

If you have your hair done professionally, ask for an Admiracion DeLuxe Treatment next time at your favorite beauty salon.

Admiracion

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT



Dull hair brought to life

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, INC., HARRISON, N. J.
Olive Oil for dry hair () Pine Tar for oily hair () Both 20c

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Zip.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)



In the studios Robert Taylor is appreciated just as sincerely as he is by the public. He is working on "Cammille," with Garbo. He received 35% of all the votes cast.



Nelson Eddy



Ginger Rogers



Jeanette MacDonald



Clark Gable

ROBERT TAYLOR WINS

The Silver Screen GOLD MEDAL

This Medal Is Awarded Each Year By
The Votes Of Our Readers To The
Most Popular Player On The Screen.

THOUSANDS of the readers of this magazine responded to the invitation to vote for the most popular player on the screen. The voting was of course entirely voluntary, and the polls were open only one month. Below are the names of the leaders in the voting and first of all is Robert Taylor. He has, in a short time, won

friends in every town and city and many of these individuals sent in their votes to help win for their favorite the gold medal, at once a proof that his good work is appreciated and also to encourage him in his efforts to make the characters he plays convincingly real. The following list gives the ranking of the leaders.

1. Robert Taylor
2. Nelson Eddy
3. Clark Gable
4. Jeanette MacDonald
5. Ginger Rogers

6. Shirley Temple
7. Frank MacMurray
8. Franchot Tone
9. Dick Powell
10. Henry Fonda

The voters have paid Robert Taylor a great honor and from now on no part can be too difficult for him. Last year Shirley Temple was at the peak of her popularity and the Gold Medal was voted to her. In 1934 Clark Gable received the most votes,

and before that Joan Crawford carried off the honor. Robert Taylor's medal is now being designed and executed and in a few weeks it will reach the young man, bringing to him the respect and best wishes of SILVER SCREEN and thousands of its readers.



Fred MacMurray



Dick Powell



Shirley Temple



Henry Fonda



Franchot Tone

SILVER SCREEN

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good
old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin' — the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the book-makers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"



Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with

FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

Have a Clear LOVELY SKIN

"All Over!"



To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
... All of It!

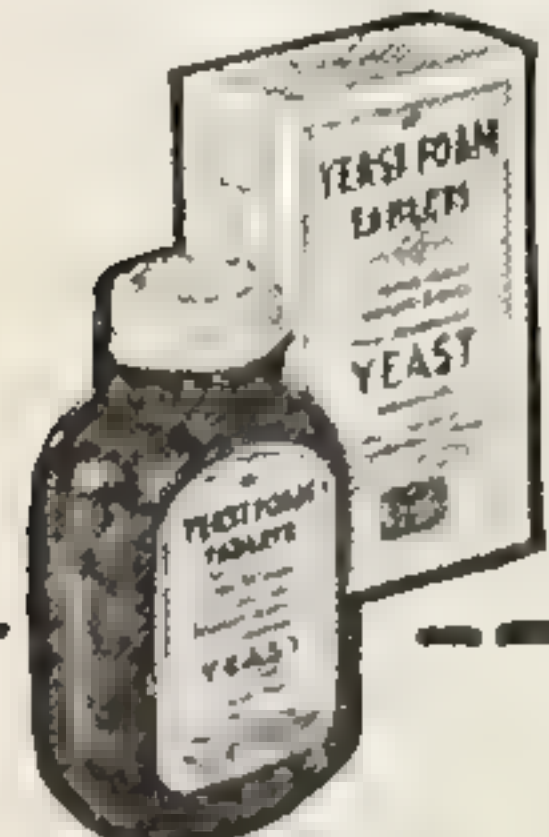
GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious *natural* food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) SC 11-36

Name

Address

City

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Write A Good
Letter And Win
A Framed And
Inscribed Photo=
graph.

"I HAVE written many a letter for the photographs of quite a few actors, but never succeeded in obtaining one. I guess it was because I never sincerely felt what I wrote," writes Martiecita Smith of New Brighton, N. Y. "However when I say that I think John Howard is simply wonderful, swell, colossal, and a great actor, I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

John seems to click with you, Martiecita.

"GIRLS CAN have Gable and his romantic ways, but I'll take 'the one and only, Nelson Eddy,' even though his magnificent voice just takes the heart out of me. My only plea is, 'Give me back my heart with one of his pictures,'" writes Sena Rotman of S. Keeler, Chicago, Ill.

Good theme for a song for Eddy.

"NEW STARS may come and new stars may go but my lovely favorite, Joan Crawford, goes on forever. For years I have admired her and everything she represents, beauty, intelligence, graciousness and a natural ability to act," writes Margaret Morris of No. Mentor Ave., Pasadena Calif. "She is what every fine American girl dreams of becoming some day. May your star keep shining in our movie heavens for years to come, Joan. Here's to your success and happiness."

Mrs. Tone will be pleased.

"SOME PEOPLE prefer Clark Gable, some Fred MacMurray, some Fred Astaire, etc., but my top on the actors' list is handsome, talented Bob Taylor," writes Loretta Comiskey of Michigan Ave., Pueblo, Colo. "He'd make any girl's heart pit-a-pat faster

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Nov. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

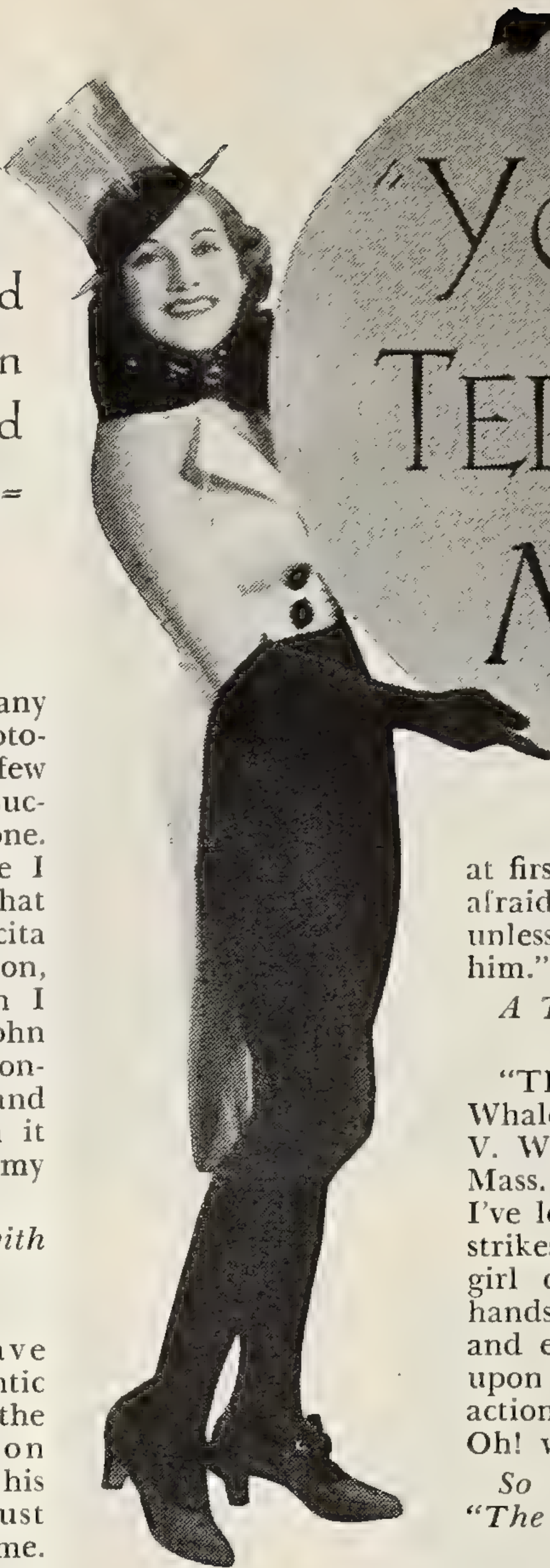
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address

City

State



Larry Lane is just
a chorus girl, but
that's the way stars
are made.

**"YOU'RE
TELLING
ME?"**

at first glance. I like him so well I'm afraid I'm destined to be an old maid unless I find someone similar to him."

A Taylor bachelor girl.

"THREE CHEERS for Michael Whalen, my favorite!" writes Laura V. Wallack of Eutaw St., Lawrence, Mass. "After seeing him in pictures, I've longed for a picture of him. He strikes me as the Prince Charming a girl dreams about. Tall, dark and handsome, he has that kind of a face and eyes which make an impression upon me. When those lips are in action your heart stops a beat or two. Oh! what a personality."

So they named his next picture:—"The Man I Married."

"I THINK Nelson Eddy is easily the first star on the screen today," writes Ella B. Dauch of Hacketts-town, N. J. "He is so handsome, and his personal charm of manner would make any girl's heart flutter. Above all, I admire his marvelous baritone voice; such warmth and beauty of tone, such clear cut enunciation."

Brain power gives quality to a voice, and Eddy was once a newspaper man. That explains it!

"I COULD write a long and beautiful tribute to Joan Crawford's greatness and beauty but in a few words I can hardly convince you how much I adore her," writes Helen Uranschek of Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo. "Joan is beautiful but she has an inner loveliness that surpasses dimples and blonde, curly hair. I want to sincerely thank SILVER SCREEN for this opportunity to win (I hope) Joan's picture."

We'll ask her, Helen.

"FOR A long time we've been hearing lots and lots about Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and others, and one

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in July have been notified by mail.



Clark Gable's photo, won by Constance Sakalos.

can't deny that they are more than good. But I'll cheer for John Howard any day of the year," writes Rosemary Pitzer of Wayne St., Erie, Pa. "I don't know what it is—his looks, personality, acting, or all—but he has that 'certain something' that makes one like him. I hope he'll make lots more pictures."

You'll see him in "Valiant Is The Word for Carrie."

"I'D LIKE to heap a few laurels on Michael Whalen for his fine performance in 'White Fang' and 'Poor Little Rich Girl,'" writes Marguerite Sinclair of W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif. "He deserves better parts for his wonderful acting, handsome profile and winning smile. Here is hoping he goes into larger parts and that I win a picture of him."

For the love of Mike!



Franchot Tone's photo, won by Eleanor Raney.

Title Changes The Names For COMING PICTURES

- "The Case of the Caretaker's Cat" (Ricardo Cortez) has been changed to
- "The Case of the Black Cat"
- "Heroes of the Air" (Jean Muir) has been changed to
- "Fugitive in the Sky"
- "Sing Me A Love Song" (James Melton) has been changed to
- "Come Up Smiling"
- "Outlaws of Palouse" (Jack Holt) has been changed to
- "End of The Trail"
- "Way For a Lady" (Doris Nolan) has been changed to
- "The Man I Marry"
- "Mistress of Fashion" (Kay Francis) has been changed to
- "Stolen Holiday"
- "Where's Elmer?" (Stu Erwin) has been changed to
- "All-American Champ"
- "Turn of the Century" (Franchot Tone) has been changed to
- "Living Dangerously"
- "The Bowery Princess" (Shirley Temple) has been changed to "Dimples"

For that uncertain feeling—



Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

Seductive
fragrance
of Spring!



CHERRY April Showers Talc

THIS is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*



"The Plough and the Stars" takes you to Dublin. Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster play the important parts.

Where The
Pictures Are In
The Making,
There We Find
The Stars.



By
S. R. Mook

On the R-K-O Lot

THIS month R-K-O are cracking out with another of their specials and when R-K-O makes a special it is A special. This time it's a picturization of "The Plough and the Stars" by Sean (pronounced "Shawn") O'Casey. One of the most gripping plays in the repertoire of the Abbey Players, it concerns itself with the ill-fated revolution during the world war, in which Ireland sought to break away from England and establish her independence.

What a set they've put up for this picture. It's an entire square in Dublin and the whole thing is on the inside of one of the big sound stages. It takes as long to walk around it as it does any small city block. The street is cobble stone—real cobble stones, and all the houses are complete—not just fronts. There are gas street lamps. The time is 1916 and everything is so authentic—well, as we used to say in my kindergarten days, "When words fail, send Dolly Varden chocolates."

By special dispensation of the Irish Free State, five of the Abbey Players have been brought over for this number. Imagine! Six thousand miles over and six thousand back—and all for one picture—for you.

They are trying to make this so authentic that all the extras (the young ones) have been recruited from Loyola College. The others (the older ones) I guess have been recruited from the congregations of practically every Irish Church in the vicinity. At any rate, I never saw so many dyed-in-the-wool Irishers at one time in my life. And don't get the idea that some of them are not real Irish beauties.

Not a soul in this picture—not even the star—the one and only Barbara Stanwyck—uses any make-up.

This scene we see is when the Irish troops, who have joined the British army during the world war, are marching by, en route to the train. F. J. McCormick (who plays a lieutenant) and Preston Foster (who plays the male lead) are watching them—rather furtively, I thought, and yet there is a sort of look on Preston's face that—that—

Over and over and over and over and then at least a dozen times more the troops march by. If I didn't know from my own experience, I can at least learn from this how troops smell on a long day's march. The sweat is pouring off them.

As they take their places once more for another take, one of the extras dryly remarks, "The show *must* go on." And on it goes.

Finally, they get a shot that suits the director, John Ford, and he yells *cut*. Personally, I can't see one iota of difference between the take he likes and all the others he didn't like—but I'm not a director.

I've been watching Preston closely and when it's all over I say, "What happens to you in this scene—are you being fired with enthusiasm?"

"Hell, no!" he snaps. "I'm supposed to be scared to death. I guess I didn't act it very well if you thought I was getting enthusiastic."

"Well," I explain hastily, "I really couldn't see your face very well. Where's Barbara?"

"Ford's got her locked up in her dressing room," he says.

I breeze over to her dressing room and knock on the door.

"Who's there?" she calls.

"It's I—Dick," I smile confidently.

"Gee," she says, "I'd like to see you but I can't get out. Mr. Ford's got me locked up in here."

"What goes on?" I inquire.

"I'm up to my neck in Irish," she says.

"Yeah, I know," I agree, "but why has he got you locked up?"

"Oh," Bobbie explains, "my next scene is a very dramatic one and he doesn't want me annoyed with visitors for fear it'll get me out of the mood."

I've often boasted that no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint so I bid Barbara a very pleasant good day and beat it.

The only other picture shooting on this lot is "The Portrait of a Rebel" with Katharine Hepburn and Herbert Marshall. As usual, the set is closed to visitors so

we'll just skip it—without comment. Anyhow, by this time you should know the words even if you don't know the music of the song I dedicated to her.

Next, we'll tackle—

Columbia

IF THERE was only one picture I had to cover at R-K-O they more than make up for it here. I really have my work cut out for me.

First, there's "Pennies from Heaven" with Bing Crosby, Madge Evans, Donald Meek and Edith Fellowes. That's the entire cast. I believe Bing has a 50 per cent interest in this picture, which is being produced by Emanuel Cohen.

At the opening, Bing is in jail. Of course it goes without saying he's innocent (I believe the charge was vagrancy). He meets a man who's to be electrocuted and the condemned one wants Bing to find a family (named Jones, probably, or Smith) in a certain town and give them the deed to a house he has. When Bing gets out he starts searching for the family and finally locates them. That's Meek and Edith.

Their belongings are all piled on the sidewalk in front of their home. They've been dispossessed because they can't pay the rent. Meek has been telling the landlord for months he expects to come into some money. The gag won't work any longer, however. After they've been put out it develops the money he expected to come into was \$20 a month on county relief.

Bing finds them, as I say, and they've got to have some money immediately. Bing takes an old guitar and they start going around singing. The money thrown them is "Pennies from Heaven." The Street Singer, you know. Something happens under a certain window and they go upstairs to see what's what.

When they arrive, the door is opened and Madge confronts Edith. "Well, young lady," she demands sternly.

Edith takes one look at her and flies.

"Patsy!" Madge calls. But Edith has not stood on the order of her going.

"Hey, Sarge!" Bing yells, looking over the railing.

Madge starts after her. "Come back here!"

"What's all this about?" Bing wants to know.

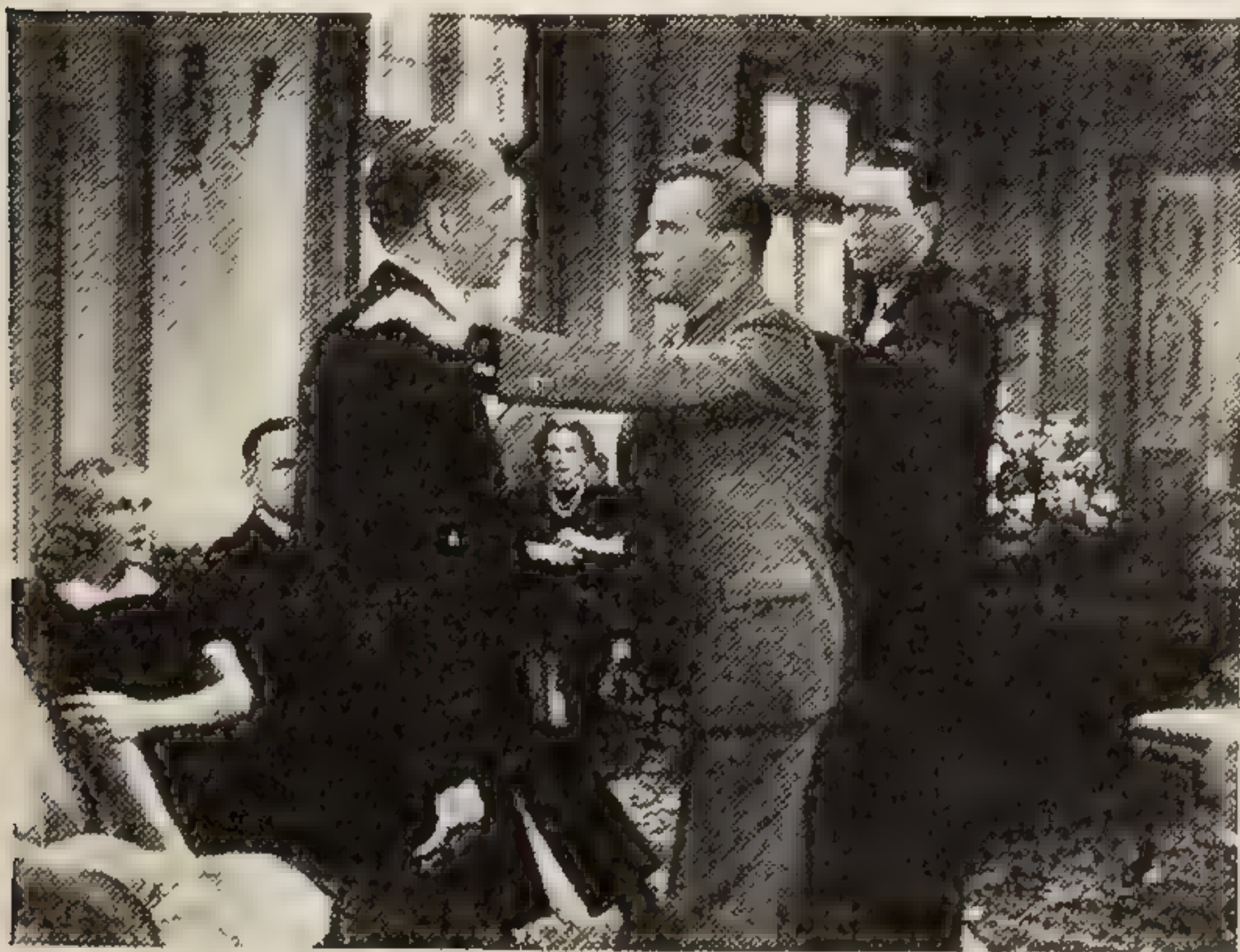
"That's just what I want to find out," Madge informs him. "Come in."

And that is the meeting between Madge and Bing and the beginning of love's young dream.

"I suppose," Bing begins to me when the scene is finished, "as soon as the Mayor (Richard Arlen) gets back, you'll be busy for a year writing up his memoirs of this trip."

"There may be something in what you say," I concede. "After all, you must agree that there are few people who can get as much material out of a trip as Dick—or who can tell it as well."

He looks at me and laughs. Bing must



"Two Minute Alibi" a Columbia picture, with William Gargan and Marguerite Churchill running a temperature.

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● **UNLESS** you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

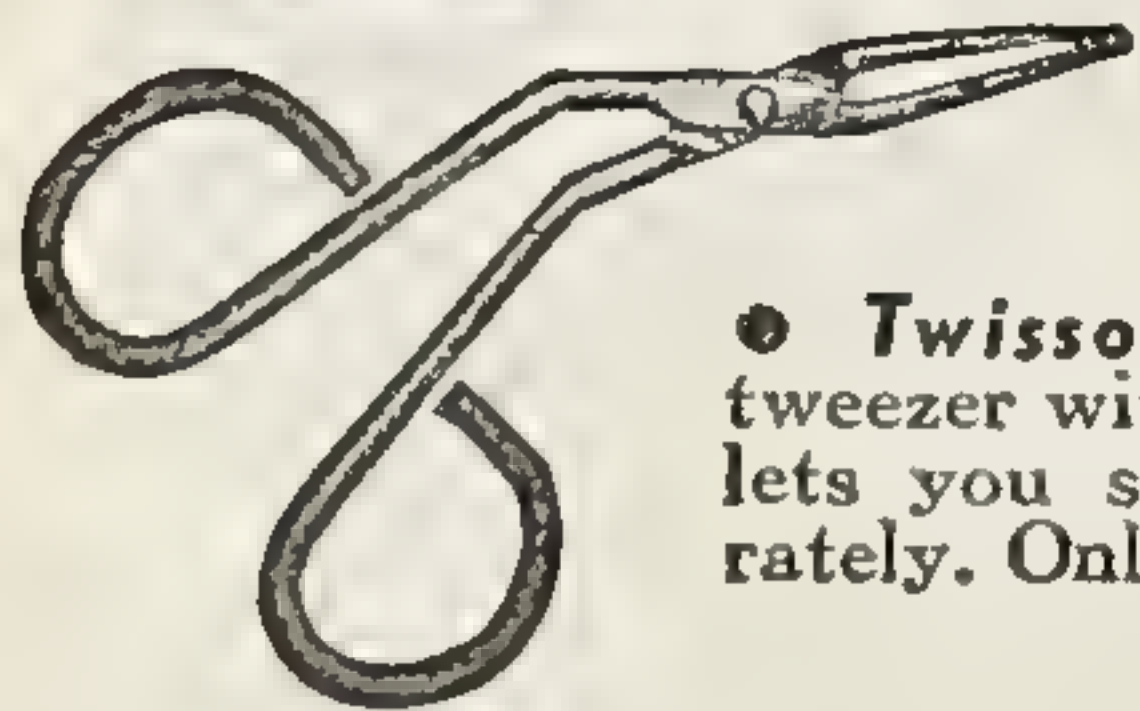
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. \$1.



● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, \$1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and \$1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SS-11. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

have lost about fifteen or twenty pounds since his last picture. He says he did it dieting and for a guy who likes his groceries as much as Bing that must really have been torture.

Next we have "Two Minute Alibi," with William Gargan. Bill is playing a radio columnist—the same character Lew Ayres played in "Panic on the Air." It's going to be a series, God help us. Of course there's a murder and as I see Dwight Frye skulking around I ask if he turns out to be the murderer.

"No," says Bill, "and don't ask for the tip-off."

"If he isn't," I protest, "you're upsetting every Hollywood tradition. He always has been."

"He's changing his type," Gargan explains smoothly.

But Dwight still acts like a murderer.

Bill just got back from a jaunt to Canada where he went to make a picture called "Timber Wolves." He had to be back on a certain day to start this epic so they held up a mail plane until he and his wife could get aboard. They (he and Mary) sat on sacks of mail all the way to Puget Sound.

They've a whole gang of people in this scene: Gargan, Frye, Marguerite Churchill, Drue Leighton, Egon Brecher and Romaine Callander. Drue's husband, a Mr. Foster, has been murdered a short time before, and Bill is attempting to solve the mystery.

"I know," he begins apologetically, "it's rather indelicate of me to intrude at a time like this but I've asked you all to be here—"

"On the theory," Brecher interrupts, "that the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime. Is that it?"

"No," says Gargan promptly, "but the sleuth does. So you think it *was* a crime, Sir Conrad?"

"You said so over the wireless last night," Brecher retorts.

"And what do you think it was?" Bill goes on smoothly.

"I don't think," Brecher purrs. "I accept the result."

"What do you think, Mrs. Foster?" Bill turns to Drue.

"I—I really don't know what to think," she whispers.

There is an uncomfortable pause and then Gargan turns to Romaine Callander. "Mr. Easton, what would you call it?"

"Frankly," replies Callander portentously, "I should call it suicide—a *perfect* suicide."

"That's what bothers me," says Gargan. "It was *too* perfect—too well thought out—too perfectly executed. Somebody wanted it to *look* like suicide."

A most unpleasant atmosphere pervades this stage. I mention something of this to my guide.

"Come on," she orders brusquely. "I knew I'd have trouble with you before the morning was over so I've been saving one of the best for the last. It's 'Craig's Wife.'"

"Craig's Wife!" Now there is something. That was one of the finest plays I've ever seen, and it was written by one of the finest playwrights the country has produced—George Kelly.

The heroine is one of the most despicable women who ever crossed a stage. Crystal Herne played her in the theatre and played her just that way. She made the biggest hit of her career. Rosalind Russell is playing her in the movies but I'm afraid Miss Russell (who didn't want to play the part) is going to try to get sympathy. If she does she'll ruin it. If she doesn't, she'll be sitting on top of the world—critically speaking.

It's about a woman, intolerant, unrelenting, immovable, who tries to mould everyone and everything to fit the pattern of life as she sees it. Her home is her very



Billie Burke introduces her grandson, Tokkie Trigg, to Alma Kruger, thus working up the excitement in "Craig's Wife"—a Rosalind Russell-John Boles picture

life. She rules it with stern discipline, keeping it in irritating fastidiousness. Never is tobacco smoke within its walls, never a minute detail of furnishing out of place. Never, for that matter, is anyone at ease within it.

John Boles plays her harassed husband and Alma Kruger (who was so swell as the grandmother in "These Three") his aunt—who somehow manages to bring a small measure of happiness into his life. And Billie Burke—ah, me! My day is complete and there is a God—plays the friendly neighbor.

It is at least 190 outside but Billie in a gay, pleated chiffon, looks as cool and fresh as the proverbial daisy. I guess the set is attractive but when Billie is around I never notice anything else.

Except for Billie, this scene isn't terribly important.

She is seated in a chair in the hall carrying a basket of roses. A little tot of about two, Tokkie Trigg, is playing beside her. Miss Kruger descends the stairs and greets Billie.

"How do you do, Miss Austen," Billie smiles. "I thought you might like a few of my roses."

"Well, isn't that sweet of you," Miss Kruger exclaims, taking the basket. "Don't tell me this is that grandson I've heard so much about?"

"Yes," Billie (who looks about twenty) admits. "This is Tim. Give Miss Austen your hand, Tim."

Miss Kruger calls the maid (Jane Darwell) to take the roses and put them in water. Then she remembers Rosalind and is afraid she may come home and find Billie and Tokkie there. "Do come up to my room," she suggests uneasily. "Come along, Tim. Maybe I can find something nice for you up there."

Robert Allen and Dorothy Wilson are the young lovers for whom Rosalind makes it tough.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Fania says sweetly, "we just finished 'Lost Horizon' after ninety-eight days of shooting. Before that, our longest picture was 'The Captain Hates the Sea' which took sixty-seven days of shooting."

"I'm certainly up on Columbia statistics," I sneer.

"One other thing," my guide goes on imperturbably, "'The Man Who Lived Twice' with Ralph Bellamy, Isabel Jewell and Marian Marsh is on location. Be sure to mention it so people will be looking for it."

"You should have kept quiet about that one," I suggest. "Now, people will be able to avoid it. If you hadn't said anything they might just have stumbled on it—un-awares."

"I'm afraid," she counters acidly, "you've outstayed your welcome. I'm sorry you can't remain for lunch and—"

"I could," I beam. "I could."

"And," she finishes firmly, "I'll see you

next month when Irene Dunne will be shooting in 'Theodora Goes Wild.'

And that, my friends, is what I'd call a perfect squelch—neat, but not gaudy. "Pray, goody, please," as Kane O'Hara used to say, "to moderate the rancour of your tongue."

Smarting under the sting, I cast about for new studios to conquer. I finally hit on—

Warner Bros.

WHEN I get a look at their call sheet my head starts swimming. The good Lord certainly never intended me to loaf this day.

First there's "Stolen Holiday" starring Kay Francis. It used to be called "Mistress of Fashion," and fittingly.

The picture opens about 1907 in a room off the salon of some big couturier. They're having a fashion show and all the mannequins are dressing and undressing. Kay comes on the set with an ice pack strapped to her head in a futile effort to keep cool. "Hello, darling," she murmurs, slumping into a chair beside me. "Isn't this awful?"



Kay Francis and Alison Skipworth in "Stolen Holiday."

The assistant director comes up. "You ready, Miss Frances?"

"Yes," she agrees and turns to me once more. "Darling, this doesn't mean you" and then she addresses the assistant: "I want the set closed to all visitors today. I'm not going to have a lot of strangers gaping and gawking at me when I'm in my undies changing clothes."

Presently the scene starts. My dear Alison Skipworth is sitting at a table with a tape measure around her neck, telling fortunes with the cards. Rita LaRoy (remember when she was a coming star at R-K-O?) is looking over her shoulder. Kay is on the opposite side of the table getting out of one costume and into a coat suit.

"Don't pay any attention to those cards," Rita laughs. "I had my fortune read once and it was good. Within the week I fell down and broke my leg." She passes on, pulling her pink velvet negligee trimmed in white maribou about her. The girls laugh but Skippy continues to look moodily at the cards.

"What's the matter, darling?" Kay queries. "You look worried."

"I would read such cards!" Skippy snorts, brushing them into a heap.

"That's not fair," Kay protests.

"Some other time," Skippy promises. "There's something wrong with the vibrations."

"Vibrations!" Kay echoes scornfully. "Perverseness, more likely. I want to know the future. What am I going to do? I've got to do something."

"What?" Skippy asks practically.

"Something I can do better than anyone else in the world," Kay replies, putting her scarf and coat on. "But what? My mother, God rest her dainty French soul, was a

[Continued on page 79]

KOOLS NEVER MISS! Do better by yourself this winter—smoke **KOOLS**. When overheated rooms dry out your throat or sniffles spoil you for hot smokes—smoke **KOOLS**. Freezing weather, sudden thaws, late nights, early parties—you'd better smoke **KOOLS**. Their touch of mild menthol soothes and refreshes. Their better tobaccos have won millions of friends. And each pack carries a B & W coupon good for fine premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



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Sheer Silk Hosiery—Full length. Run-stop band. Newer shades. 125 coupons

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Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher . . . with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and \$1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check ☐ Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"LET'S TALK TURKEY!"

Now That She's Brought
Home The Bacon, Shir-
ley Temple's
Mother Gives
Her A Nice
Juicy Bird To
Play With On
Thanksgiving.



By
Ruth
Corbin



THE success of the Thanksgiving Day meals are not determined by the number of tempting dishes on the dining table, but by the comfort later of all who partake of the food. The traditional dishes of turkey, roast duck or suckling pig, cranberry sauce, homemade pies and cakes are things every woman revels in at this season, but the ideal to seek is a well-balanced meal, carefully cooked and beautifully served. The supper which follows these rich spreads must be composed of only light and delicious dishes to tempt sated appetites.

To avoid trouble and expense, most of your dishes are prepared the day before Thanksgiving. Here are suggestive menus for both Thanksgiving dinner and supper which may be readied by the homemaker without overwork or outside assistance.

DINNER MENU

Citrus fruit cocktail Saltines
Consommé with celery seed
Roast turkey or chicken Giblet gravy
Macaroni stuffing
Mashed sweet potatoes on pineapple rings
Brussels sprouts
Olives, celery, mixed pickle, cranberry sauce
Pumpkin pie or pumpkin custard with
whipped cream and honey
Coffee

SUPPER

Turkey or chicken au gratin sandwiches
Molded cranberry and cottage cheese salad
Fig pudding with whipped cream
Cocoa Tea
Candied apples Grapes

The turkey should be prepared the day before and the giblets for the gravy cooked at that time. In selecting the bird remem-

ber that smooth legs and feet are signs of a young turkey. Cook in a covered or uncovered roasting pan in a moderate oven of 350° F., allowing 20 minutes to each pound. To obtain a dull finish the breast of the turkey is covered with a layer of butter and flour thoroughly rolled together. If a shiny surface is desired it is basted only with water and butter.

Macaroni stuffing is made by cooking 1 package of macaroni in salted water until tender. The water is then drained off and to the macaroni 1 beaten egg, 1/4 cup melted butter, 1 tbs. paprika, 2 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. poultry seasoning, 1/2 cup cream and 1 cup chopped celery are added. Minced onion may be used if desired. This makes approximately 1 quart of dressing. Recipe will need to be doubled for a large bird. Do not, and this is important, season turkey until it is seared. Seasoning draws out the natural juices.

Most fruit cocktails may be kept in the refrigerator for hours without harm. Canned grapefruit in orange juice is both appetizing and easily prepared. If you want a different cocktail chill sections of canned grapefruit in gingerale and garnish with orange sections. Don't forget to put celery seed in your consommé, and this also may be served from cans . . . there are many grand brands on the market today . . . for celery adds an unusually nice flavor.

The sweet potatoes may be steamed the day before and mashed while hot. They may be heaped on the pineapple rings at the last minute, topped with a marshmallow and browned under a hot blaze. Brussels sprouts, cooked in a kettle of rapidly boiling water no longer than 10 or 12 minutes, are delicious served with a bread and butter sauce—stale bread crumbs

stirred into melted butter and browned.

And here is a pumpkin pie that will delight both young and old. Measure $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked and strained pumpkin, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tbs. butter, 2 tbs. molasses, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. cinnamon and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Add 2 egg yolks slightly beaten, then add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups scalded milk. Mix thoroughly. Fold in 2 egg whites beaten until stiff. Bake in one crust. The garnish I like best is nests of unsweetened whipped cream filled with strained honey around the edge of the pie.

For the supper toast bread and butter sandwiches containing thin slices of turkey and place them in a large shallow pan. Over the sandwiches pour a white or cream sauce which has been prepared and put in the refrigerator until needed. This is heated while the sandwiches are being made. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place in a moderate oven just long enough to heat thoroughly and melt cheese.

MOLDED CRANBERRY AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

Bring 1 cup of water and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sugar to a boil. Add 1 lb. cranberries and cook gently until they burst. Remove from heat and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. gelatine which has been soaked in 2 tbs. cold water for 5 minutes. Turn into a rinsed mold. Chill until almost firm then fill mold with 2 to 3 cups of seasoned cottage cheese. Chill. Serve on a lettuce leaf.

The fig pudding can be served from a can and it is truly a tasty dish.

One way for the busy or inexperienced housekeeper to play the competent hostess is to consider a Thanksgiving buffet supper. Attractively set out on a dining table, the work of a few minutes looks positively imposing. Guests may help themselves from a platter of bread, cut in odd shapes, and bowls of canape pastes, each guest spreading his own. Pear butter made from avocado and lemon juice is a tasty spread. So is cream cheese and onion juice mixture. Dishes of olives, celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese, and sliced tomatoes are easily taken from the refrigerator.

The hostess may find that a hot dish is more desirable than canapes. Canned consommé or cream of oyster soup may be quickly heated and ladled from a tureen.

One dish is all she needs for a *pièce de résistance* when it is Deviled eggs in Aspic, prepared with the help of Royal Aspic Gelatine handily kept on the pantry shelf. This dish supplements slices of cold turkey or ham left over from dinner, which are arranged on the same plate. The macaroni stuffing, or any other that she may have used, is just right spooned out cold with the salad and served with hot Bisquick biscuits.

DEVILED EGGS IN ASPIC

1 package Royal Aspic Gelatine	1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water	3 hard cooked eggs
	Seasonings
	Mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water; add cold water. Chill until thick but not set. Cut eggs in half crosswise, remove yolks, mash and season with salt, pepper, mayonnaise, mustard or other desired seasonings. Fill cavities in eggs and place, outside down, in shallow pan or individual molds. Pour on thickened gelatine to cover. Chill until firm. Serve with cold sliced meat or as salad. Serves 6.

Desserts for the Thanksgiving supper call for novel variations. A jellied fruit pudding in individual moulds is temptingly different from the pumpkin pie or plum pudding served at dinner. And a snow pudding, which requires one large tart apple from the Thanksgiving bowl to give it the right flavor, is light, fluffy and satisfying.

[Continued on page 75]

LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a snuffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment*. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within*.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a

preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

(1) It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

(4) It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

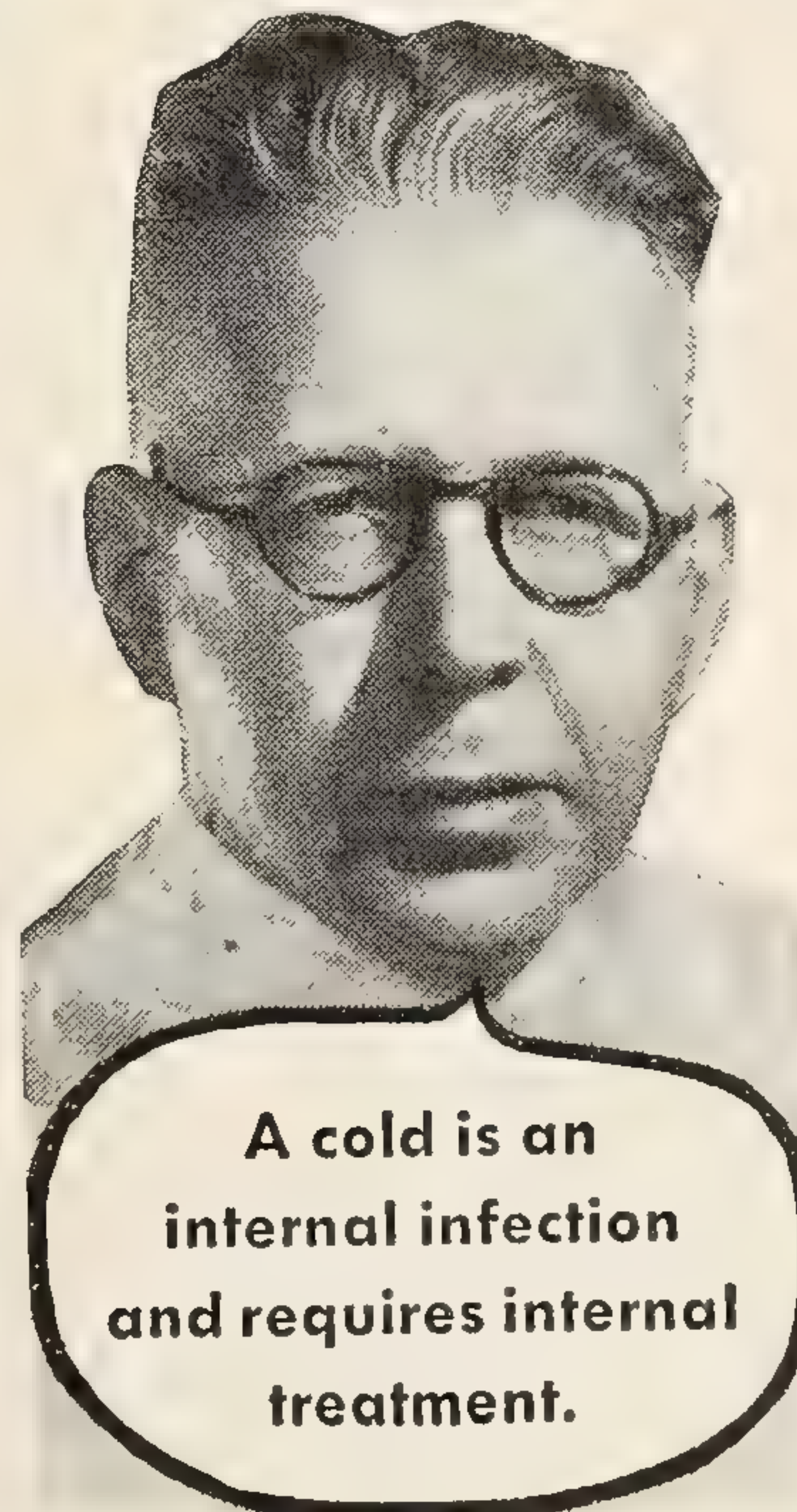
Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

Don't Procrastinate

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.



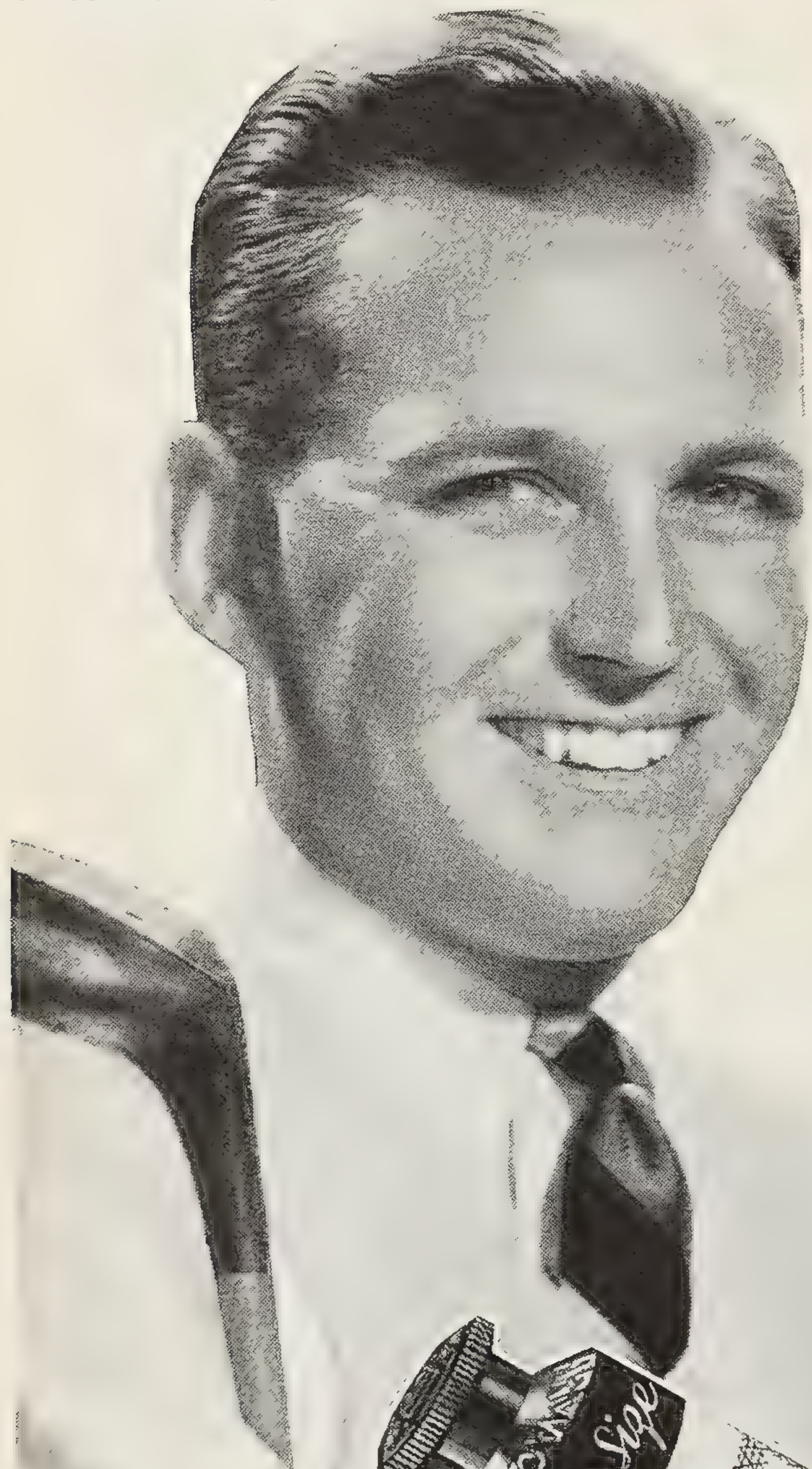
A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

IF THEIR SMILES FALL DOWN, THEIR JOBS FOLD UP

New York's Handsomest Men SAY:

WILLIAM CRABB'S main interest outside the studios is golf. He plays an excellent game and keeps fit for studio work that way. He wants a career in Wall Street.



"For a thorough and safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time!"

That's straight from the shoulder advice from the hardest boiled critics of tooth paste—the men who every day must face the merciless eye of the camera in New York commercial studios. Men like Glen Gallagher, William Crabb, Harry Conover, whose very livelihood depends largely on the perfection of their teeth, cannot afford to take chances with ordinary tooth paste.

Why not for you?

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste.

Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers

chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Missouri



GLEN GALLAGHER is well known on the Coast as a polo and tennis player. In summer stock, he gains acting experience to fit him for moving picture work.



HARRY CONOVER is interested in radio as a profession and has worked as announcer and actor over New York and Detroit stations.

DOUBLE SIZE TUBE
162 BRUSHINGS FOR 40¢
REGULAR SIZE 25¢



SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who is all done up in quaint little Puritan caps and woolen dresses these days for "Maid of Salem," loves to tell how little four-year-old Mickey Nelson completely put her in her place on the set the other day. In her little Puritan costume Mickey looks too sweet to be true—but evidently her angelic blue eyes aren't missing out on anything. Claudette had to do a crying scene and didn't feel like crying so they gave her a copious draught of glycerin to help her become properly lachrymose. When the scene was over Claudette was introduced to little Mickey whom she greeted as "You beautiful baby." But even at the age of four Mickey knows professional jealousy, "I can cry real tears," she announced importantly.

SPENCER TRACY'S fan mail has upped from 200 letters a month to 3000 since "Fury" and "San Francisco," which all goes to show what a couple of hit pictures can do for you. But it's still handsome Bob Taylor who gets the biggest fan mail on the Metro lot.

JIMMY STEWART nearly fell over backwards when he arrived home from the studio the other night and his butler quite matter-of-factly informed him that he had had a caller during the afternoon. "Who?" asked Jimmy without much interest. "Miss Garbo," said the butler without much interest. "What? Who? Garbo? Why?" shouted Jimmy with great interest. But the butler was quite unperturbed. (Probably not a Garbo fan.) "She asked to see the house," he said. "I showed her the house. She said, 'I think I took the wrong house,' and left." Not a very satisfactory Garbo visit we'd say.

And since her visit she hasn't been the least bit neighborly. She rented the house next door to Jimmy's (formerly occupied by Jeanette MacDonald) and immediately built a high white fence around it.

AND speaking of houses, there's a regular epidemic of house-selling going on now. Bill Powell sold his Versailles for a profit and a smaller house thrown in—and he now lives in the smaller house. Claudette Colbert's house, which was so long in the building and the furnishing, is now up for sale. Freddie March would like to get a buyer for his mansion, and ditto Dick Powell.

WALLACE BEERY has bought a trailer to attach to his trans-continental bus, for that trip to Idaho. And now Errol Flynn, who has finished charging in the "Light Brigade," is trailer shopping. He is planning a vacation with his wife, the exotic Lili Damita, which will lead them far into the Sierra Mountains, miles away from hotels, so he wants a trailer with an especially nice kitchen as Lili will have to cook most of the meals. Now Lili has never cooked anything in her life and has no desire to learn how to cook—but Errol thinks it will be fun to have Lili cook. Be sure and take a can opener, Errol.

JEANETTE MACDONALD has had the extreme pleasure in her short life of making three prominent men "eat their words." When she was trying to get her career as a singer started on Broadway, Jeanette had an audition with the famous Ned Wayburn who has started many a young actress on the road to glory.



As Ginger Rogers dances, the swirl of her dress adds charm to her grace and beauty.

"What can you do?" Wayburn asked Jeanette. "I can sing and dance," Jeanette announced, and proceeded to sing a popular song. She had hardly completed the first verse when Wayburn snapped, "You'd better go into your dance, child. You aren't going far as a singer."

And again when Jeanette was struggling to get a foothold on Broadway Arnold Daly advised her to change her name to something shorter. "Jeanette MacDonald can never make a marquee," he said. No?

And for years and years, at least five, Walter Winchell had insisted in his column that Jeanette and Bob Ritchie were married. Jeanette denied it time and again but Winchell never seemed to believe her. But now her engagement to Gene Raymond sort of settles that.

THERE'S a big feud on between Mae West and Alice Brady on the "Go West Young Man" set, and it stands a pretty good chance of being one of the best feuds of the year. It all started when La West announced that no one in the picture could wear false eyelashes except herself.

[Continued on page 76]

ANNOUNCEMENT

On Page 10 the winner of the Silver Screen Gold Medal for popularity is announced. The readers made the award and the medal is now being designed.

STARS OR STOOGES

Success Does Not Come To The Players Until
The Experts Of The Studios Have Ironed Out
All The Kinks.

By Helen Louise Walker

YEARS ago, when Jack Gilbert was at the height of his success, he said to me, very earnestly, "Sooner or later the public is going to find me out! When it does—I shan't be a star any more—and then I shall try to do some of the *real work* in pictures!"

"You see," he went on, "I am only the star of these pictures. I don't really count. Someone else has written the story, experts have worked on the script. Someone has designed the sets, designed my costumes, concocted my make-up. I am the last one to come into this picture. When I make my entrance, the director, working from his script, tells me exactly when to enter a scene, when to speak, when to turn my head, when to smile. Make-up men, camera-men and electricians see to it that only the best parts of my face are photographed—see to it that the public doesn't find out that my nose is too large and my neck too long.

"I want to do some *work* on a picture. Help to write it, help to direct it. Now—if one of my pictures is a success—I take the bows and the applause for the work other people have done!"

Poor Jack! When his starring days were ended, his efforts to do "some of the real work in pictures" met with scant success. But, at least, he had had the intelligence to know that his success was the product of other people's brains. He had been too modest to realize that his own glamour and fire gave those other brains material with which to work.

But what he said was true. When a picture is in its first stages of planning, there are weeks of painstaking work by author, producer, adapter, script writer and director. The set designer goes to work to "plant" the period, the atmosphere, the mood of the story. The picture is cast. Then costume designers, make-up men, electricians, camera-men confer. How to dress the star? How to make her up? How to light her, photograph her, so that she may express the character she is to portray, enhancing her own personality the while?

At long last the star is called to the studio. There are fitting tests. There are more conferences. She may object, she may fret and fume. But, in the end, the consensus of the opinions of these experts is final. She has nothing to say about anything.

I remember encountering Joan Crawford in a Hollywood beauty shop. She was sobbing her heart out. She had been cast for a rôle in which she must have long hair, and therefore a wig was required. She had spent days trying on various types of wigs and making tests with them. When I met her she was wearing the one which had been approved for the rôle. She *hated* it, and I didn't blame her. I thought it was dreadful and I sympathized with Joan's dismay.

But the eye of the camera is an entirely different eye from yours and mine—and from Joan's. When the picture was released the critics and the public proclaimed loudly that Joan had never been so beautiful, so really *telling* before. It pays the young starlet, generally, to do as she is told!

I called upon Claudette Colbert one day to find her in gales of mirth over a review of one of her pictures, in which she was described as "radiantly beautiful."

"After the *trouble* I, and everyone else, have had with this

face!" she burbled. "I didn't know it until after I took a flyer in 'pictures—but *everything* is the matter with it. The eyes are too far apart, the mouth is too wide, the chin is too short. After I saw myself in my first motion picture (in which I made my face up, myself) I simply hid under something and cried, 'Well, that will be the end of that!'

"It took weeks—months—of study by cameramen, electricians, make-up men, hairdressers, directors, to make me look like anything at all upon the screen. I had to be taught how to hold my head, how to turn it, how to smile, to get the right camera angles. They are wonderful those people!"

Now, this is the curious thing. Claudette, off the screen, is quite as beautiful as she is on. The charm and sparkle of her amazing personality *show* when you meet her. But "dat ol' devil," the camera, will pick up defects of which you never dream when you look at a lovely face across a luncheon table. Claudette had the intelligence to sense these defects and to submit gracefully, even eagerly, to the correction of them for the screen.

You see, the majority of stars—and this means men as well as women—are really tailored to fit their rôles. Many of them have clauses in

Reading from left to right: Bette Davis is one of the few who made her own success. Joan Crawford did as she was told and to her surprise made a hit. Garbo was not great until Adrian designed her costumes. Norma Shearer, a real star.

their contracts which provide that they must stay under or over a certain weight or the contract will be voided. In Ann Dvorak's recent squabble with the Brothers Warner, the allegation was introduced in court, that Ann had been ill and had grown too thin to fulfill picture requirements. Whereupon Ann bounded into the courtroom to announce that she felt fine and to ask the judge and jury whether they didn't think that she looked pretty nice?

On the other hand, Dick Powell recently suffered a bout of laryngitis which put his valuable vocal cords temporarily out of commission. He was packed off to the desert to



Dick Powell was told where to go and what to eat and he always obeyed. Kay Francis insists the studio deserves the credit. Bill Powell listened to the experts and has gone on from one fine rôle to another. The men who know are shaping Luise Rainer into a great star.

rest and recuperate, and when he returned, with the vocal cords in fine shape, his studio surveyed him with dismay and then ordered him to go on a cottage cheese and fruit juice diet until he took off the pounds that the rest and relaxation had added onto him. It is difficult, sometimes, when the boss says, "Keep the health and energy *up* and the poundage *down*!"

Marion Talley was extremely surprised at what motion pictures required of her. After all, she had done pretty well for herself in grand opera. When she arrived in Hollywood and was analyzed for the purposes of motion pictures she learned that she must (1) take off a lot of pounds. (2) Change the color of her hair. (3) Change her tempo, her entire style of singing and of delivering lines. She had to learn to walk differently and to restrain the somewhat grandiloquent sweep of her gestures. When the make-up men went to work on her, they changed the shape of her eyebrows and the contour of her mouth.

When you meet Marion Talley upon the screen she will be an almost entirely different woman from the one who held audiences spellbound at the Metropolitan Opera House.

When you hear of a player being "groomed for stardom" it means, literally, that dozens of experts study him off the screen and on—that they confer about his

potentialities and how they may be developed. They look upon him as so much raw, plastic material to be moulded and exploited. Sometimes, of course, these experts err and then there is heartbreak and disappointment. Perhaps a promising young artist is lost to the screen for all time, unless he has the stuff in him which makes him try again and again, until someone sees what he really has.

Why, goodness me! I remember when Garbo was considered "cold, but decorative." They had, by then, changed her eyebrows, her mouth and her hair. They hung her with glass beads and brass bangles and made of her a lovely, but meaningless "prop." When Adrian (pretty new in the picture business, himself, then) was called in to design her costumes for "Flesh and the Devil," he saw in her something entirely different.

"She was like a tree," he told me. "Her soul was rooted deep in the earth and I knew that she must not wear anything that was ornate or artificial. I have never given her a false jewel or a bit of machine embroidery. Some of the hand wrought costumes we have made for her are now museum pieces, so fine is the handiwork. You can't always detect the painstaking care spent on these costumes when you see the picture. But the trouble and the expense have been worth while. The psychological effect upon Garbo has been so important."

The most successful of them have learned to put themselves, trustingly, in the hands of the experts. Harold Lloyd, who chooses his own stories, produces and pays for his own pictures,

[Continued on page 85]

Lovely Claudette Colbert is a remarkable star because she has always followed the suggestions of the cameramen and the director.

THE TENNIS

By
Ben Maddox



Ann Sothorn is a good sport as well as a good tennis player, for Ann bets on herself and laughs as she pays.



Anita Louise brings to any tennis court the gift of beauty.

NOW that there's no mistake about Fall having checked in, there isn't the slightest doubt, either, as to what the leaders among our movie stars are up to. There are no horse races to bet on, and the sun definitely isn't what it used to be. So being a sport and living for one's irresistible tan is passé. Walking miles after a danged golf ball that just won't go into its hole has become boring. A bit stuffy, too, are smoky night clubs, for with these first hints of nippy tomorrows the urge is to go forth and leap around gaily. And the sweetest spot to do your leaping, according to the wise celebs, is on a tennis court. (If you sit home you might begin to wonder what life is all about and, heavens—start a diary!)

I follow the Hollywood hobbies with my eagle eye and this month it's a snap to discover who's yarning for whom. My secret system is to hie myself around to the particularly popular tennis courts. There the males of the moment, who generally play slashing games, are apt to suddenly forsake their strenuous partners for slow and patient volleying with certain extra-adorable damsels. That indicates love in the embryo. Of course, by the degrees of solicitude and coyness you can learn lots that's none of your business. "Upsy-daisy, Claudette.

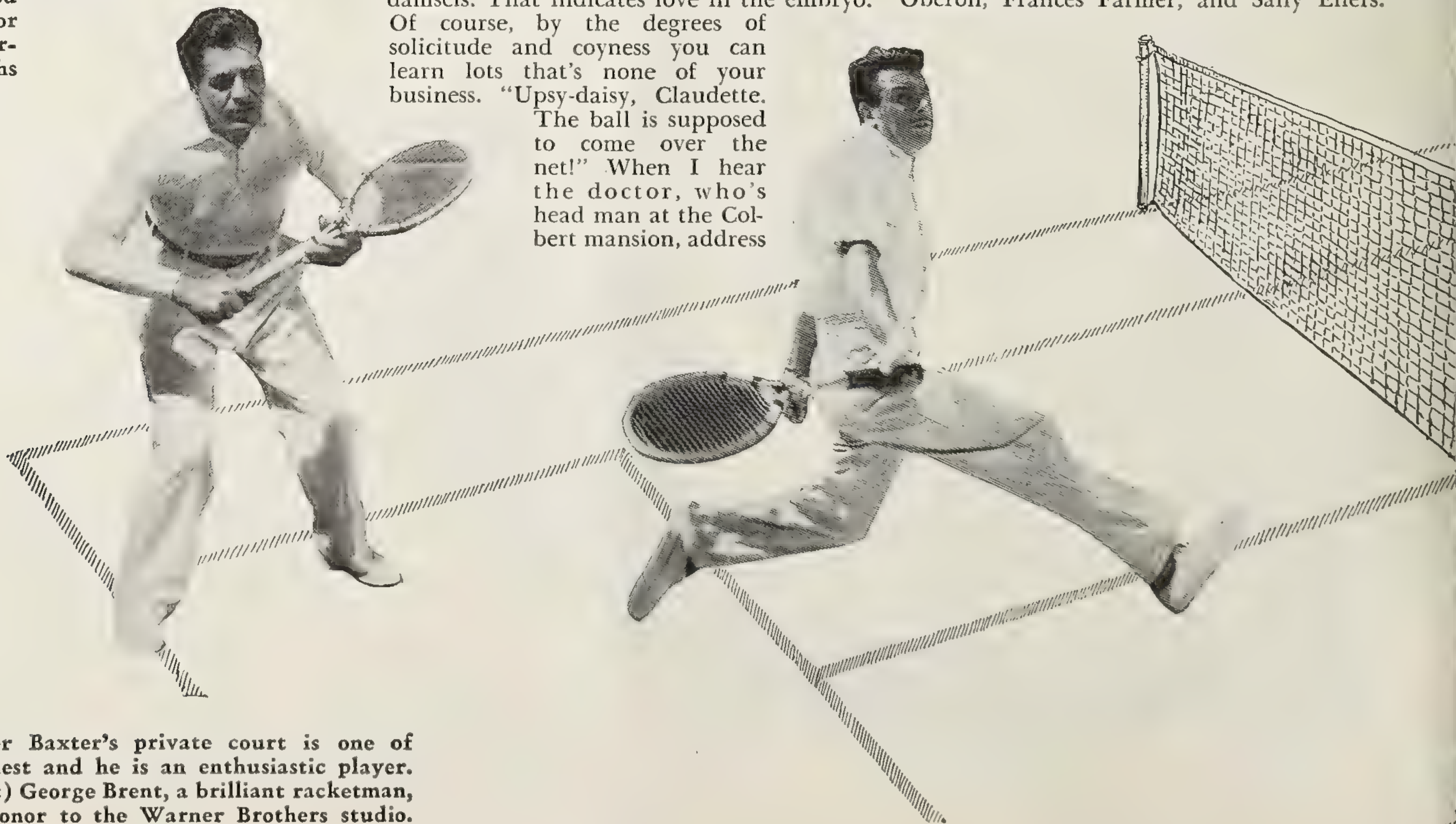
The ball is supposed to come over the net!" When I hear the doctor, who's head man at the Colbert mansion, address

milady that way I'll know the honeymoon is over.

Errol Flynn and Garbo are Hollywood's number one players. The dashing Irishman is so darned proficient that the U.S.C. team trains on him. He hasn't a court up at his Lookout Mountain home, so daily he repairs to a club or to the Warner studio where there are several courts for their stars. Usually he doesn't have actor opponents, for there are few who can keep up with him. His back-hand is terrific.

Garbo, as you might expect, isn't clubby with the other girls. She won't defend her title, preferring to tackle Dolores Del Rio's husband, Cedric Gibbons, on Dolores' court. Being anxious to hang onto Greta's friendship, the Gibbonses refuse to utter a word about their most noted guest. But she isn't as languid as she's been advertised.

I'll rank the other topnotchers for you. So far as the men go, the ladder (reading from Flynn down) is—Gilbert Roland in second place, then Johnny Mack Brown, Paul Lukas, Charlie Chaplin, Ralph Bellamy, and Ronald Colman. And for the ladies—after Garbo it's Carole Lombard, Elizabeth Allan, Virginia Bruce, Merle Oberon, Frances Farmer, and Sally Eilers.



Warner Baxter's private court is one of the finest and he is an enthusiastic player. (Right) George Brent, a brilliant racketman, does honor to the Warner Brothers studio.

CROWD

The Stars Have Taken Up Tennis For Fun And For Health—It's The Craze Of The Year.

The most promising recruits are Michael Bartlett and Ann Sothern. (Mike's black eye is due to his forgetting the racket does the receiving.)

Tennis, many a favorite of yours is finding, isn't quite the snap it appears. You may buy a racket and some balls and be ready to go to town. "But you aren't!" exclaims authority Errol Flynn. "Constant practice is the simple key to excellence and you shouldn't attempt to actually play until you've all the vital details down pat. By this I mean that there's a right sort of stroke, an ideal kind of footwork. Movements must be automatically right so you can concentrate on playing the ball itself." It's similar to golf in this respect; you must acquire a helpful set of habits if you're going to amount to anything. What seems natural probably isn't. Since faulty habits will prevent you from becoming good, you must avoid them as though they were the ancient plague. In one sentence: the wise take lessons.

The current craze had its big impetus only a fortnight ago when the Pacific Southwest Tournaments finally wound up at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. At first everyone had attended mainly because it was the smart thing to do; the bluebloods took it seriously. So every afternoon the Bennetts were in their boxes, Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart vied with Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor in hand-holding, and I could reach over and touch the Gary Coopers and Jean Harlow as easy as pie. Norma Shearer got "tennis neck" from her violent ogling of the ball and Kay Francis flashed the most stunning spectator's ensemble. That is, I thought so until I bumped into Joan Crawford. By the concluding day every star had become a died-in-the-wool tennis addict. And the

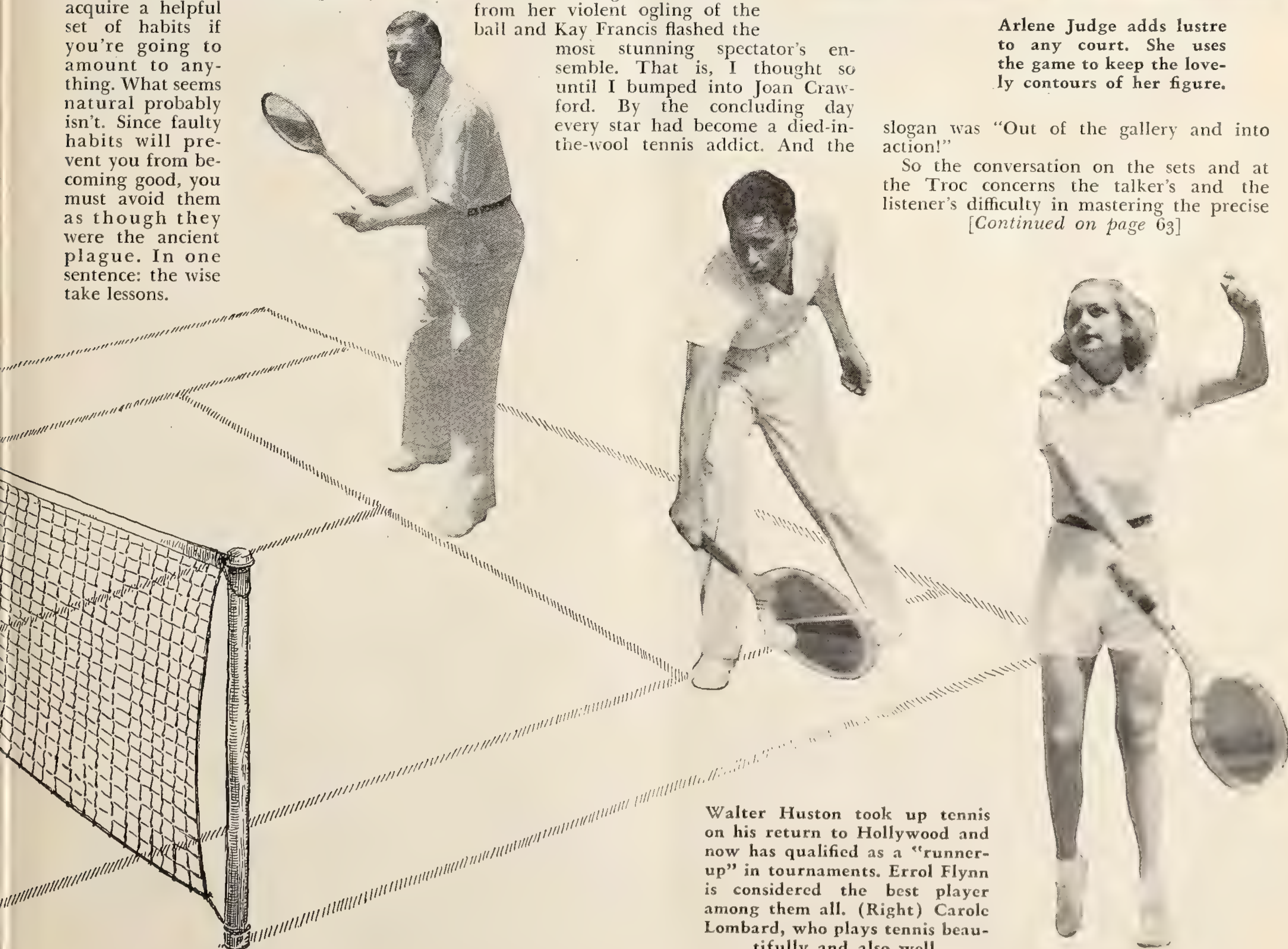
slogan was "Out of the gallery and into action!"

So the conversation on the sets and at the Troc concerns the talker's and the listener's difficulty in mastering the precise

[Continued on page 63]



Arlene Judge adds lustre to any court. She uses the game to keep the lovely contours of her figure.



Walter Huston took up tennis on his return to Hollywood and now has qualified as a "runner-up" in tournaments. Errol Flynn is considered the best player among them all. (Right) Carole Lombard, who plays tennis beautifully and also well.

ONE OF THE GREAT SCREEN SUCCESSES

Frank Morgan Clicks In
Every Picture With His
Comedy Troubles.

By Wick Evans



The sure way to be a successful comic is to be brought up in the business of making bitters.

STOKING coal on a tramp steamer somewhere between New Orleans and New York. . . . Selling tooth brushes and real estate. . . . Washing dishes in a restaurant because he didn't have the wherewithal to pay for his meal. . . . Eating his grub from a ranch-house mantle because he was too sore to sit down. . . . All of those things are but a few of the so-called "minor" events in the colorful life of that stuttering, stammering, decidedly nonplussed gentleman of the stage and screen—introducing Mr. Frank Morgan.

To look at him today—as you do practically every time Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makes a picture—you would not think that his life had ever been anything but that of the perfect gentleman he portrays so well. But if all the odd things that have happened to him during his career were laid end to end they would, well, make a book or something. By no means have these incidents had to do with picking up milady's handkerchief from the ball-room floor, or escorting madame to her carriage. Not by a lot.

But to start at the beginning. Frank Morgan was born in New York City in the month of brides. His family name, believe it or not, is Wupperman. That family, in case you have forgotten, is the one which makes all those Angostura bitters and things. To see Frank now, would you ever believe that he was once a boy soprano? A boy soprano and reputedly one of the best in New York. He was just that, although his remark about that phase of his life is: "I'll never be able to live it down."

After the usual grammar and high school education he attended Cornell University but, in his words, "studying made me nervous." Therefore he began his "business career."

His so-called "business career," while brief, was, to say the least, colorful. First he sold tooth brushes from door to door. But, like his college venture he "couldn't get his heart into it," so he turned to the newspaper game.

His experience as advertising space salesman for the Boston *Traveler* wasn't much more lucrative than selling tooth brushes, so he tried selling real estate. This, for some reason or other, was even worse, financially. "Maybe," he says, "there is a faint possibility that people weren't buying real estate at that time. There is also an even fainter chance, too, that I wasn't cut out to be a salesman." At any rate it was a dismal flop.

Either because of the fact that business men wouldn't take him seriously or he wouldn't take business men seriously, he decided to give up real estate. Mr. Greeley's advice: "Go West, Young Man," seemed a good idea, so he tried it.

His experiences in the Golden West as a cowpuncher (of all things) told in the typical Morgan manner are gems of description.

"Those cowpunchers knew a lot more about the well-known Bronx cheer than did the denizens of the Bronx themselves," he says. "It must have been my Eastern accent, my store clothes, or the name Wupperman. It might even have been me. At any rate they made my life pretty miserable for awhile."

On the ranch, however, he found a friend and an ally in the person of a red-headed puncher who answered to the sobriquet of "Spike." "It was this gentleman," Morgan relates, "who not only consoled me when undergoing that peculiar torture that comes from hours in the saddle, who explained that the howling coyotes weren't wolves and wouldn't bite, who backed me against the other cow hands, but who taught me to use my fists as become a man. In short he helped me make a man of myself."

It is typical of Morgan that he gives another all the credit. It is a deep-rooted conviction of this writer that Morgan was pretty much of a man anyway.

In return for "Spike's" kindness, Morgan, who was *still* known as Wupperman, imbued something of his own spirit of wanderlust into his pal, so they boarded a "side-door" Pullman for any place adjacent to their present locality.

New Orleans eventually proved to be their goal, or rather the goal of the freight train whose itinerary they didn't know or care, and they finally arrived in that city with but a few dollars between them. Characteristically those last few bucks were spent for baths and clean linen. Thus, when they entered the restaurant, it was with the knowledge that they couldn't possibly pay for the meal. They explained their dilemma to the head-waiter—about the time the dessert arrived—and as a result washed dishes until seven the next morning. Followed other adventures in New Orleans, but, as always, the Big City called and Morgan, after bidding "Spike" the proper adieu, found himself aboard a tramp steamer as a stoker. "That," he says, "was quite a chore. But at night I was too tired to sleep, so I had a lot of time on my hands to cogitate on my career. It was then that I decided to follow in my brother Ralph's footsteps and become an actor."

Ralph, incidentally, had adopted the name Morgan from a well-known actor of that time for whom he had a great admiration. It might be well to mention here the fact that the two brothers have always been so confused in the minds of new acquaintances that they decided on the novel idea of wearing rings of the family crest. Ralph's is fashioned of platinum, while Frank's is of gold. But to get back to Frank.

"Since I had decided to follow my [Continued on page 70]



TWO BLONDE MENACES

Joan Blondell And
Glenda Farrell Are
Always Good For A
Laugh.

By Maude Cheatham

IT WAS an exciting day—what with Glenda Farrell marrying Victor Moore, giving her scheming boy friend, Osgood Perkins, the slip, and Dick Powell and Joan Blondell demonstrating the latest technique in romance! All this, mind you, in the interest of art on the set of "Gold Diggers of 1937," at Warner Brothers studio in Hollywood.

Being sweethearts before the camera didn't embarrass Dick or Joan in the least, nor make them self-conscious. They dutifully followed Director Lloyd Bacon's suggestions, then slyly added a bit of their own glamorous realism to the love scenes. I can just hear the chorus of *ohs* and *ahs* that will sweep through audiences when this picture reaches the screen, for, despite all the boasts, the modern world still loves a lover. And what adorable lovers these two are!

There being a lull, Joan, Glenda and I found chairs on the side lines and I discovered that two laughs are better than one, because, with the conversation wandering in all directions, their irrepressible and utterly spontaneous gaiety was running high.

"As usual," explained Glenda, "in this film we are just a couple of wise-cracking, fast-talking girls trying to get along. Such is our screen life! And here I am yearning to play *Camille*, why, I've practiced her cough for years and have it down pat. Tragedy, what a thrill it would be!"

"It's poor Eliza, for me," said Joan. "With her child clasped to her bosom and battling the icy river as she escapes from the howling bloodhounds. Or *a la* Lillian Gish, leaning pensively against the window pane while hot tears run down my fair cheek. Emotional drama, that's my dream! Yet," she added merrily, "my

one serious picture, 'He Was Her Man,' was a beautiful flop; it was so very sad."

Said Glenda, "In 'I'm a Fugitive From the Chain Gang,' I didn't have a wise-crack nor even a smile. But how I loved the suffering!"

After a dozen or more pictures together—they made four of them in a straight row—Joan and Glenda decided they didn't want to become too definitely typed as a comedy team, they preferred to stand on their individual talents. They can't escape it entirely for the names of these blithe, blonde menaces linked in Neon lights over a theatre means fun and laughter. The fans adore the combination and object to a long separation. This reunion in "Gold Diggers of 1937" is, however, their first for some time and they are both enjoying it immensely.

"We're always pals in our pictures but Joan usually reforms first," began Glenda, with Joan interrupting to say, "But when Glenda starts turning over a new leaf she does a grand job of it."

Joan went on, "We really get a terrific kick out of our reputation of being the 'wise-cracking gimme cuties,' the 'slang-slinging team-mates,' the 'giddy gold diggers,' —"

"And the laughingly loveable romps," supplied Dick, hovering over Joan to give her a lighted cigaret.

"The real truth," she went on, flashing Dick a smile, "is that we are regular nine o'clock home girls. We make one big dash to get home from the studio to fuss over our sons, superintend the dinner, check up on the garden's progress and all the other homey duties, for we are honestly domestic."

"My son Norman," Joan was beaming with pride, "is now nearly two years old and he's talking all over the place, repeating every-



Glenda Farrell, whose cradle was the open drawer of a theatrical trunk, began her career at seven. Joan went on the stage when two years old. They met in Hollywood and now they are pals.

thing he hears, so Mamma is watching her conversation. He's blond and is a pretty cute little guy. He was named for Norman Foster and now Norm and Sally Blane have an adorable baby daughter, so we've fixed up a match between them and they're the cunningest pair you can imagine."

"That reminds me!" exclaimed Glenda. "I'm having some New York friends to dinner tonight and must decide upon the menu. I might have a steak—(she was thinking out loud, wholly oblivious of us), that's always good. Still, for some reason or another, my Hungarian cook is better at frying chicken. Guess it'll be chicken," she repeated, starting for the phone.

"She would speak of food to make us hungry," moaned Joan. "Funny thing, but the minute Glenda and I start a picture together we forget all our diet resolutions and eat all the time. In the middle of the morning, one of us will recall the merits of a juicy hamburger, with onions, and right away we begin scheming how to slip out to get them. The afternoons are punctuated with ice cream cones.

"My earliest memories center on ice cream sodas in tall green glasses at the corner drug store. I'd save my nickels and then grandly buy three or four chocolate sodas all at once. To me that was the high peak in a perfect celebration."

After eating, these stars confess that the next best thing they like to do is to go shopping. Whenever they can inveigle the director to give them a couple of hours off, they dash for their favorite shops and the studio can always locate them by paging either Bullock's Wilshire or Magnin's.

"They call us the 'Magnin Kiddies,'" said Glenda. "We both adore buying clothes and then never have a chance to wear them. After dressing up all day before the cameras we don't want to begin doing it again when we get home. We like to slip into slacks and sandals and it takes something very special to get us out of them."

"Shoo, don't say anything," gleefully whispered Joan, "but we're working fast today hoping to get away early enough to attend a swanky fashion show late this afternoon. We're always so optimistic. We gaze enraptured at the tall, slim models wearing adorable creations and rush to buy the clothes right off their backs, fooling ourselves that we will look just as smart in them."

"We concentrate on evening frocks, slacks and negligees," volunteered Glenda. "We're neither one athletic enough to go in for sports togs."

Joan still refuses to admit that she and Dick have any plans for a marriage in the autumn but I'm willing to wager that before you read these lines they'll be Mr. and Mrs. And a beamingly happy pair they will be.

Following another romantic scene before the camera with Dick, Joan offered this sincere tribute. "It's fun to work with him because he is so understanding and just having him here gives me confidence. We were co-workers, then pals, and later, sweethearts, and he proved true blue in each rôle. Really, there is no one like him. He could easily have been spoiled with all the admiration showered upon him but he has never let it influence him. He has a quiet dignity of his own, and a very deep sense of refinement that never leaves him for an instant. In many ways he's just a big kid; loving life, loving his work and loving to play. Yet he never loses his perspective and is deliberately building up to a substantial future both on the screen and with the radio!"

While these giggle-getters, Joan and Glenda, never met until they landed in Hollywood for pictures, their lives are oddly parallel. Both were born into the profession. Glenda's cradle was the open drawer of a theatrical trunk, and she made her acting debut at seven as *Little Eva*. Joan's crib was a vaudeville property trunk and, at two, she joined the family's vaudeville act and toured the world.

Reaching Hollywood and weary of traveling, each spent her first movie money to buy herself a home. They're neighbors and pals, and have a genuine admiration for each other. They are always the appreciative audiences, both on and off the screen, they respond completely to the other's nonsense, possess the same comedy tempo and the same gorgeous comedy urge.

With gay, sunny dispositions they keep cheerful and come up smiling no matter how trying the day may be. Both are sincere and honest, crisp and flippant, and rather proud of their ability to portray their wise-cracking characters so convincingly.

"Of course, there are kick-backs," said Glenda. "Because we play gold diggers and free and easy chorus girls, some people believe we learned these tricks through [Continued on page 85]

By
Ed Sullivan

The Screen Has Reached A
More Cultured Point In Its
Development, And Now
Every Worker In Hollywood
Is Proud Of The Grandeur
And Beauty Of The Well-
Loved Movies.



The biography of
the Master Painter,
Rembrandt, will be
told on the screen
with Charles Laugh-
ton in the rôle of
the great artist.

LET'S BEAT THE DRUMS

THE amusement page of the New York News is spread before me, and the advertisements, I think, are something for the movies to cheer. At the Strand Theatre is advertised "Anthony Adverse"; at the Astor Theatre "Romeo and Juliet" is playing; at the RKO-Palace is "Mary of Scotland" and at the Plaza Theatre is "Green Pastures." In those four advertisements is proof positive that Hollywood has thrown off its swaddling clothes and become adult in taste and culture. It is a long cry from the custard and slapstick of early Hollywood to this—a long cry from Mack Sennett bathing girls, and William S. Hart and Pearl White and Theda Bara, to William Shakespeare and Hervey Allen and Marc Connelly and Irving Thalberg.

So let's beat the drums for Hollywood, sound the alarums and flourishes and let there be public dancing in the streets, for the silver screen, which has made several tentative stabs at culture, now definitely takes its place as one of our most cultured mediums of expression. The movies at last have come into their inheritance, and the importance of the stage is still further diminished, because in the handling of these four important pictures, Hollywood has demonstrated that even the pundits of the Theatre Guild can't compete with the scope of the lens.

In moving into the higher brackets of taste and expression, however, the movies are demanding more and more from the screen patrons. When "David Copperfield" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" came to the screen, book stores and libraries throughout the country reported that the demand for these books was tremendous. Movie fans, before going to the theatre, wished to acquaint themselves with the stories if they had never read them, or refresh their memories if they'd read them years and years ago. The movies now are an insistent spur to literary culture, directly responsible for this twentieth century freshening of interest in Shakespeare, Dickens and even the Bible.

The result of all this is rather astonishing, of course. Inasmuch as Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March and Freddie Bartholomew have become, through repetition, common denominators—the pages of Shakespeare and Dickens from now on will forever be peopled with these modern images. School children, reciting "Romeo and Juliet," will have in mind Norma Shearer as Juliet and Leslie Howard as Romeo. Whenever they read of Mary, Queens of Scots, she will emerge in their imagination as Katharine Hepburn. And Charles Dickens forevermore will be the man who wrote the story about little Freddie Bartholomew. Literary and historic values have been brought up to date, and modern faces substituted for the characters that streamed out of Stratford-on-Avon.

Now this, in every way, is a great boon to literature. True enough, the great writings of great masters need no modernizing influences, but in putting flesh and bones on the characters in their books, and wiring them for sound, the movies have been of incalculable value. The appreciation of "Romeo and Juliet" was enhanced for me when I saw Katharine Cornell on the stage. Watching her dark beauty, listening to the appealing Cornell voice, I could understand the purely physical reasons a Romeo would clamber up a ladder to woo her. Movie fans, seeing Norma Shearer in the rôle of Juliet will experience the same reaction, just as girls, seeing Leslie Howard in the rôle of Romeo, will get a clearer and deeper explanation of Shakespeare's immortal love story. The same reasoning holds true in the modernization of Dickens. Although he relied less on Shakespeare's fantasy in creating his characters, and they came out as more solid portraits, the sympathy for David Copperfield becomes more acute when you picture him as Freddie Bartholomew. And your interest in the great masters of painting will be stimulated when you see Charles Laughton's portrayal of "Rembrandt." [Continued on page 68]

PROJECT

IRENE

WHEN Irene Dunne was a kid in pig-tails, they called them "braids" at the Loretta Academy in St. Louis, and was being subjected to the subjunctives of the Latin poet Virgil she invented a game, a very clever game, which her class-mates heartily endorsed. It was called "Stalling Teacher." The idea being that if she and the other victims of Latin IV could think of enough beguiling questions (Is it true what they say about Priam?) to ask teacher, who the year before had made the Grand Tour and was a perfect pushover for the glory that was Rome, the hour would pass without a single one of them being called upon to translate the day's lesson.

"Is there much of the Roman Forum left standing?" Irene would ask in wide-eyed innocence—not that she cared a row of beans about the Roman Forum but she knew it was good for fifteen minutes—and if Gladys and Sue would only get their cues right it might even be good for the entire hour. Well, the years passed, as years have a habit of doing, but Irene Dunne still plays "Stalling Teacher"—except that with no teachers to stall now she takes it out on interviewers.

Interviewing Irene Dunne is an achievement worthy of an Academy Award or something. Oh, she'll see you all right—none of that silly Garbo mystery business—and she'll not keep you waiting a moment, and she'll greet you cordially with the most musical voice you've ever heard, and she'll captivate you, but completely, with her beautiful blue-grey eyes, and she'll take you by the hand and lead you all over the new home she has just built in Holmby Hills, and with flattering interest she'll listen to your opinions on drapes and things, and she'll pour tea for you out on the patio, and it'll be so gay and clubby and such fun—but after you've gone

you'll realize to your horror that you don't know a thing about Irene Dunne. In the fan writer's diary Irene is listed as "Terrible copy—but awfully charming." No matter how you look at it Irene just doesn't like to talk about herself (there are people like that, I'm told, but I never expected to meet one in Hollywood) and she can think up hundreds of cute little tricks to stall off an interview. They usually work. But me now—I'm the horrid type. "Miss Dunne, please translate the next five lines. The Roman Forum? To heck with the Roman Forum! GIVE!"

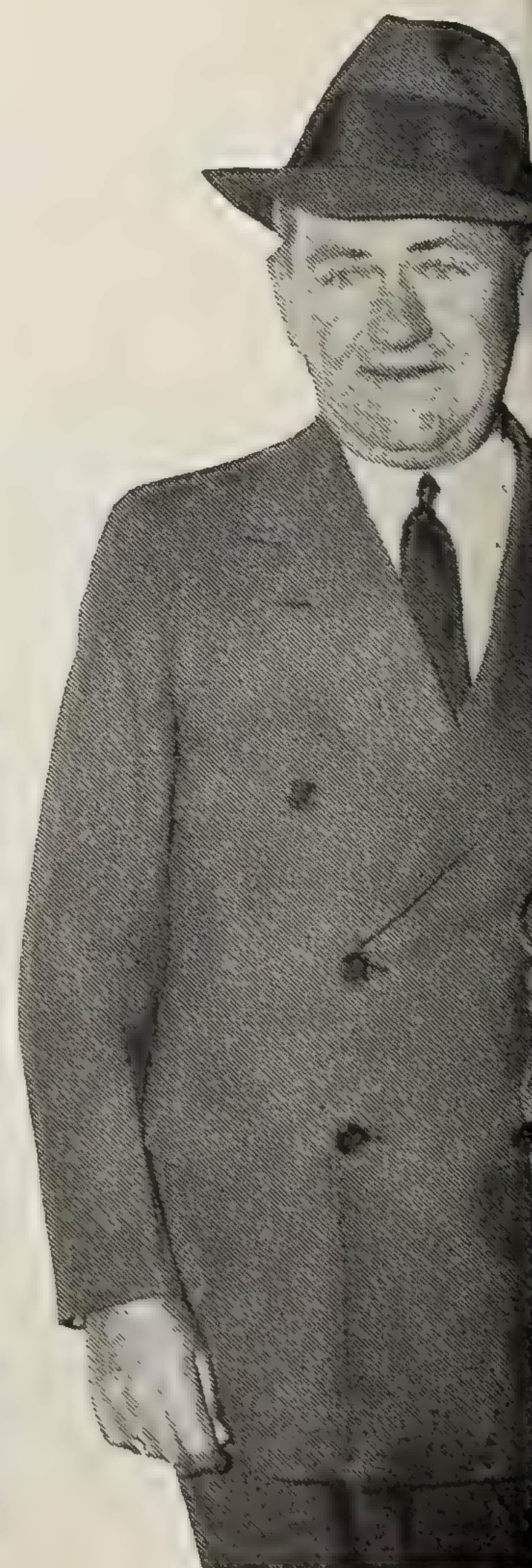
But even after, through sheer determination, mingled with a bit of brutal slave-driving, you've started Irene talking about herself—"giving" as we say in the "trade"—the way of the interviewer is still not easy. Suddenly in the midst of the most exciting story about the time she got lost in Paris and a taxi driver took her to the Latin Quarter instead of the Ritz and there he was leering at her—leering at her—there is a complete silence. Like a preview night, when the sound track breaks down. The audience is there, and the actors are moving about on the screen, but it's all kind of eerie because there isn't any sound. Miss Dunne, dear fans, is day dreaming. And on my time, too. Now I suppose the ilk of Emily Post would call this rather rude, and doubtless the ilk would be right, but I call it a jolly idiosyncrasy for it's such fun to see Irene struggling to recall what she was talking about before she wandered away, and to hear her laugh like a guilty child when I say, "Remember me?"

This day dreaming of Irene's is one of her worst faults, she admits, but it has been a part of her so long there's nothing she can do about it. Her best friends in Hollywood know that if Irene is expected for dinner and seven o'clock comes, and seven-thirty and eight, and no Irene, that it is a mere matter of Irene's being lost again. She loses so easily. Irene gets in her car (she adores driving herself) and with the best of intentions starts out for her friend's home for dinner, but somewhere along the way she starts day dreaming, and when she comes to she invariably finds herself hopelessly lost in the Hollywood Hills, San Francisco, or mayhap well on her way into the Arizona desert. She has no sense of direction, and that, combined with a bit of fancy day dreaming, makes dining out for La Dunne a complete gamble. Well, what is she thinking about that she can forget time and place and people? Oh, anything. Is the kitchen stove too near the pantry door? Should she pay all that money for a Queen Anne secretaire? Did her fans really like her in black-face? Did they consider it disgracefully undignified? Etc.

When she was a child most of her day dreams were about the time she would be a famous prima donna with a feather fan



Robert Taylor did well in "Magnificent Obsession," but it was the appealing role of Irene Dunne that was outstanding. (At top) Irene made "Show Boat" a never-to-be-forgotten hit. (At right) "Theodora Goes Wild" is the picture that she is making now.



IONS By Elizabeth Wilson

DUNNE

and have the adoring public swooning at her feet, or else about gay adventures with her six tall handsome brothers arriving just in the nick of time to save her. Now Irene never had six brothers. She has one brother, younger than herself, to whom she is devoted, but she never had six brothers. But she imagined them so much as a child that for a while there she actually found herself telling strangers, particularly strangers who frightened her, that she had six brothers who would arrive any minute. Now Dr. Freud, the old pet, would probably find a very adequate explanation (perhaps more than adequate if I know Dr. Freud) of Irene's big brother complex, but personally I prefer Irene's own simple analysis of the case: "I don't know why I was always pretending I had six brothers. Except that I liked to go to parties, and I was shy, and wanted to assure myself of plenty of escorts." That's it, dear reader, in a nutshell, and we don't need Dr. Freud. Irene Dunne is a Party Girl with vine leaves in her hair. And don't let that dignified lady-like reserve fool you.

Vivacious Irene is both actress and singer. Here she is with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, a prominent New York dentist.



The nicest things in her life have always happened to her at parties. Dr. Francis D. Griffin for instance. She'll never forget the night she met him, and how near she came not to meeting him. New York was in the midst of one of its severest snow-storms that particular Saturday night, and Irene was completely worn out after the evening's performance and besides she thought she was taking cold, and you know how careful singers have to be, so after the last curtain call she scurried out the stage entrance, jumped into a taxi, and dreaming (what again!) of a hot bath, her nice-soft bed, and a book, she arrived at her apartment to find the living room full of gay young people, hell-bent on a party. "But I can't go!" groaned Irene. "But you promised!" they shouted



over the White Rock. Well, you can't argue with party-minded people, you know that. So Irene slipped into a red evening gown and a mink coat and still complaining bitterly that she'd much rather be in bed, that she didn't want a scotch and soda and would probably catch her death of cold in the snow, left for the party.

The party was at the Biltmore Hotel, and Irene cheered up considerably when she heard the gay dance music. It was a great year for stags, and there were dozens of them lined up against the wall all trying to figure out an introduction to the beautiful auburn haired girl with the big eyes (were they blue or gray or green?) And Irene, who knew exactly what to do with those eyes, was quickly the belle of the ball. (Entre nous, oh completely entre nous, she's a bit of a flirt.) Around and around the dance floor whirled La Flamme. It was her first red evening gown, and her last, though she often wonders why she never bought another, it was so much fun.

"Where have you been all my life?" asked the first stag who managed an introduction and a dance. "I'm from Louisville, Kentucky," said Irene. "Where have you been all my life?" asked the second fortunate young man. "I'm from Madison, Indiana," said Irene. "Where have you been all my life?" asked the third young man (No, there wasn't much originality among the smart set during the speakeasy era.) "I'm from St. Louis," said Irene. But the fourth young man took her completely by surprise. "The boys think you are *teched* in the head," he said casually. "It seems that you don't know where you're from. You've given each of them a different answer. Is it an old [Continued on page 72]

The Stars Read In The Tea
Leaves What Their Des-
tinies Will Be.

TEA LEAVES TELL

By
Mark
Dowling



The pattern of the
tea leaves in Connie
Bennett's cup tells
her future



"A speedy marriage" was fore-
told in Jeanette MacDonald's cup

SO HELP me, you'll never guess what the stars have been up to this past month! Going completely gypsy on us, they've abandoned all other parlor games for the new rage of reading fortunes in tea leaves!

Peering into tea cups with the town's most glamorous stars—and *that's* a nice way to make a living!—we discovered strange and amusing things about Jeanette MacDonald, Luise Rainer, Dolores Del Rio, and many others. And we learned that this tea leaf business is a perfectly elegant way to find out the secret hopes and ambitions of even the most reserved stars.

You could have knocked us over with a feather (feathers mean flirtations, in the bottom of *your* cup) when Jeanette MacDonald announced her engagement to Gene Raymond the day before her appointment to read tea-leaves with us. While the whole town scrambled for news of the wedding date, which Jeanette firmly refused to divulge, we wondered if she'd keep our date. She did, bringing Gene with her, looking proud and handsome and smug—as why shouldn't he, capturing one of the town's greatest beauties?

In the most approved fashion, Jeanette sipped her tea, turned the cup three times from left to right, inverted it over the

saucer for a moment, and then held it in both hands for careful scrutiny. Some people save trouble by drinking clear tea, tossing fresh leaves in the damp cup, and then reading the pictures, but this is frowned upon, according to Jeanette, in the most authentic circles.

"I warn you," she smiled prettily, "a bit of imagination comes in handy. Sometimes the figures are indistinct."

Indistinct was putting it mildly, we muttered as we peered into the cup to see a bunch of decidedly nondescript and soggy tea leaves. Then, suddenly, as we stared, pictures began to form.

A palm tree: meaning children to a wife, or a speedy marriage to a maid.

A piece of clover near the rim: happiness and prosperity.

Horse shoes: success in choosing a marriage partner.

(We began to think Jeanette and Gene had "fixed" this.)

A single key at the bottom of the cup: guard against robbery.

A chain: early marriage. Had the chain been broken, it would have meant trouble in store.

Jeanette left us to decide for ourselves about the truth of the prophecy. She just smiled mysteriously—and refused to comment.

Gene said, "Most of all, I'd like to know if I'll be given another assignment as pleasant as my last picture, 'Walking on Air.' That was a swell part, and I could stand a few more like it." His cup answered:

Pigeons at rest: meaning domestic bliss, and wealth acquired through industry.

A ring on one side of cup: sign of marriage. Had the ring been near the bottom of cup, it would have meant a marriage to be broken.

Full-blown rose: luckiest sign of all, meaning long life, prosperity, success in new ventures, and fame to artists.

"I guess that answers my question," said Gene, rather awed. We verified the predictions, in part, by learning that Jeanette and Gene have already drawn up plans for a home, and are looking for a suitable location.

Surprisingly, if you're a sceptic, the forecasts were closely allied to current problems and situations in each star's life. Maybe Hollywood is right to take its newest fad seriously!

Carole Lombard found symbols that are significant in the light of her recent great success on the screen, and also her gaily



social private life—though nothing referred to her rumored romance with Clark Gable. Her cup held:

Many faces in the clear, at top and sides: meaning change, discovery, friends, and merry-making.

A house near top: change, success in new enterprises.

Kite: your ambitions, if wisely directed, will lead to success; if rashly directed, will end in disaster.

"This is amazing," Carole remarked seriously. "I've been wondering if I'm doing too many light, flippant rôles, and if I should change my type on the screen, for

one or two pictures, and do a seriously, dramatic part!"

More frivolous were the pictures discovered in the cup of Luise Rainer, that odd and enchanting actress who has risen to screen fame and still kept her private life almost as secret as Garbo's. We saw:

A parasol: quite distinct and clear, it meant a new lover, and a hasty marriage. Dots surrounding it indicated that the lover will be wealthy!

Windmill: success in a venturesome enterprise.

A hare: timidity and melancholy.

"Explain?" Luise cried with sparkling eyes when we asked her about the new lover. "Certainly not! I'm learning my fortune, not telling it!"

So we listened on to Constance Bennett, that colorful and outspoken star, whose tea cup provided the most interesting revelations we encountered:

Pigs: a mixture of good and bad luck.

Mountains, both clearly defined and rugged, meaning good friends and powerful enemies.

Saw: hard work, trouble through strangers.

Vase: rewards through sacrifice and service.

Connie surprised us by saying, "You know, although it doesn't tell of ease and luck, I *like* that cup. I know I have enemies, but I've made friends, too. And I've found that almost all happiness and reward does come through service and work."

She recently made "Ladies in Love," at Fox, with three other feminine stars, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, and Simone Simon. No easy task for any of them—risking inevitable comparison with the others!



Brian Aherne's and Karen Morley's tea leaves indicate more successes. Hooray!

Ducks: increase by water.

Eyes: observation. Inspect carefully all propositions you receive.

Airplanes: interpreted as travel by that means.

"Ridiculous," Bette laughed. "I'm going up to Canada by automobile, and I've always absolutely refused to fly. I'd be scared to death."

Two days later Hollywood learned that Bette had flown to the East coast from a remote town in Canada, and was already on her way to London, leaving far behind her contract worries with Warner Brothers!

Dolores Del Rio, serene and lovely, startled us by offering a strangely troubled cup. Then we remembered that her career has been at a stand-still for almost a year, with a surprising lack of good parts for so glamorous a star. Her cup revealed:

A cross in the clear: troubles that may be overcome by perseverance and faith.

A lily at the top of cup: many friends of refinement and great influence.

A lock, near thin, straight: obstacles to overcome by forethought and determination.

A flower—a triangle—and a butterfly: all symbols of prosperity, pleasure, and happiness.

"As I interpret this," said Miss Del Rio thoughtfully, "it augurs well for my new contract with Columbia. I'll win success if I exercise forethought and perseverance. One could hardly ask for more than that!"

The figure of the lily, by the way, is especially suitable for Dolores, who is one of Hollywood's great hostesses and whose Santa Monica home has seen entertainments for leading lights of the artistic, business, and social worlds.

Karen Morley read her cup on the set, while Brian Aherne looked on. Now making a brilliant come-back to the screen under the banner of Sam Goldwyn, Karen remarked, "The one thing I'm superstitious about is not being superstitious about anything! So I won't be a very good subject." Nevertheless we found in her cup:

Spiders: money coming to the consultant.

Hen: addition to the family.

("Another?" cried Karen, who is quite

content with her two-year-old youngster, Michael Vidor.)

A daffodil: meaning success in new undertakings and fresh endeavors.

"And that," said Karen, grinning, "is something Mr. Goldwyn would be delighted to know!"

Leaving this charming sceptic, we next visited Nelson Eddy, to find him drinking a cup of tea in the MGM restaurant and quite willing to serve as a subject for our researches. His cup showed:

Bees: signs of industry and sagacity.

A clock near the top of cup: sickness and speedy recovery.

A pair on one side, a tree on the other: meaning promotion and prosperity.

Jug near top, near bees: meaning excess, in this case excess of professional worries.

We sincerely hope the cup and its warning will lead this popular player toward the racquets of life (meaning revelry, flirtations, and merry-making!)

Glenda Farrell, one of Hollywood's most vivacious ladies, provided interesting speculation when she found an odd variety of symbols in her cup:

A trident: meaning honors in the Navy.

("Glenda muttered, "I knew I played in too many of those sailor pictures, but I never thought the tea leaves would know about it!")

A fan: innocent flirtations.

Hearts: love affairs; sometimes a man's initial will be close by.

Swallow: a journey with a pleasant ending.

Sceptre: honour from royalty.

("Well!" said Glenda.)

A complete necklace: many admirers.

We haven't space to tell you all the other readings we saw as we tossed tea cups with the stars, but maybe you can understand why the game offers fun and sometimes, profit. Almost any book store or news stand can supply you, at a nominal price, with the same little booklet the stars use to work out interpretation of the figures in their cups. So try it for yourself.

Maybe—just like Hollywood—you'll find that you actually enjoy the tea itself!



The gypsy blood is coming out in Jimmie Dunn and Marian Marsh as they read the mystery of the days to come

But someone who worked on the picture told us that Connie made no special effort for attention, and will shine out solely because of her superb talent.

One amazing coincidence occurred during our investigation of Hollywood's tea-leafery. Bette Davis had her cup read just before she left Hollywood, incognito, and made that secret trip to London. Her cup held:



In "Car 99."

"Men Without Names,"
with Madge Evans.

"Hands Across The Table."

With Katharine
"Alfred Hitchcock Presents"

How Fred MacMurray,
By Good Work In One
Picture After Another,
Has Reached The Top.

HE'S JUST THE

IT HAD been almost two years since I'd really talked to Fred MacMurray . . . the two most important years in his life. Actually, I didn't expect to find him changed. I wasn't disappointed. Save for just a shade more self-assurance, he might have been the same boy who walked into my office in the Paramount publicity department a year ago last May—six foot three of clean, clear-thinking young manhood—just a little bit dazed and surprised at finding himself there.

I recall the first time I ever had occasion to look for him—there at the studio. And believe me, I went on a still hunt that occupied the best part of an hour, before I could track him down. And then I found him, of all places, on a stage! That may not be surprising to you, but it was to me. The fact of the matter was that Fred had been in Hollywood under contract to Paramount for the best part of six months and so far hadn't even drawn a part. But there he was—on a stage—all made up.

"Well, Fred," I asked, cheerily. "Have they really put you to work?"

"No," he said, a bit flatly. "Just a test." Then that irrepressible bump of good humor came to the fore. "Guess they'll never give me a chance to really act." And he grinned broadly (he hoped).

You see, Fred isn't much of a talker. Especially about himself. Even when he's something very important on his mind, you have to draw him out, sort of bit by bit. And the more important it is—the closer to his heart—the harder it is to pull anything out of him.

For instance, it wasn't for a couple of weeks after it actually happened that it finally leaked out that Fred had all but packed his bags at the end of the third day of shooting on "The Gilded Lily." I reminded him of that today.

"Well, you don't blame me, do you?" he wanted to know, sampling a bit of my shad roe and nodding his approval. "(Tastes a little bit like liver, doesn't it? I like liver.) But you see, they told me no one liked me in the picture. I just figured I was doing it the only way I knew how and if they didn't like me, the best thing I could do was quit. Glad I didn't, though."

And, but for the graciousness of Claudette Colbert, who whispered a few words of encouragement in his ear, and his own tenacity, Fred MacMurray might have been playing a saxophone with the California Collegians to this day. And then who would the lovely ladies of the screen have fought about for their leading man?

And don't think for a minute *that* hasn't happened! I had occasion to be present at a cocktail party not so many months ago and to hear one of the most charming of the young stars say, most emphatically:

" . . . and I told him I wouldn't make another picture unless I could have Fred MacMurray opposite me!"

This same bland young man was the cause of all sorts of ructions when Walter Wanger wanted him to play opposite Joan Bennett in "Big Brown Eyes" and Carole Lombard insisted, at the same time, that Fred replace George Raft who had just left the cast of "The Princess Comes Across." Carole won out, of course, but I don't think either Walter Wanger or Joan Bennett will ever quite forgive her.

And what, you may ask, has happened to this young man during all these goings on? He's just gone blithely on his way, not believing any of it, piling up a list of box-office pictures for him-

self by the dozen—an even dozen, I might add, in less than two years!

Sure, it's been hard work. He's a little bit sorry he hasn't had time to go in for sports or anything like that. Back in the high school days in Beaver Dam, he won ten letters for his athletic achievements. But he's not really complaining because he sometimes has only one day between pictures, or that the longest period of rest he's had is three weeks—just long enough for a trip to Las Vegas to be married to Lilian LaMonte and a brief honeymoon trip.

Lilian, as you all probably know by this time, came to the coast at the same time Fred arrived to fulfill his motion picture contract. But, as with all things private and personal, Fred didn't talk much about Lilian.

"Sure, she's my girl," he'd say, and that would be the end of it.

Just try to get Fred to fill in as an extra man at a party, though. And, as you can well imagine, after his tremendous success in "The Gilded Lily," he was much in demand. That's the ways things are in Hollywood. Naturally, Lilian would not be included in the invitations.

"So sorry," Fred would apologize, with his friendly grin. "Just can't make it."

And the truth of the matter would be he had a date with Lilian—which was more important.

"I taught her how to cook," he told me today, chuckling a little. "You know, back in New York, lots of times we'd buy a chicken on Saturday night and cook it in her apartment on Sunday. Saved money, too."

Fred loves to eat. And not in the fashionable places haunted by picture celebrities, either. He'll find a remote little spot where they have "swell" fried chicken—or a lunch counter famous for its steaks. Or Lilian will prepare a meal in their small apartment on the maid's night out.

Hollywood parties leave them both a little bit cold, if the truth were told. Night clubs don't interest them, and, besides, they cost lots of money.

They're saving their money, too—good sound investments, insurance policies—and they're looking around, now, at property.



Gladys Swarthout and
Fred MacMurray drink
a toast in "Champagne
Waltz": To all our
friends, good luck!



In "13 Hours By Air,"
with Joan Bennett.

"The Princess Comes Across."

"The Texas Rangers."

BOY NEXT DOOR

By
Virginia Wood

They figure they'll be building their own home some one of these days, if they can get a good buy.

"How have you managed to be in Hollywood, but not of it?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know," he answered, a bit puzzled. "How do you mean?"

"Well," I volunteered, "It seems to me you've managed to live as quietly and peacefully as anyone I know. And you've

kept out of the limelight to an almost amazing degree."

"Gosh, I wouldn't know," Fred replied, flushing a bit. "Unless it's because I knew what Hollywood was all about before I came back here. I saw quite a bit of the other side of it, you know. And Lilian helped a lot. I don't think either of us had any delusions about this success business—haven't now. You know, it might last a long time, and it might be gone tomorrow. You have to be prepared."

Fred isn't the type of person who rushes blindly into things. No, sir. He thinks and thinks before he takes a step forward. He listens kindly and gratefully to all advice, making a mental note of the good parts, but on the whole, doing pretty much what he had in mind in the beginning.

"Lots of people thought we were foolish to wait so long before we got married," he told me. "But somehow, I don't think it's fair. I feel the same way about raising a family. I want to be sure of my future before I make any plans."

He's a very loyal person, too, this MacMurray. In his quiet, undemonstrative way, he's always tried to repay anyone who's helped him along the way. Take the California Collegians, for instance. Fred will never cease being grateful to them for introducing him in their band during the stage production of "Roberta," where he was discovered and signed to a contract by Paramount.

Recently, the powers that be at the studio were discussing the engagement of a band for "Champagne Waltz." Fred suggested the Collegians. No one was particularly interested, but, quietly,

Fred kept plugging them. They were hired for the picture! And six of the boys in the band are Fred's pals, having formed the original seven-piece band which engaged Fred at the Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater.

"It was funny about our honeymoon," he said suddenly. "You see, we'd planned on going to Honolulu on the 'Lurline.' At the last minute, we couldn't get a reservation. But we made up our minds we were going some place, so we went to Catalina! We stayed there over the week-end and then decided we were going to make the best of what was left of my three-week vacation and really take a trip. We'd just about decided to go to Alaska, bags all packed and everything, when we got a reservation on the 'Monterey' for Honolulu."

Even in Honolulu the MacMurrays didn't do the round of the night spots, as is usual. The only place they did go was to visit a fellow from Beaver Dam who lives at the Naval Base there! At heart, you see, Fred is just "the boy from Beaver Dam."

The only thing that worries him right now is that things have been moving too fast.

"I don't like to go ahead so fast," he admitted, "it scares me a little. After all, I can only do one thing on the screen—be myself. I'm afraid people will get tired of me!"

Well, there you have it. I know a dozen actors right here in Hollywood who would give a lot of money just to "be himself" on the screen. And therein, to me, anyway, lies the charm of this big, overgrown boy from Beaver Dam. He might be the boy next door!



FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX



IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE • KENT TAYLOR

PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL

KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King

Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN

DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete



PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



MARCH OF THE MOVIES

FREDRIC MARCH carries most of the super-ambitious productions and puts life into picture after picture. His delightful humor in "Design for Living" is a precious memory and his latest rôles have won the applause of both audience and critics.

Fred March has "the friendly neighbor" spirit. He is the one actor who is never publicized with press agent stories. He comes through on his merits. (Center, below) Fredric as Lord Bothwell in "Mary of Scotland." (Below) As Anthony Adverse, one of the important milestones in the triumphal March of the Movies.



There is no better school of acting than the legitimate stage and that is where Fred March learned his profession. (Above) As Dmitri, an officer of the Czar.



Tom Brown and Frances Drake, playing the lovers in "I'd Give My Life," translate the tender passion into hilarious action. (Below) Marion Davies and Sammy White in "Cain and Mabel" do a dance that is a joy to watch and which makes the plot step gayly along.



KEEP MOVING

Pantomime Is The Art Of Giving Meaning To Motion.

IN THE days of the silent pictures, the movies by means of gestures, expressions and action told stories that delighted millions. Now that theatres are all "wired for sound," many a picture has been talked to death. However, the geniuses of Hollywood have come through and today the screen shows graceful and expressive action. Sound effects have been pushed to second place where they belong. Talented players ACT their parts instead of just mouthing words and now the screen has reached its peak—The Supreme Form of Entertainment.

In the "Gold Diggers of 1937," Lee Dixon dances marvelously—real entertainment. (Below) As he reverses the direction of the complete turn.

Tapping three times with each foot before the other hits the floor.

A Russian touch—repeat four times.

A series of "cross overs"—improvise as you go along.





In "Polo Joe," the inimitable Joe E. Brown reveals the comedy of motion.



Faster—kicks and whirls, as the dance draws to its climax.

As the music gets faster change to ballet dancing.



The beginning of the end—regain your balance.

A final step-back to gentle tapping as the music dies down. It is motion that makes the screen so fascinating.



Maria Iturbe dances in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and helps the picture to success. (Left) Fred Astaire blacks up for the "Bojangles of Harlem" number in "Swing Time."

KISS AND KLINCH!



Pretending To Be In Love Is As Easy As Flirting And That's The Way That Many A Hollywood Romance Begins.

THERE has been too much printed about the screen kisses. These stories "smack," we may say, of back fence gossip and do not give the true impression. The girl in the picture is not playing an old unattractive woman, but a young and lovely creature, and when the hero holds her in his strong arms he tries with every drop of actor blood that's in him to give the appearance of a decent fellow who has lost his heart. Then the girl honestly and unaffectedly endeavors to register for the film the beautiful emotion of a lovely girl overwhelmed by life's greatest moment.

The kiss and the clinch keep the world turning.



Victor Moore, stage comedian, and Helen Broderick have come to Hollywood to put laughs in pictures. (Above) Jean Harlow and William Powell warmly embrace in "Libeled Lady." (Right) Louis Borrel and lovely Jessie Matthews put their heads together in the interests of "Head Over Heels," a Gaumont British picture.



Sylvia Sidney and John Loder in "The Hidden Power." They conform to the English rules of reserve. (Left) Michael Whalen and Doris Nolan acting up for "The Man I Marry." It's a Universal custom.



In "The Longest Night," Robert Young and Florence Rice put the sentiment into the mystery thriller. (Left) "Don't Turn 'Em Loose" does not refer to Bruce Cabot's hold on Grace Bradley. They are gaining in popularity. (Right) Gloria Stuart and Edmund Lowe. It's a sore throat instead of love.



READY FOR

WHEN a film meets with success, the producers frequently repeat the idea and the result is that pictures become better and better. The season of '36-'37 starts with a number of very interesting stories and the box-offices are busier than ever. "The Informer," one of the great hits, lead RKO to make "The Plough and the Stars," another Irish story. Bing Crosby sings some more, and the biography of an old master, Rembrandt, is played by Charles Laughton. Never has a coming season appeared brighter.



Barbara Stanwyck in a scene from "The Plough and the Stars."



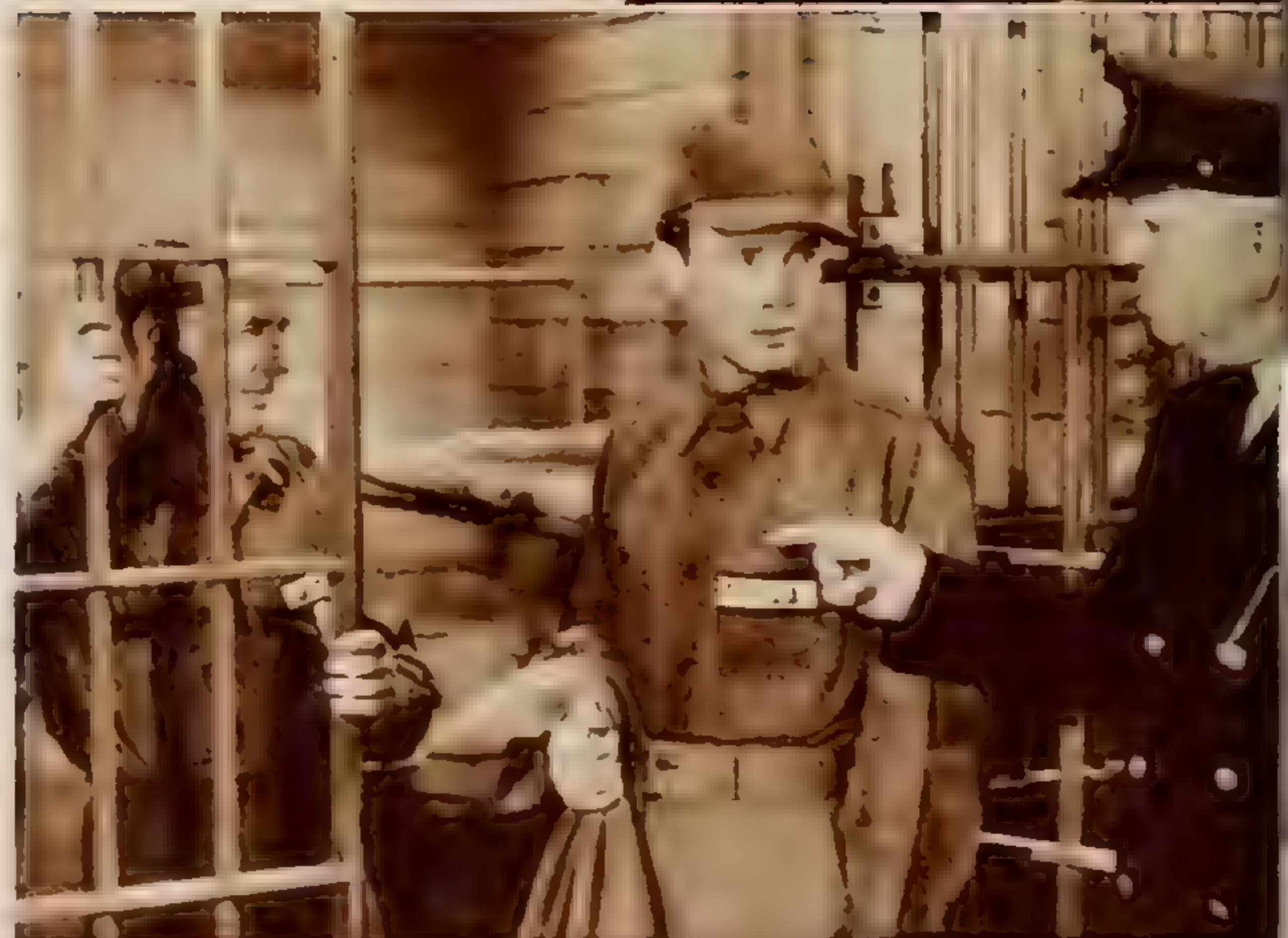
Columbia produces "Pennies From Heaven," with Bing Crosby and Madge Evans.



(Right) John Wray, John Beal and Tom McGuire in a scene from "We Who Are About To Die." It sounds gruesome!



(Left) Rembrandt, the old master, is the principal figure in this biographical picture played by Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lancaster. (Right) A scene from "The Nelson Touch," with George Arliss shaking hands with himself. He plays two parts and brilliantly too, of course!



YOUR SCREEN

Pictures To Come That
Will Start The New
Season Off In High.



Kay Francis and
Claude Rains are
featured in "Stolen
Holiday." (Left)
Reginald Owen and
Gloria Stuart in
"Rich and Reckless,"
a blackmail plot.

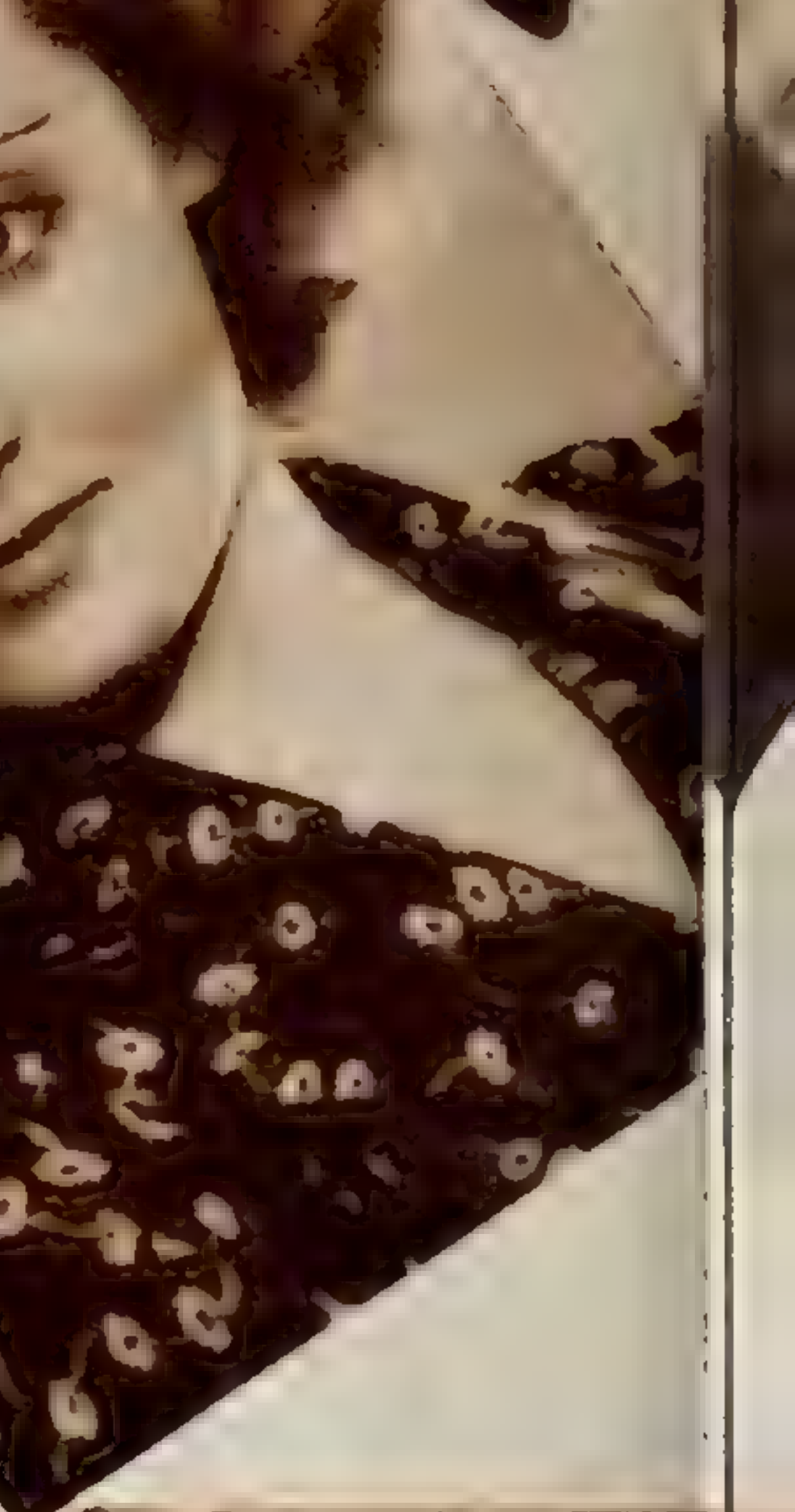


(Left) A scene
from the picture
"Come And Get
It," Edna Ferber's
best seller. Mady
Christians, Walter
Brennan, Frances
Farmer and Ed-
ward Arnold.
(Right) Paul Lukas,
Loretta Young,
Constance Bennett
and Tyrone Power,
Jr., in "Ladies In
Love."



OUT WHERE STYLES

If you turn up at the first football game of the season in a striped brown and white June ermine sports costume such as June Lang is wearing, you'll have all the rah-rah boys delirious. Especially if you wear a matching fur toque.



The hat's the thing! That's what Anita Colby, Bette Davis, Marian Marsh and Anita Louise insist. And, judging by their individual choice, the small hat which gives them that piquant look gets a unanimous vote.

Upper left—Gail Patrick sheathes her tall, graceful figure in luscious gold lamé when she dines out formally. The full draped sleeves and corded belt and jabot of the same material add a distinctive note to this lovely ensemble

IE
BEGIN



Heavy brocades and silks are favored alike by Paris and Hollywood. And (at right) Marian Marsh demonstrates what can be done in the way of a tailored evening suit fashioned from luxurious blue upholsterer's satin brocaded in shades of mauve, pink and peach.

(Left) Every schoolgirl will adore this tailored two-piece frock of Anita Louise's. The skirt is green and tan plaid wool and the jacket hunter's green velveteen. (Above) Anita sets off her delicate blonde beauty with a three-quarter length evening wrap of Russian ermine.

NOW that winter has come to Main Street, the ladies are looking to Hollywood to provide them with an idea of the coming trend of fashion. It isn't enough for them to read that Paris is sponsoring certain definite style changes. They must know what their favorite film players are wearing. And if Joan and Claudette and Loretta sponsor these styles, rest assured that the ladies of the nation will adopt them—but definitely.

When Lovely Woman
Stoops To Conquer She
Visits The Movies To
See What The Well-
Dressed Stars Are Wear-
ing.

EVERYBODY LIKES UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

IT ISN'T the camera, the film, or the lights that makes the picture of instant interest. It is the *unusual* quality that catches the reader's eye. It is this provocative factor that frequently gets the picture printed and so turns a simple photograph into a fine bit of publicity material. On the sound stages the director and players work to carry out the whimsy or idea of the highly paid writers. The one tremendously valuable touch which puts over the writer is his ability to be original. The scenes he thinks up as well as the action and the dialogue, must be *unusual* or he is a failure. Hollywood loves a new and striking idea and it is this fresh and brilliant quality that makes even a publicity photograph a success.



The designer of Gail Patrick's dress may not like to see her wearing it under a shower bath, but it is a new idea and even Lew Ayres thinks it's funny



(Above, left) Frank Shields, tennis champ, takes Andrea Leeds to lunch in the tank to dodge the heat. There's an idea we tank is gude. (Above) Jack Benny does a close-up with Martha Raye, and trust Jack to give the photo a sour touch to surprise you. (Left) Cary Grant and Damon Ford in an unusual shot that fairly zips with action. (Right) The cameraman would not take just a straight shot of Claire Trevor. He appreciated the charm of a beautiful figure fore-shortened from below and snapped it to please you.



The Motto Of
Hollywood Is
Never Be Com=
nplace And
Always Be Dif=
ferent."

(Left) Pictures have be-
come more and more real-
istic like the pasteboard
canvas settings of the
past. George Brent and
Ida Lupino had to
go to Longview, Wash.,
for the color photogra-
phed in "God's Country
and the Woman" might
be the unusual quality of
and beauty. (Below)
the picture of Nino
and Ida Lupino
together arouses your
interest! What can it mean?
It makes one more eager to
see "The Gay Desperado."
(Below, center) The photo-
graph is named "Wives Never
Lie," but the ingenious
director had Charlie Rug-
g photographed as if he
had been in a battle in the
west. Doesn't it sharpen
your desire for the movie?



(Below) You rarely see a "stand-in" and a
star together. Here's Edward Arnold and
Bill Hoover, who wears the same clothes so
that the cameraman can focus the lens.



EVERY LITTLE BROOKLET RUINS TO THE SEA

It Is A Long Time From
The First Trial To The "Star
Billing" Days.

HOW often you have looked at a little brook and enjoyed its playful chatter without giving a thought to the unbroken stream that leads to the sea. So it is with the ambitious beginners in the picture studios. They try with all their hearts to be the living image of a character in the story. One part leads to another, and as life goes on the glory of being a star comes nearer and nearer. On this page are new faces, and at the left is Greta Garbo, the girl from Sweden who today stands at the top—the greatest actress the screen can show.

We wish them all good luck for they give their lives to the task of entertaining the folks of all the world.

Garbo's new picture, "Camille," is eagerly awaited. She has become world famous for her inspiring screen personality and charm.



(Left) Ruth Colman is under contract to Paramount. She is an expert stenographer and a famous artists' model—just in case. (Above) You will see Helen Burgess in "The Plainsman," the big DeMille picture. It is her first time in pictures. Although she had been studying drama, it was not until Mr. DeMille saw her in a restaurant one day that her chance came. (Right) Nova Pilbeam, a young English girl, is only sixteen years old. She has played a number of parts and because of her good work her future seems very promising.





Get the electric lights ready! Jannice Jarratt has a contract and all Texas is proud of this daughter because she won her start in pictures at the Texas Centennial and without any tests.



"Girls' Dormitory" introduced Simone Simon to American audiences. Her training on the stage in France and her exotic charm helped her to success in America.



Some Beginners
Who Will See
Their Names In
Electric Lights
Some Day.



Nelson Eddy is a marvelous example of an ambitious artist who planned his career. First he studied with Victrola records, then broadcasted, and after careful preparation he appeared in pictures. Now he arouses tremendous interest when he sings on the concert stage. He has reached the "sea" of his desire. Congratulations!



(Above) After Philip McMahon made a hit on the radio, RKO offered him an opportunity to make good on the screen. (Left) Harriet Haddon, a bright spot in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," starts her career in the chorus.



Cary Grant and Joan Bennett in "Wedding Present." They're both getting more and more important.

(Right) Warner Baxter relaxes—he never misses!

THE script tells the actor the story and the director is lavish with advice, so the actor only has to imagine that he is actually the character the author created. We have been behind the camera and seen the actors move and heard them talk in the manner of the characters they represent. The bell rings, the lights flash and to an observer it seems just play.

We have seen an actor tell a story off-stage and put himself completely into the narrative. It is one of the secrets of success. The salesman must have this knack of glowing with enthusiasm and the doctor must radiate sympathy. Perhaps it would be a better world if we all took a course at Hollywood to learn to hide our own likes and dislikes and to play every day the part of "the good neighbor."

SOME CALL IT WORK!

It Is Just Pretending During The Day At The Studio But When, Each Week, They Deposit Thousand Of Dollars In The Bank, That's The Real Thing



Victor McLaglen won the Number One honor last year. Above is his conception of "The Magnificent Brute." (Below) Merle Oberon in the arms of Brian Aherne for "In Love And War," a story of the Irish Rebellion.

Wallace Beery as
"Old Hutch."



Hollywood Palpitates Over The "Great Lovers" But Nowadays It Takes A Man=Who=Can=Act To Get The Fan Mail.

By
Jerry
Asher



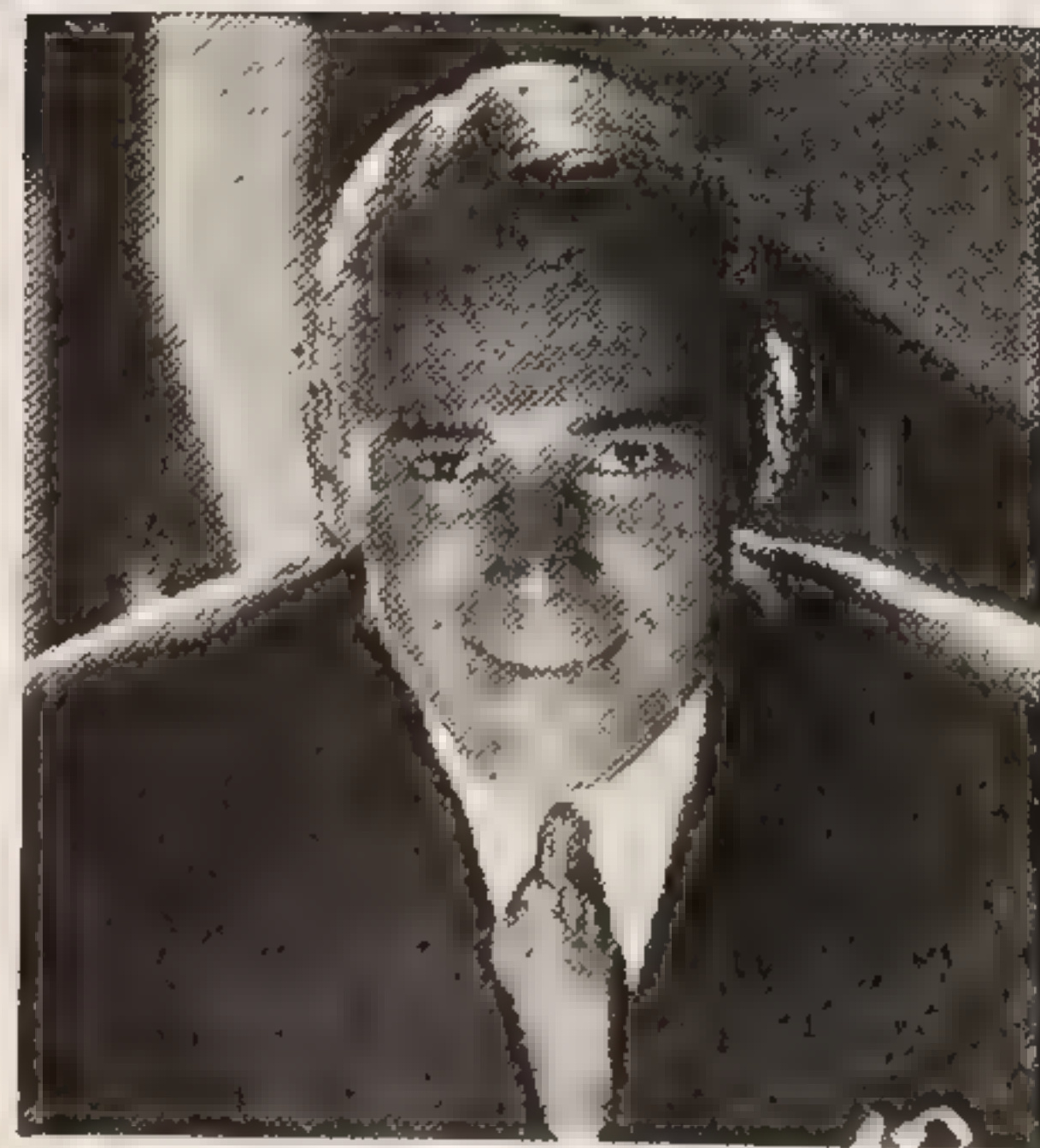
Nelson Eddy's personality and his voice have made him popular.

"BEING HANDSOME IS NOT ENOUGH!"

THE B. O. boys have taken over Hollywood. It's not those individuals whose best friends won't tell, we're referring to. It's box office we have in mind, pure and unadulterated. It's the lads who can act, who bring in the golden shekels. Gone are the patent leather heroes of yesterday. The Don Juans are done. Casanova wouldn't have a couch maker's chance in a present day closeup. Rapturous Romeos may think they're good in Hollywood, but they reek in Pennsylvania. Being dark and handsome may help you to go *West* young man. But all the Gables are now quite able. And the Coopers have all turned troupers.

Cast a weather eye in the general direction of the new crop of movie heroes. There's not an arrow collar ad in the lot. The John Beals, the Burgess Merediths, the Jimmy Stewarts and the Fred Astaires are something the Greeks handed down to Elinor Glyn. The boys with the pretty profiles haven't a makeup man's chance. The strong and silent types have suddenly become weak and willing to learn how to act. Actors already established, who were once wondrous to look at and marvelous to know, are now sensational to listen to and thrilling to show. The whole world may love a lover, but it don't mean a thing, if they ain't got that swing. It's what-a-man's moment in the movies!

Those actors who have practically slipped into oblivion this last year, should have taken an example from such B. O. (box office to you) boys, as Charles Boyer, Nelson Eddy, Randy Scott, Robert Taylor, Cary Grant, Cesare Romero, Louis Hayward and dozens of others. Those boys had quite an edge on the market, until the new deal in histrionic heroes hit Hollywood with a thud. They could have gone on for a while, being sympathetic screen lovers, and God's gift to the tired



working girl. But they saw the handwriting on next year's option. The ability they had never been called on to use, suddenly asserted itself. Through their own efforts they put up a battle of the century. They've proven that the movie public prefers men of action, instead of attraction.

The first day Nelson Eddy walked on the MGM lot, they almost called out the riot squad. Secretaries fainted and typists worked overtime on their touch system. When Nelson walked into the commissary, all the little chorines sitting around took one look and promptly forgot their routines. Never in the history of sound stages had anything quite as handsome as Mr. Eddy been allowed to run around loose. Being a modest chap, he smiled his appreciation and wondered when they were going to put him to work.

Months later the gals were still gasping, Nelson was still smiling and he still didn't have a job. Finally came "Dancing Lady" with a special novelty musical number called "Rhythm of the Day." Nelson sang it as only he can. There was a lot of trick photography, inserts of girls' legs, with long shots of female bodies wriggling around until they spelled Metro Goldwyn Mayer—or maybe it was Leo the [Continued on page 64]

(Top) Franchot Tone is in the money because he can act—remember "Mutiny on the Bounty"? (Center) Randolph Scott had to play in "Westerns" until one day Fred Astaire requested him for "Roberta," and now he's a favorite of the fans. (Left) Charles Boyer is a real actor with as fine a reputation in his native France as he has in America.

REVIEWS OF

SWING TIME

IT WILL HAVE YOU FLOATING IN THE CLOUDS—RKO

DEFINITELY the entertainment picture of the month, and we certainly like to be entertained, don't we? If you're a push-over for the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musicals, and who isn't, you'll go pleasantly mad over this one for it maintains the high standards of its predecessors and at the same time tops all of them with its delightful comedy and amazingly beautiful dance numbers.

Fred, in black-face, does a tap solo called "Bojangles of Harlem" which is without a doubt the most striking dance there has ever been on the screen—at the end of it the preview audience at the Pantages in Hollywood practically tore up the theatre in their wild applause.

Besides the marvelous dancing of Fred and Ginger, you have the comedy antics of Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore, and the charming words and music of Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, so what more can you ask? It's a safe bet that you'll see "Swing Time" more than once.

Fred is cast as a vaudeville hoofer with a passion for gambling, who misses out on his wedding with Betty Furness all because of a crap game. Betty's irate father tells him he has to accumulate \$25,000 in cold cash before he will again be given the opportunity of meeting Betty at the altar, so Fred leaves for New York to seek fame and fortune and, of course, meets Ginger Rogers, who plays a talented young dance hall instructress.

Ginger and Fred work out a few routines and are soon the dancing sensation of New York, and falling more and more in love with every waltz. Something has to be done

about Betty who loves Fred, and something has to be done about Georges Metaxa, suave orchestra leader, who loves Ginger, and something is done (Oh, Hollywood wouldn't let you down) to the complete satisfaction of everyone. The best of the songs are "Never Gonna Dance," "The Way You Look Tonight," "A Fine Romance," and "Swing Time." And just wait until you see Victor Moore.

ALL AMERICAN CHUMP

THIS WILL GIVE YOU MANY A LAUGH—M-G-M

AND speaking of entertainment, we were you know, here is a modest little picture (called a "program picture" in the "trade") which steps right out and surprises every one by being one of the best bits of grand entertainment of the month. Plenty of laughs from beginning to end, and played magnificently by a cast without a star. Which all goes to prove our old theory that stars aren't really necessary.

The story's about a small town hick, Stu Erwin, who works in a bank as a human adding machine for fifteen dollars a week. Stu has a trick mind when it comes to figures but no one in the village appreciates him; Stu doesn't even appreciate himself.

A slick carnival trio—Bob Armstrong, Betty Furness and Edmund Gwenn—lure him away from the bank and his beloved cows and put him in show business where he is a complete flop. While they are deciding whether to eat him or throw him off the train, Stu quite innocently gets involved in a bridge game with America's leading bridge expert (brilliantly played by E. E. Clive) and

In "Stage Struck," Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have a merry time and also score individual successes.



"The Texas Rangers" give battle to outlaws and Indians in the picturesque Southwest.

Betty Furness, Stu Erwin, Edmund Gwenn and Bob Armstrong in "All American Chump."

with his "figger" mind wins a wad of dough from the champion.

That's all Bob Armstrong needs to know. As Stu's manager he arranges the bridge tournament of the century in New York between Stu and the expert, and then just as gold is within his reach the gangsters



P I C T U R E S



start to cut in. Edmund Gwenn, as Betty's gin-imbibing rascal of a father, is simply grand, so is Edward Brophy as a frightened hoodlum, and so is the entire cast. You'll enjoy this one.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

A GLORIFIED WESTERN—Paramount

FRED MACMURRAY and Jack Oakie play a couple of wandering highwaymen who become Texas Rangers in the hope that their identification with the Rangers will lead them to easy jobs of banditry.

But you know how it is with boys who want to be bad men of the West; after a good run-in with the Indians they become so excited over the Rangers and so loyal to their brave Chief, Edward Ellis, that they are completely regenerated and wish to devote their lives to wiping out outlaws.

It's sort of a glorified horse opera, and the kiddies will love it, but I have me doubts about the ladies. Lloyd Nolan plays a bandit who remains unregenerated, Jean Parker is the love interest, and Jack Oakie is by far the best thing in the picture.

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE

A RECENT CURRENT EVENT BECOMES DRAMATIC PICTURE FARE—Warners

DRAEGERMAN, in case you have been out of touch with American these last few years, means a man who conducts rescue operations at mine cave-ins. You probably read in the newspapers not so long ago of the men who were trapped in a mine, when the earth caved in, and of

their exciting rescue—which, undoubtedly, inspired this picture.

Henry O'Neill plays a doctor, fanatically interested in the cause of miners, who takes a mine owner (played by Robert Barrat) underground to survey an abandoned gold property. The earth slips and they are entombed for a dozen days and nights, while workers strive heroically to save them. After being buried alive for all that time the mine owner sees the light and once rescued he devotes his life to the welfare of miners.

It's newsreel stuff, but it's plenty exciting. Barton MacLane is the hero of the rescue and, with Jean Muir as his sweetheart, is also the love interest—which is an unusual spot in which to find that erstwhile big shot gunman.

OLD HUTCH

MADE TO ORDER FOR WALLY BEERY—M-G-M

AND this, boys and girls, is a typical Wallace Beery picture and, if you like typical Wallace Beery pictures, this is your Roman holiday. Beery plays a shiftless small town character who hasn't worked for twenty years, not since he got married to his long-suffering but loyal wife, Elizabeth Patterson.

Fishing on the river bank one day he finds a tin box full of thousand dollar bills, and then a great problem comes into his hitherto

simple life. He knows he must justify possession of the money, otherwise the village gossips will say he stole it, so he goes to work and soon, to his surprise, and horror, he finds himself a respectable and industrious member of the community.

Then the bank robbers put the pressure on him to recover their loot, but by that time Old Hutch is so respectable and law-abiding that he turns the gunmen over to the police and gets the reward.

There is an appealing love story carried by Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker (the two kids who were so grand together in "Ah Wilderness") who play the local banker's son and Old Hutch's daughter. Young love is definitely at its best, and loveliest, when played by Cecilia and Eric.

STAGE STRUCK

SWELL ENTERTAINMENT—Warner Brothers

HERE'S a refreshing parody on those backstage musicals where the leading lady gets sick five minutes before the curtain goes up on the opening night and the sweet, demure little chorus girl gets her big chance. And you have no idea how much more fun this plot is when played for comedy than it is when played straight.

Joan Blondell, looking simply ravishing and playing like a million, is the leading lady with the bank roll, who definitely has a penchant for shooting her husbands. Joan's comedy scenes are cleverly written and what with La B. giving her all as a comedienne she ups and walks away with the picture. Her "trouping" scene with her

dogs and luggage will have you in hysterics for weeks.

Dick Powell plays the dance director in the picture and to him Joanie is just so much bad news (but not in real life, kiddies). He is in love with Jeanne Madden, a little country gal who wants to be an actress, and he refuses to work in the same show with Joan, but is finally tricked into doing so by Warren William, the sly producer.

Mr. William resorts to psychology to make Joanie believe that Dick is really in love with her despite his evident disgust, and you can well imagine what grand comedy scenes follow. Frank McHugh is very funny as a stage manager and Craig Reynolds makes a perfect matinee idol. The Yacht Club Boys are riots in two song numbers, "The Income Tax" and "The Body Beautiful." Dick sings a very lovely song entitled, "In Your Own Quiet Way."

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY

ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC OF THE HISTORICAL FILMS—M-G-M

THE Glamour Girls are going in for costume pictures this year—Katherine Hepburn had her Mary of Scotland, and Norma Shearer her Juliet, and last, but not least, Joan Crawford steps out cinematically as the ravishingly beautiful and extremely clever Peggy Eaton, the *ex officio* First Lady of the Jackson Administration.

In the long curls, and little bows and big hats of the period (it's the 1820's if you're forgetful) Joan looks perfectly stunning, and there were those of us at the preview who wished, who wished to high heaven, that Mr. Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, would stop mouthing about state rights, secession, and nullification for a few minutes, at least, and let us have more of the Gorgeous Hussy. (Of course if you're a statesman you probably feel differently about it.)

The picture story and history don't exactly agree on the character of Peggy Eaton, but this is no time for quibbling, and you know how the Hays office is. Anyway, four men (according to the cinema) played important parts in Peggy's eventful life which carried her right into the White House.

The first was Bow Timberlake, a gay young lieutenant of the U. S. Navy (played by Bob Taylor) whom Peggy married—after some of the most delightful love scenes you have seen on the screen in ages.

The second man was John Randolph, the Senator from Virginia (Melvyn Douglas) whom Peggy loved from the moment she knew the meaning of the word love, but who refused her love twice, once from sheer stubbornness and once from political differences.

The third man was Secretary of War John Eaton (Franchot Tone) whom Peggy married several years after the death of her young lieutenant in the West Indies.

And the fourth man was President Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) whose good friend she became after the death of his adored wife, Rachael Jackson (Beulah Bondi). Barrymore's and Miss Bondi's scenes together are high spots in the picture.

[Continued on page 78]

A STORY OF

The Criterion Film Production Of
"Accused" Brings To The Screen Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., And Dolores Del Rio.
The Screen Play Is By Zoe Akins And
George Barraud. A United Artists'
Release.

Offstage picture of Dolores Del Rio, who plays Gaby, the dancer.

ALONE in her theater dressing room, Gaby Seymour poised the dagger in her hand, her arm raised to hurl it. Across her pretty face came an expression of glowing hatred that was not acting. In fancy she was about to bury that knife in the treacherous heart of the woman who was stealing Tony from her.

The brilliant dressing table lights beat upon a lithe, wild, passionate little figure clad in a theatrical melange of gypsy red, orange and crude blues. Brown grease paint, scarlet lips and blue lined eyes heightened the wildness of Gaby's face, framed in curls of glossy black. Her firm, hard trained body bent in an arc like a tightening spring, the glittering knife ready as her passionate eyes fixed on the heart of her target.

Against the wall of the dressing room the life-sized outline of a human figure had been drawn in charcoal. A mischievous friend of Gaby's had added eyes, nose and mouth in the silhouetted head, using her lipstick for a pencil. The result was a caricatured likeness of Yvette Delange, the star of Morel's new musical show soon to open for the delight of all Paris. "When you can't throw straight, that will make it easier for you, Gaby," Ninette giggled.

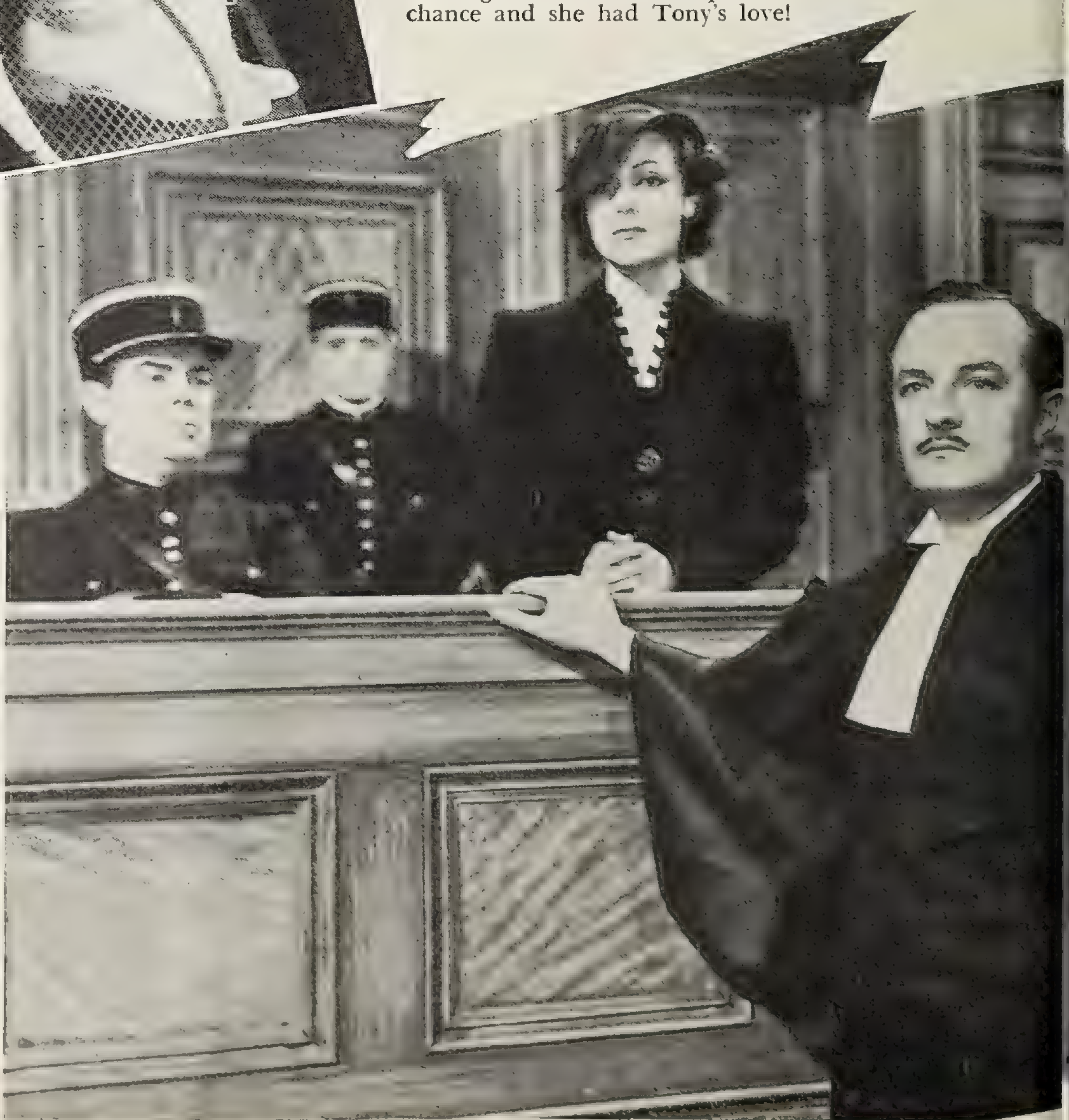
Ninette had done it in fun, trying to laugh Gaby out of her hatred of the capricious star of the Theater Morel. Tonight the crude joke had lost all humor for Gaby; the human target outlined on the wall, so that she might prac-

tice the knife throw she did in her gypsy number with Tony, had taken on the living attributes of the woman she hated. There was murder in the passionate heart of the little dancer.

Gaby's face contorted, she would speed death toward Yvette. . . . Some remnant of sanity came at the final second. The knife dropped from her fingers. Gaby hurled herself to a couch in hysterical tears.

In her wild heart blazing hatred had been quenched by an icy tide of horror. She must have lost her mind! She, Gaby Seymour, contemplating murder! Torn between horror and grief, she lay panting.

Only a few days ago life had been glorious for Tony and Gaby Seymour. Two ambitious young Americans, they had perfected their wild gypsy dance in which as a climax, Gaby hurled the dagger into the body of a faithless lover. Morel's new show offered them opportunity and soon, so raced their young optimism, all Paris would acclaim their talent. The little American girl, who had been born Gabrielle Romarios of Texas, saw all the world through rose hued glasses. And why not, when luck gave them this splendid chance and she had Tony's love!



ARTISTS IN LOVE

Fictionized by
Jack Bechdolt

There wasn't another like Tony, so handsome, so talented and so in love with her! He was young, her Tony, not two years her senior. When they walked together in public women turned their heads after his lithe, masculine good looks and always Gaby smiled, sure of him, unafraid and proud that the world envied her good fortune. It had been like that until she and Tony met Yvette.

At first Gaby couldn't believe that her handsome husband, always level headed, always reliable, would make a fool of himself over Yvette. Why, Yvette was thirty-five if she was a day, her beauty fading, a woman notorious for the number and variety of her affairs with men. Tony laughed at vanity-ridden women like Yvette Delange—but Tony didn't laugh at Yvette. He was with Yvette now, alone in her flat. Gaby had heard from his own lips that he was going to her.

"I've got to do it," Tony explained earnestly to her. "Yvette claims you insulted her at the rehearsal tonight. She demands of Morel that he take us out of the show—"

"Insulted her!" Gaby's eyes blazed with scorn. "You can't insult her kind." Her mood veered to dark suspicion. "I understand perfectly. That row in the theater was all arranged beforehand, to give you an excuse!"

"Don't be ridiculous," Tony scowled. "Even if Yvette started the quarrel tonight, don't forget she is the star of this show. She can make Morel do as she demands. Now she insists that you insulted her and Morel asked me to go to her apartment and smooth her down."

It was true, all that Tony said. In her heart she believed it, but Yvette's caprices and her insults rankled deep with Gaby. She could not let her triumph through Tony's diplomatic visit . . . why, all the woman wanted was the chance to lure her husband from her!

"I don't want a man who goes crawling to a woman like that," she screamed at Tony, and Tony, red and very angry now, shouted: "I've heard enough of this. I'm not going to throw everything overboard—all the things we've worked and slaved for for years—because you choose to be jealous about nothing. I'm going!" The door slammed after him and it was then Gaby, in her fury, seized the dagger and tried to hurl it at the caricatured figure of the woman she hated.

Ninette's knock at the dressing room door roused her from her tears. The show girl heard Gaby's account of her misery and offered what consolation she could. "Come home with me and we'll cook some eggs."

Tony (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and Gaby performing a dance specialty.

"No," Gaby muttered, moodily playing with the dagger. "I'd rather be alone. You go on."

When Ninette had gone she made a sudden resolution. Yvette Delange had not yet left the theater for her appointment at home with Tony. She would go to Yvette's dressing room and tell her a few things!

Tony Seymour, meantime, waited uncomfortably in the little drawing room of a Paris flat. Yvette's maid had told him the star would soon be home.

The young American felt ill at ease. The very atmosphere of the flat, vulgarly ostentatious and overperfumed, grated on his nerves. When he thought of Gaby's last furious outburst he felt miserable.

On tables and walls were photographs of many men, all inscribed with loving messages to Yvette. It was like a nightmare museum, a museum of a woman's vanities. He favored the collection of Yvette's lovers with a disgusted grimace.

Gaby had been a fool to accuse him of loving Yvette. Since they joined the show the star had pestered him with attentions and Tony, trying to be a diplomat, had fended her off with vague words and meaningless smiles. But in love with Yvette? How silly, when he loved Gaby and no other woman alive!

He rose to his feet and ringing for the maid demanded his hat and coat. He was going home to Gaby. Perhaps this snub to Yvette might cost them their place in the show? He shrugged. Better even that, than to have Gaby hurt . . . poor, violent tempered Gaby who had shared his love and his ambitions so loyally!

The little furnished flat was empty and the gray light of first dawn gave it an eerie, haunted look. [Continued on next page]

Yvette Delange (Florence Desmond) is killed, and Tony is heartbroken as Gaby is tried for the crime. Roget (Basil Sydney) is her defending counsel.



Tony hesitated, depressed, filled with vague anxieties because Gaby had not come home. Then he heard her light tread on the stair outside. He flung open the door to welcome her.

She stood there, pale, her street clothes glistening from the night mists, her eyes questioning him. Slowly she felt her way into his arms. So they held each other, saying nothing, huddled close in a mute moment of reconciliation that brought sunshine back to their home.

"I thought you didn't love me any more," Gaby whispered. "I've been so miserable!"

"So have I, Gaby. But where have you been?"

She looked at him strangely, as if startled and trying to remember. "I . . . I don't know. Just walking about."

A knocking at the door made them stare mutual questions. "Ah," Tony smiled, "The milkman! Black or white?"

He swept the door wide, his hand out to take the morning milk bottle. It was not the milkman he confronted, but two strangers, behind them the concierge who let them in. One asked for Gabrielle Seymour. "I must ask you to come with us," he said to the astonished Gaby.

"Come with you! But, why?"

"What are you talking about?" Tony cried.

The stranger answered coldly, "Yvette Delange was murdered at the Theater Morel early this morning."

"What's that got to do with my wife?" Tony demanded, his young face tense.

"The surety would like to hear what she has to say. "He turned to Gaby, his voice curt, "Please get your hat and coat at once."

Yvette Delange's body had been found in the reception alcove of the star's dressing room at the Theater Morel. A knife had cut off the woman's life, a dagger hurled, or driven, with great force. That dagger was in the body when the discovery was made and it was readily identified as the dagger Gaby Seymour used in her dancing act with Tony. Gaby's quarrel with Yvette was the talk of the theater; Gaby's presence near the star's dressing room was easily established. Gabrielle Seymour was charged by the state with the murder.

"But I didn't do it!" Gaby whispered through lips cold with horror. "Oh, I didn't . . . I didn't!"

"Think, darling! Tell us everything you can remember," Tony urged. Her tired, thin voice took up the story.

"I was furious when you left me. I thought I would tell that woman what I thought of her for trying to steal my husband. I did go to her dressing room. I took the dagger, I don't know why. I left it there. She was there, alone. I . . . I burst out at her angrily. I told her some things. And then . . . then I left. I wandered the streets. I heard a clock strike four and it seemed to bring me to my senses. I came home, where I found you, Tony."

Tony paled when he learned what the police knew, that the body of Yvette had been found at five minutes after four o'clock. He knew that Dubec, the doorman of the theater, testified he had seen Gaby leave the place at five minutes of four. Tony himself had left earlier than that.

His mind went back over the evening, detail by detail. "Wait!" he cried. "I remember. When I was leaving the theater a man came in. He asked me where Yvette's dressing room was located. I showed him and saw him go to it. That man was the murderer! We must find him!"

Tony rushed to an American friend, a newspaperman attached to the Paris office of his journal. Guy knew and loved them both. He was ready to do anything in his power to help, and it was he who suggested they search the police photograph records for the face Tony remembered so well.

Guy's idea brought sudden hope when out of the thousands of pictured criminals Tony at last found the face of Henri Capelle. That was the stranger he had spoken to. He could swear it.

A moment later the friends looked at each other in blank despair. The police officials had a meticulous record of Henri Capelle's movements. Released from prison several months before the murder of Yvette, he had left France the second day of his freedom. He had never returned, for the police would surely have had that knowledge in their files.

"But he did return," Tony insisted. "I saw him! He's in France. We've got to find him!"

Guy thought it over. It looked hopeless, yet Tony must be aided so long as there was the faintest chance. Guy remembered a friend of more than shady reputation, a criminal for whom he had done several favors. They went to him with the problem and with his aid began combing the underworld of Paris.



IN THE next issue of this magazine you will find a speedy and true Gladys Hall story about the gay lives of some of the stars. . . . A Projection of Barbara Stanwyck by Elizabeth Wilson tells the facts about this well loved actress. . . . There are some players who stand right up against the belittling rumors and make good in spite of them. You'll enjoy reading their side of it. . . . Then away they go on the first cold days, off to the cabin in the hills. Ben Maddox goes along too. . . . And don't miss Eleanor Packer's story of Hollywood's love formula. . . . Watch for it. On sale November 6th.

The trial of Gabrielle Seymour was the current sensation of Paris. The little American girl's beauty fired public imagination. The circumstances of her dancing act with its horrifying, dagger throwing climax mingled in the public mind with the grim reality of the crime at the Theater Morel. When she was called to the bar to answer her accusers, the court room was jammed and crowds waited outside the palace of Justice for the least word of the proceedings.

"Gabrielle Seymour," the President of the Court began, "before beginning your examination it is my duty to remind you that you are being tried under the penal code of France. In your country a prisoner is assumed to be innocent until found guilty. Here, the accused is considered guilty. It is incumbent upon him to prove his innocence."

Guilty! Guilty, before she was tried! The President's words rang like a knell of doom.

Gaby glanced forlornly at her own lawyer. Roget was known as the cleverest defense lawyer in all France, but what could even Roget do for her when she knew nothing and could tell nothing except the simple truth, that she was innocent!

The President's voice went on: "Shortly after your quarrel with Yvette Delange she was found dead in her dressing room. Murdered with the dagger which belonged to

you. And this weapon had been thrust into the victim with the same accuracy which you employed in your act and in exactly the same way . . ."

It was true. Gaby could not deny a word of it.

"Although she was mortally wounded," the President went on, "the victim tried to defend herself. With a small revolver she fired once at her assailant. The bullet has been found sunk in the paneling. *That assassin, Gabrielle Seymour . . . was you!*"

Gaby's cry rang through the tense room, "No! It wasn't me, I tell you!"

The hours dragged into days, days of tense terror in court and nights of sleepless despair. The State brought its witnesses, piling proof upon proof that Gaby had struck the blow.

Morel, the theater manager, told how that night at three o'clock, Yvette Delange sent word to him she must have twenty thousand francs at once. Accustomed to the whims of his star he secured the money and took it in person to her dressing room. He did not go in because Yvette appeared at the door and took the money from his hand. Perhaps some other person was with her in the room; Morel could not swear to it.

Jean Dubec the doorman told how he had seen Gaby leave the star's dressing room at five minutes of four, ten minutes before he himself discovered the crime. Dubec also had been the messenger who gave Morel word that Yvette wished twenty thousand francs.

"At what time was that?" Roget questioned.

"It must have been nearly half past three."

"It couldn't have been half past three," Morel interrupted. "I left the theater at ten after three."

"It might have been earlier, then," the doorman muttered sulkily.

Still the evidence piled up against her. The dagger was Gaby's. She had sufficient motive for the crime—her jealous hatred of Yvette. According to Dubec she was in the theater at the time and all Gaby could oppose against that was her story of wandering the streets of Paris, dazed, and of hearing a clock strike four when she stood on the Pont de la Concorde, two miles from the Theater Morel. She could see plainly enough that nobody credited that explanation.

Tony was called to the stand, but what could Tony do to aid her? Frantically he averred his conviction that his wife was innocent, but he had no proof. White and grimly insistent, he told of the stranger identified as Henri Capelle who had accosted him, asking for Yvette's dressing room. But no other person had seen Henri Capelle—and Capelle could not be found.

At the end of that last afternoon Roget himself came to Gaby in her prison. "Plead self-defense," he counselled. "It is admitted Yvette fired a shot. You threw that knife to save your own life!"

"No," Gaby moaned. "No . . . I did not kill Yvette. That is the truth!" Roget shrugged. He felt defeated.

Court assembled for a night session, the close of the trial. The State's prosecutor put his case to the jury, a bitter accusation built up by undeniable facts. Not a soul in the court-room saw hope for the little American dancer now.

Before Roget could begin a defense Tony pushed his way to him, bringing at last the man he had been seeking. Amidst a storm of protest from the State the new witness was heard.

He was Henri Carros, he said, but admitted a minute later that he had served sentence for blackmail under the name of Henri Capelle. As Capelle he had left France, and, under his rightful name of

[Continued on page 69]

Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller



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Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	
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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

The Tennis Crowd

[Continued from page 25]

technique of the new hobby. If you want to be a buddy to a cinema name the quickest system is to be a tennis ace. The foremost amateurs of the country have lingered on to be elaborately feted. It's a mutual attraction—the athletes yearn to mix with the glamorous and now there's nothing a star likes more than a genuine champ in tow. If you aren't employing the correct form the champion will obligingly give out with invaluable suggestions. Gene Raymond was a particularly gracious host—and you ought to have to try to return his serves!

When a star considers a swankier apartment the first question isn't about the rent, but about the tennis accommodations. The nicest apartment houses and hotels boast available courts tucked in along with their flowering patios. The ritzy resorts at Arrowhead, Santa Barbara, and Del Monte plug their superb tennis lay-outs. Beverly Hills itself has built a great many splendid public courts on La Cienega Boulevard. These have to be reserved well in advance, one reason being that John Boles—who resides near-by—is nearly always displaying his maddening lobs there.

A stellar estate invariably has a specially designed court for its gentry and lucky guests. I'd say the finest private courts are those belonging to Harold Lloyd, Marion Davies, Warner Baxter, and Victor McLaglen. Elegant little pavilions are an adjoining fixture, so the butler may serve you a snack and a tall cool one in inviting shade. Claudette Colbert's pavilion is large enough to run a movie in. The Warren Williams have a refreshment table on wheels; it's moved about their grounds laden with platters of cold meats and rare cheeses. Arlene Judge is the most enthusiastic hostess—there's always a gang taking turns on her court. Practically all of the stars' own courts are electrically lighted for night play; when they have to act all day the darlings still don't intend to be cheated out of their fun. Which reminds me that last Thursday Sally Eilers begged to work until one in the morning so she'd be free to play in a tournament on Friday. Yes, and she won. Sally's tops in doubles.

The mecca of our tennis bugs is the new West Side Tennis Club, in the rolling Cheviot Hills half-way between M-G-M and the 20th Century-Fox studios. It's only been operating this year and the membership is limited to motion picture people. Here a clever star can kill two birds with one date. He can play tennis and simultaneously do some diplomatic apple-polishing. For the most prominent producers, directors, scenarists, and actors' agents are members. It's so convenient that you can stumble into illustrious company at any hour. The entire grounds are lined with a high hedge of evergreens and from the street all you can glimpse is a low, rambling building of California-Spanish architecture. Inside are spacious lounging rooms, informally furnished. There are, when you go on through, ten courts banked with lawns and beautiful flowers, placed on graduated levels so that from the veranda you can watch all of them. (Yoo-hoo! Simone Simon, will you stop making those big French eyes away over yonder there? That young man will never be able to keep his mind on the ball.) Bright colored tables and chairs, shaded by gala umbrellas, dot the veranda. Immediately below it are boxes from which you get a close-up view of the court for championship matches. A snazzy white leather and chromium bar adjoins on the left, while the dining room is to the right. A tempting swimming pool is sunk in the lawns beyond the courts. (Aside to the editor: I hope you aren't putting two and two

together and gathering where your palsy-walsy is when I should be slaving for you.) Keith Gledhill and Mae Sutton Bundy, former national champions, are the professionals.

Every studio has organized a team to represent it this Fall in a grand tournament at the dear new West Side. We've heard about the Davis Cup affairs from Frank Shields, who gave up representing America to be an actor. (He's better than Errol Flynn, but he isn't a star yet.) So we're determined to have the same arrangement locally. Metro's Nelson Eddy and Bob Taylor have been wondering if Bob Montgomery will be back from his sojourn on his Connecticut farm. They need him to do or die for Louis B. Mayer—he's Leo the Lion's best. Paramount can rely on Larry Crabbe and Fred MacMurray. Jack Warner is laughing, because he has Flynn and George Brent. Darryl Zanuck is frantic; I'll bet his next masculine prodigies are tennis tornadoes!

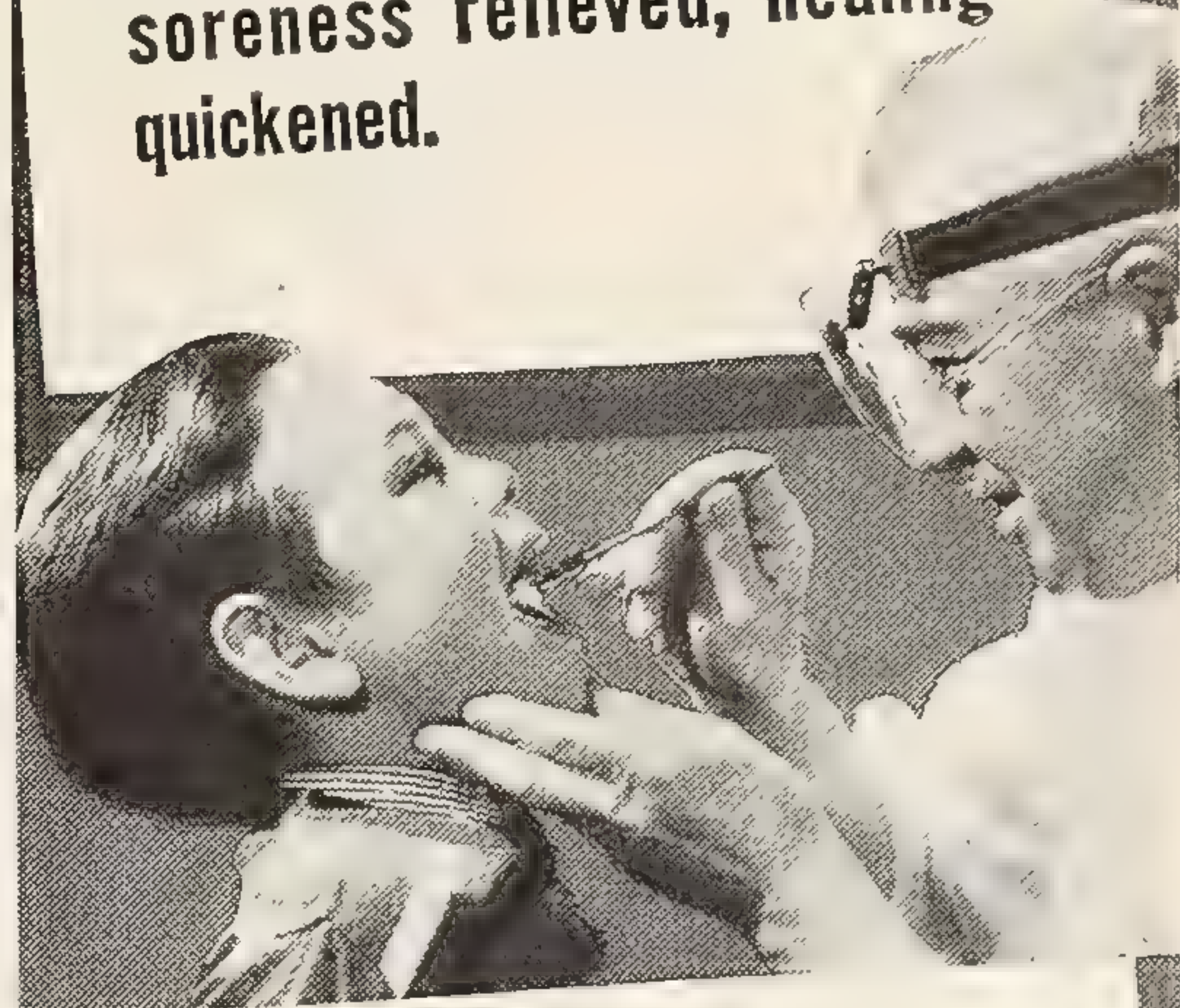
At the rest of the clubs about the city the stars are under continuous scrutiny. But at West Side it's a happy family. They can come in for lunch with their make-up on, when they've only an hour off, and order it on the veranda so they can observe how Shields is whamming 'em today. At the other clubs white is the conventional, prevailing color for tennis outfits; at West Side you let yourself go and choose the gayest of shades. Frank Morgan, I'll admit, is hardly modish in that old sweater which droops to his knees. But Anita Louise dons green suede shorts-and-vest, lacing the latter over a peasant blouse. And Claire Trevor, in her companion prints ensemble—hand monogrammed, box-pleated red and white shorts and blouse beneath a blue and white pirate frock—is so lovely a contrast that no one objects. Anyway, that incongruity is typically Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald plays tennis in her bathing suit—when she's at home.

The entertainment during the Sunday dinner dances at the West Side is unique, too. Last week it was Annie Sothern who had to rise and step up beside the orchestra. There was such applause after her song that she had to sing on and on. I must report, in addition, that the children (they're still kiddies at heart) have a weakness for betting on their tennis games. The aforementioned brunette courageously bets on herself to win. Then she has to, spurred on by the dread of losing cash as well as caste. Candid cameras click whenever you're least ready for them, with a star doing the dirty work. You'd think they'd give their fellows warning? But no; they tote tiny black boxes and revel in action shots. You'd giggle at the one Phil Reed has of a headline actress glowering at her health salad.

Does tennis make a girl muscle-bound? Marian Marsh, whose grace and marvelously co-ordinated figure bespeaks the born athlete, is proof that femininity isn't sacrificed by this game. Perhaps men hate to be beaten? Dolores Del Rio (she has a complex for playing barefooted) maintains they do; she alone won't take lessons for fear her Cedric might be dismayed. It's okay for Garbo to be an Amazon when playing with Cedric, but his wife won't risk it. It all depends on the man, though. Ann Sothern confounded her admirers at swimming, billiards, and bowling, and now she's embarrassing them at tennis. But they remain ardently nuts about her. The theory that a male craves to teach a girl everything is further blasted by John Howard. He bounces out of the locker room and is aggravated beyond measure when a pretty but poor partner tries to excuse herself by

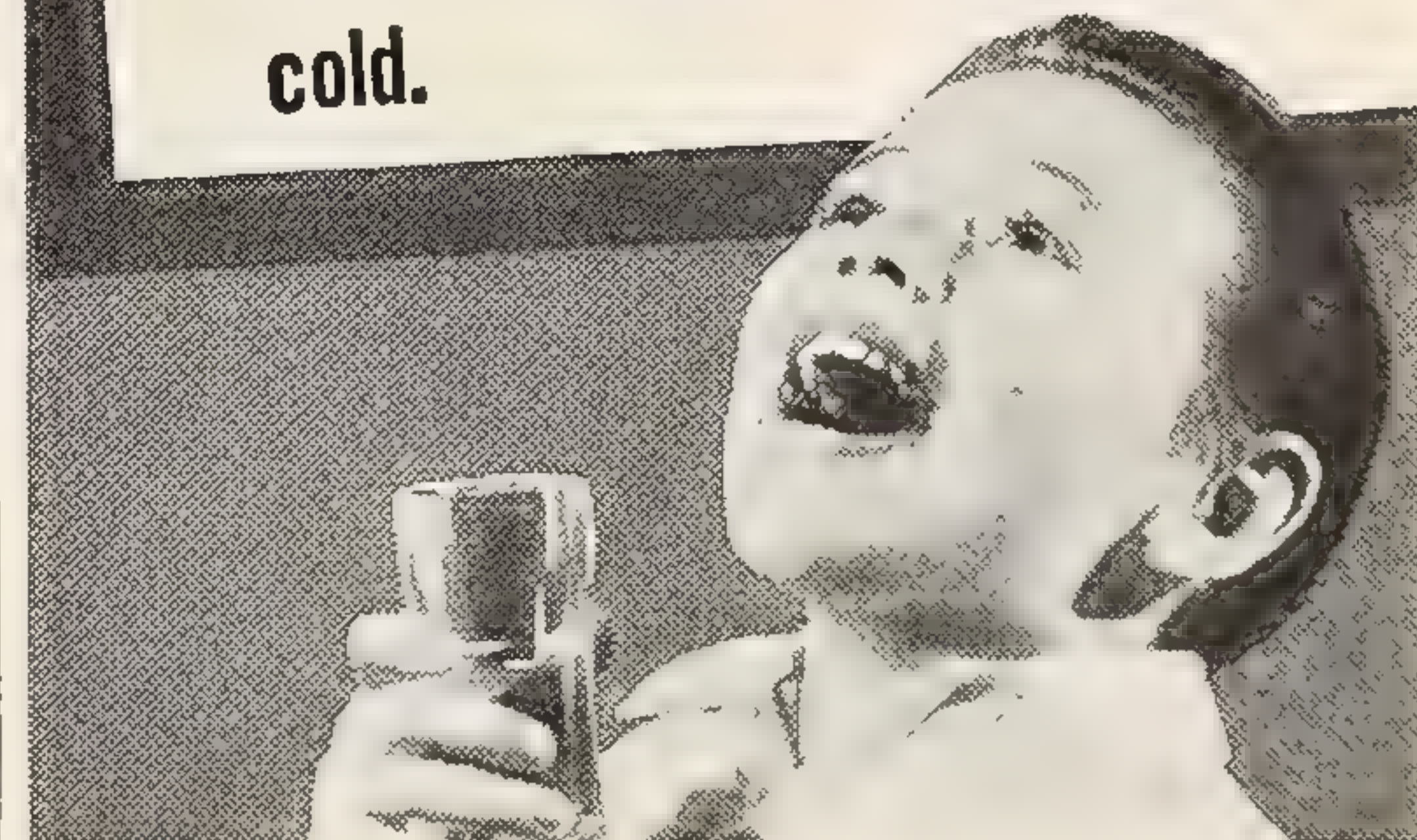
When Doctors Swab SORE THROAT...

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.



When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

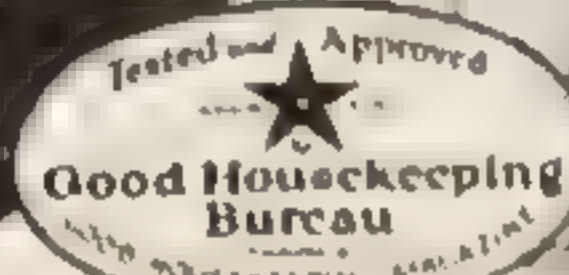


USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 2/3 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES 2/3 OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!



She's a Tournament BRIDGE PLAYER... yet she TINTS her own nails!



HER playing is clever, but more clever still is the way her tinted finger tips focus attention and compel admiration. Feminine to the nth degree, she knows the eyes of the table are on her hands, and she dramatizes their effectiveness with F-O Nail Polish.

It's as simple as putting on lipstick to keep your finger tips always in perfect condition. At your own dressing table with eight shades of F-O you can vary your tone of polish at a second's whim.

There is a marvelous F-O Oily Polish Remover to forestall brittleness, and a cuticle remover that makes a self manicure the simplest of all your toilet routines. Smart women know that F-O Polish gives their finger tips increased seductiveness. You try it, fool!



• F-O manicure preparations are available in liberal 10c size packages at all ten cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

pulling the ancient you-wonderful-man line on him. John drops those women.

You wouldn't fancy that tennis could ever injure you; Rosalind Russell found out differently. She'd been emoting a blue streak with never a decent vacation. At last she wangled a month off and excitedly sailed for Honolulu. She stayed in bed the first two days on shipboard, to store up energy. (She planned to ease into a satin bathing suit and give them something to gasp at on that beach at Bali Bali!) The third day Roz ventured on deck; shortly she was inveigled into a game of tennis. As she wearily finished her fifth set she slipped and crack went her ankle. They rolled her onto Waikiki's strands in a wheel-chair!

I want to award a medal to Walter Huston. He never was on a tennis court until he was fifty; at fifty-three he is a runner-up in tournaments. At his mountain home at Arrowhead his regular routine is tennis. If you're reaching for another candy bar and groaning that you're too old to start in, remember Huston. Jumping to the other extreme, Shirley Temple is anxious to shine. She grabs every chance to hold a racket. Shirley's very sincere about it and while she can grin when she makes a bad play, she doesn't like to have anyone see her fumble. She feels, in her baby way, that folks count on her being tops in everything she does and she doesn't wish to disappoint.

It's of considerable help if you can learn your opponents' weaknesses before you challenge. Kent Taylor is struggling with his

backhand, but don't you deliberately drive for it now. Tom Brown is cuckoo over doubles and it's just because he's better close to the net. If you're out for his scalp, send the balls away back. He'll swoon.

To stoop to more personal disclosures, Jeanette MacDonald doesn't rely on Gene Raymond for pointers; she has engaged a professional to be her coach. Virginia Bruce, however, maneuvers all her beaux—who have to be darbs—into playing with her. Jean Arthur was all striving and no relaxation until recently, when her husband persuaded her to let him show her the fascinating facts of tennis. I was at her home when she and Frank Ross came in from one of her first afternoons out on the courts. She was, I regret to add, quite stiff. Exercise, when you haven't indulged, can pain even a brilliant star.

If Ralph Bellamy quotes any more data at me—and he reads nothing but tennis handbooks now—I shall forswear his company and make for the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Janet Gaynor's the attraction there; she's democratic and will play most anyone, and she isn't out for blood. Or I shall drop up to Bill Powell's. He issues standing invitations, good day or night, for what he dubs "open court." He's located his court far enough away so the noise of the ambitious won't disturb him. "And then there's always the element of surprise," says Bill. "I'm never sure who I'll find there!"

When it's merely yours truly, won't it be an awful blow?

"Being Handsome Is Not Enough!"

[Continued from page 55].

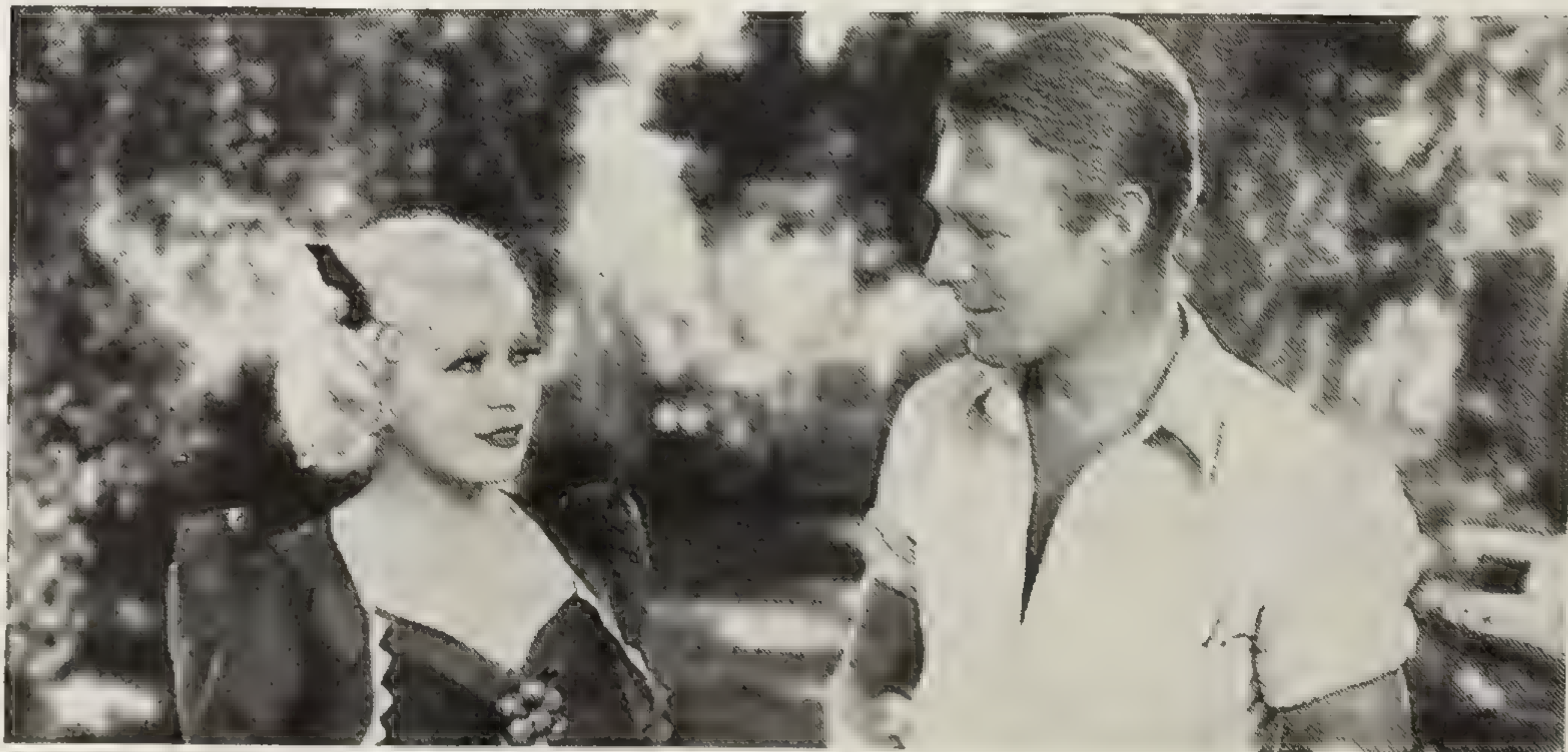
Lion! Anyway, when the picture was released, Nelson's part was barely seen and everyone promptly forgot him.

After a concert tour, back he came to the studio. This time he seemed a little luckier. "Naughty Marietta" helped to get the fans interested. But it was that North West Mounted Police uniform in "Rose Marie" that made 'em forget his blonde hair and handsome features. Suddenly they realized that Nelson Eddy could act. Between the acting and the singing they almost went crazy. Today, when his pictures come to town, they line up with box lunches and just spend a day in the theatre. A recent revival of "Dancing Lady" features the name of Nelson Eddy in lights, along with that of Joan Crawford, the star.

Remember, back in 1930, when Jean Harlow became "The Red Headed Woman?" In that picture was a handsome black-eyed chauffeur, who had but a line or two to

speak. There was something interesting in his presence, something exciting in his personality, something important in his attitude. Feminine hearts began to flutter, as they waited for the cast and credits to be listed on the screen. But the name of Charles Boyer was among the missing.

Today he is recognized as an artist of great ability. It has taken years for him to accomplish the reputation in pictures that he has enjoyed for fifteen years on the French stage. Charles wasn't satisfied to be a handsome leading man. His limited knowledge of the English language gave him but one preference. He would have to content himself with creating a charming, attractive physical presence, until that day when he could adequately express a genuine talent. Even with today's success, Charles Boyer hasn't yet begun to show how much better he can be. While his English is perfect, he still has to translate it

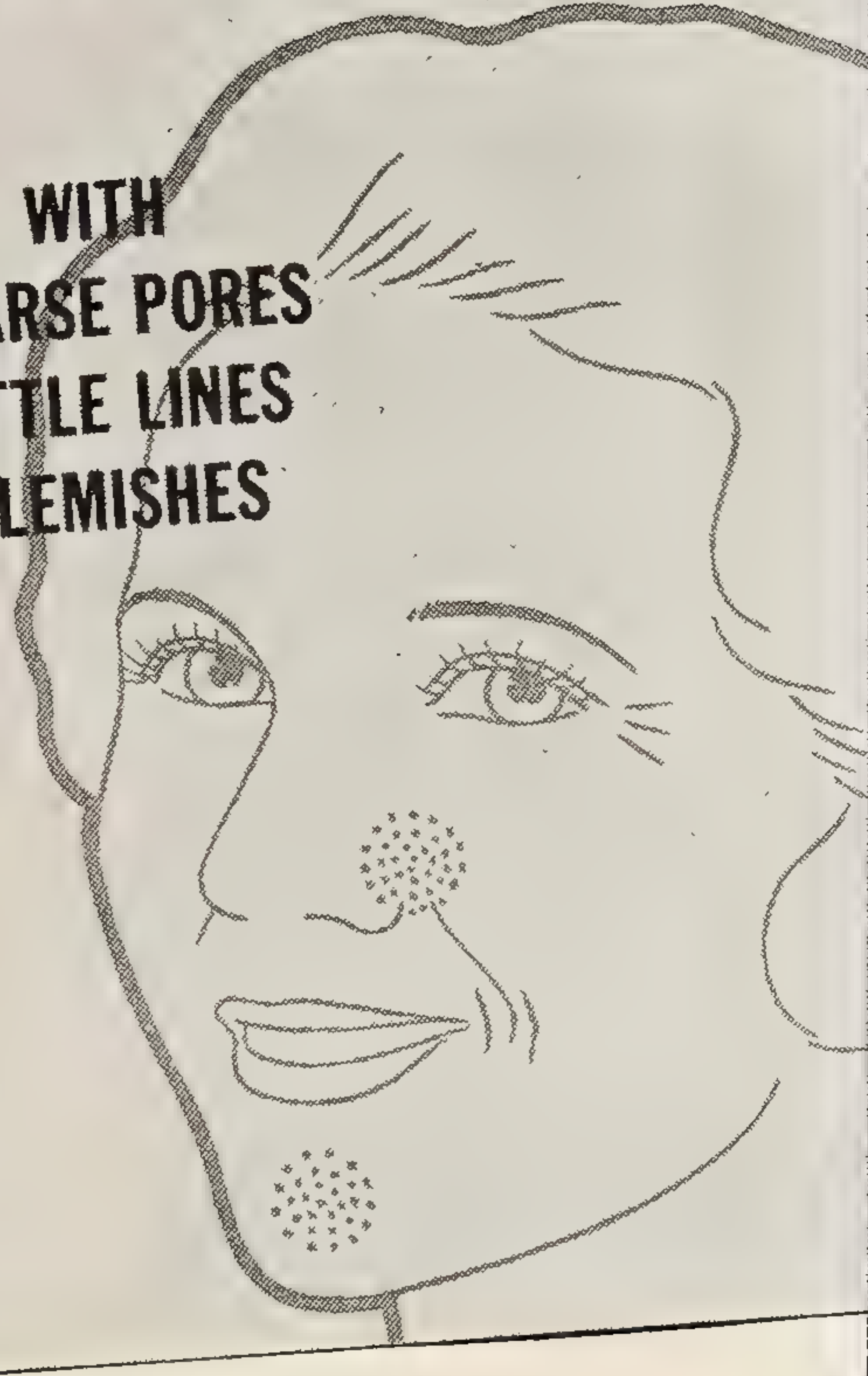


Acme

Mae West and Randolph Scott, and both looking well. Her new picture is "Go West Young Man." Clever title.

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look *older* than you are

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

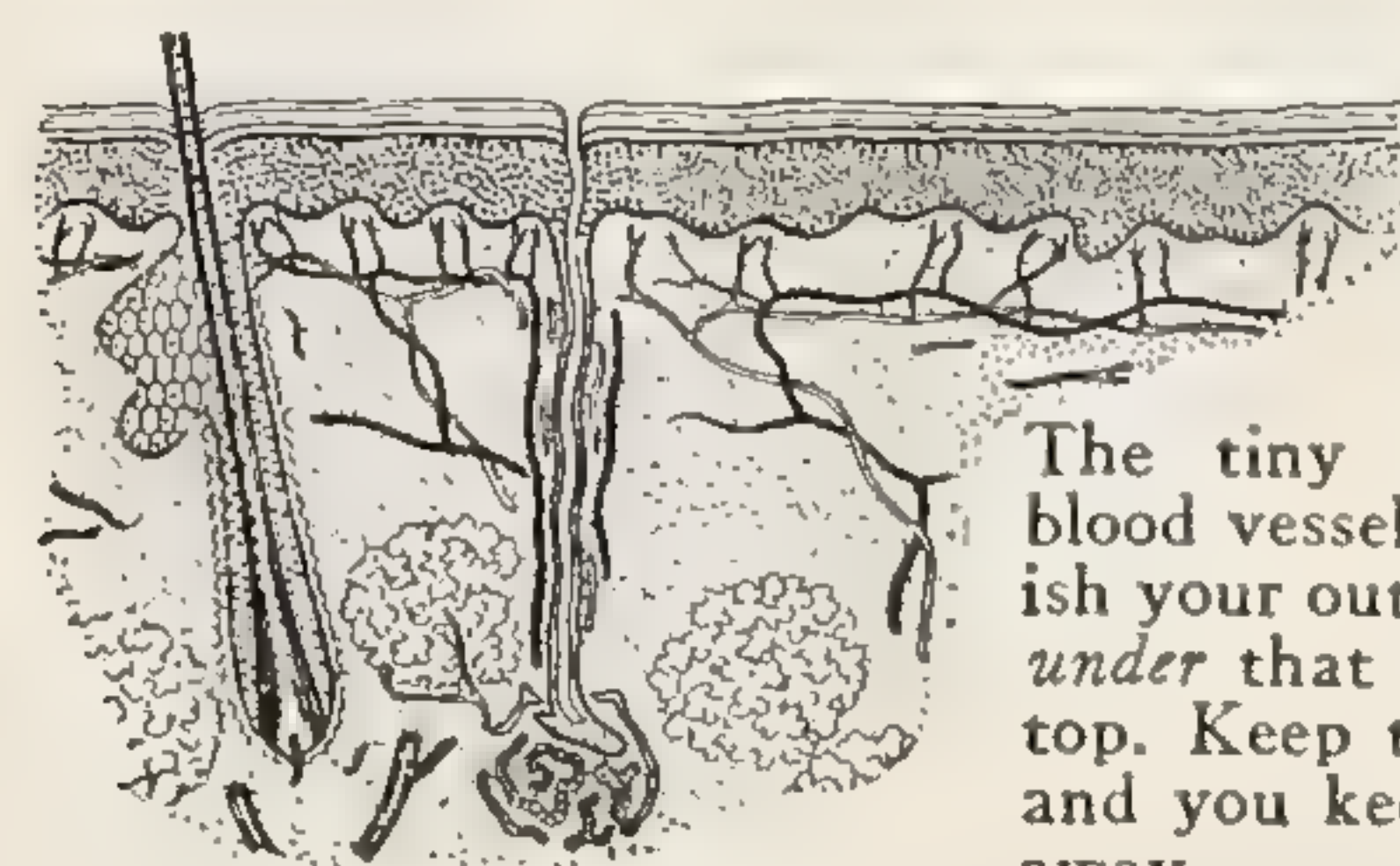
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging
faults
start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L145, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."

from his mother tongue. With the speed in which scenes are shot, there is not time for enough rehearsing, to get a natural, intelligent reading to his lines. Boyer himself admits that many times he must say his lines in poll-parrot fashion, rather than let the words flow from his heart and mind.

At a recent dinner party, Joan Crawford entertained her guests with the showing of "Mayerling," a French production starring Charles Boyer that has never been released in this country. In the audience were Constance Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck, Gilbert Roland, Robert Taylor (just a couple of "Armands" at heart) Billie Burke, James Stewart, Lynn Riggs, Jean Dixon, Gary Cooper and Sandra, his wife. Naturally, Boyer spoke in his native tongue. Connie Bennett and Franchot Tone volunteered as interpreters. The difference in Boyer's performance was amazing. All the brilliance and the color and fire of his personality hit home full force. For the first time everyone realized what a fine artist he is, and how much credit was due him for creating the great box-office appeal he enjoys in America today.

If you can't remember how many dozens of pictures you've seen where Cary Grant looks hot and keeps cool while he makes love to a Lombard, a Colbert or la West, just ask Cary. He can tell you in no uncertain terms. He can also tell you of his struggle to climb out of a tuxedo and get his teeth into a good acting part. He tried everything humanly possible with his studio. He even offered to do cowboy operas, which at least would have been a change. Once he begged to be released from his contract. But Cary had to go on exuding masculine charm and remaining sartorially perfect.

There are those who are still wondering just what happened to "Sylvia Scarlett," but

it didn't take great powers of deduction to prove that Cary Grant was right about himself. While Hepburn and Aherne struggled bravely, but alas bewilderedly, through their characterizations, Cary Grant played a cockney Englishman that was a thing apart and a joy to all who saw him. Since this portrayal, Cary is in demand by every producer when there is a role that requires anything but a big mass of muscle.

Cesare Romero hadn't been in Hollywood very long when he realized he was the victim of an unfair fate. With a faith in his own ability, Cesare discovered that he must live down the unwarranted impression that he was an embryonic Rudolph Valentino. While the Spencer Tracys and Paul Munis walked away with the acting plums of the year, Cesare reluctantly played Gigolos, sappy leading men and an occasional mild-mannered gangster. In vain he pleaded for a chance to act. When he was suggested for the role of the kidnapper in "Show Them No Mercy," Cesare's friends pleaded with him not to accept the role. They warned him that it was so unsympathetic and the "guy" was such a heavy, mothers would automatically drag their little kiddies from the theatre whenever his pictures were shown.

Cesare felt that they were right. He also felt that he must gamble with his future. It was now or never. Either he must take the chance or resign himself to the fate of all good-looking movie heroes. When the picture was previewed in Hollywood, Cesare was so wicked he was hissed by his best friends. And no greater compliment can be paid to any nasty kidnapper.

Robert Taylor might be the exception to the rule, if Bob wasn't such an honest and down-to-earth person. Fresh out of college when "Society Doctor" launched him on a sensational career that even threatens

to top the Gable record, Bob knew it was a streak of luck. To himself and to his friends, he admitted that his so-called good looks were the reason for his sudden success. And right then and there Robert Taylor might have sat back and done all right—as he is now doing.

Bob knew his looks would carry him along. But he began looking forward to that day when people might expect something else besides something good to look at. He went to Oliver Hinsdell, dramatic coach on the MGM lot. Every spare moment of Bob's time was spent in reading aloud, working on diction, rehearsing in scenes. Technically, Bob was giving himself a foundation. His second break came when he met Barbara Stanwyck. With her experience on stage and screen and her great understanding of what goes on inside of people, Barbara was able to offer Bob the benefit of her emotional knowledge. Today she works with him on his lines. When Bob learned he was to play in "Camille," it was Barbara who read the Garbo lines so Bob could familiarize himself with their true meaning. When you see his work in that role, you'll realize that the handsome Bob Taylor has developed into a darn good actor.

The Paramount casting director will tell you (if you could ever get within a mile of the Paramount casting director) that in one week he had requests from Mae West, Irene Dunne, Katherine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan for Randy Scott as a leading man. Two years ago, if Randy had ever found himself facing anything but a horse in a closeup, he probably would have collapsed from the shock. Being a big silent man from the great open spaces would have been all right, if Randy had been allowed to act. But it seems that Hollywood scenario writers think all Western stars



NOW I ASK YOU—WHY

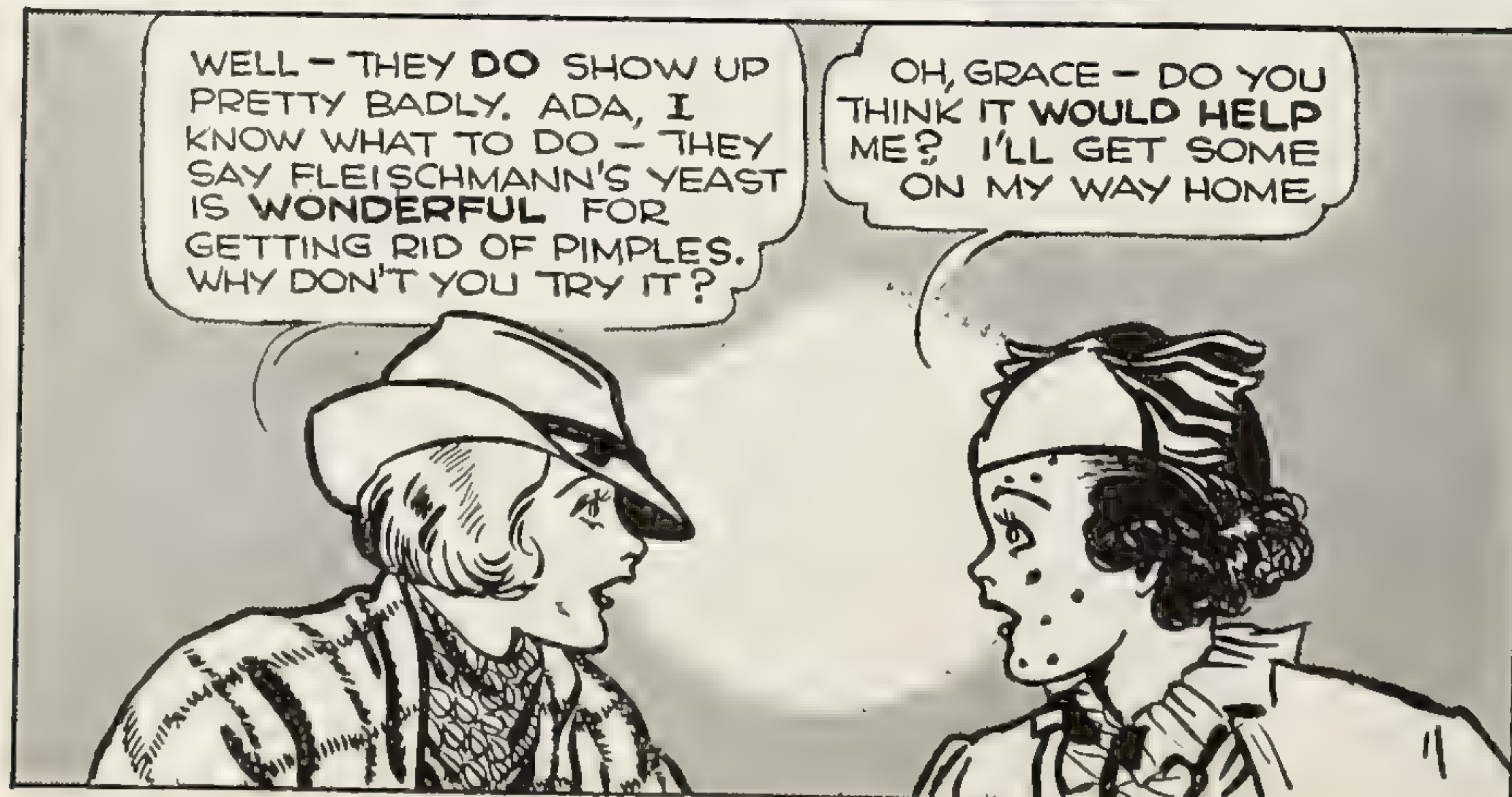
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES

IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —



WELL — THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO — THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

OH, GRACE — DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME



LATER

HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA — OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE

SO AM I — AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT



should suffer silently—which they usually do (when they go to their own previews).

Randy's chance to act came when Fred Astaire requested him for "Roberta." It was in this picture that Randy met Irene Dunne, who has now asked to have him play opposite her in her next picture for Columbia. Randy and Fred became friends, so Randy was again borrowed to appear in "Follow The Fleet." In these two pictures he was allowed to try things out that never would have appealed to a horse. When his secret marriage was announced recently, Randy's fan mailed jumped two hundred letters in one week. In the good old days, movie marriages were something they kept hidden—like idiot children. Today, and especially in Randy's case, his popularity has so increased that the horses he used to act with are now getting fan mail.

If you can allow your minds to wander down the long list of Hollywood juveniles (without shuddering) you'll recognize the futility of any of these boys ever getting a chance to do anything but look eager-eyed and act intense. That's why, when Louis Hayward, fresh from the New York stage, signed with MGM, Hollywood yawned politely and turned back to Herbert Marshall. But that was before "Flame Within" was released. In his first picture, Louis did something that has never happened before. Taking a role that might easily have been played like a love-sick personality boy, Louis injected it with a magnificent soul-stirring feeling.

What happened between Louis and MGM is not generally known. There was a long lull, in which he fought against being wasted in those thankless juvenile parts in quickie productions. When they cast him to play the "Man with the Tarts" in "Trouble For Two," opposite Bob Mont-

Katharine Hepburn at work making "Portrait of a Rebel." With the star are Lucile Watson, Elizabeth Allan and David Manners. On location by the Pacific Ocean.



gomery, Louis felt his long wait was to be rewarded. Had his original acting part been left in the finished production, Louis would have astounded the critics. But, alas, as is the Hollywood fate, the best part of Louis' performance remained on the cutting room floor. Rather than collect a weekly salary for an acting career that did not allow him to act, Louis decided to quit Hollywood cold. Just as he was about to leave, Universal signed him. Within the next few months you will see his first starring picture, in which he lives up to what he originally proved that he could do.

There's a young Englishman, by the name of Raymond Milland, who has had a long hard fight to prove that he could eliminate his British accent and do something else besides pose. Jack Benny, the radio star, who is playing with Ray in the new "Big Broadcast," predicts that Ray

will soon be one of the big bets of the screen. There's Bruce Cabot, whom the Gods of fate, Hollywood and its supervisors, tried to make into another Gable. When they finally let him alone (and only after his career was almost wrecked) Bruce made himself over into another—Cabot. When they gave him a chance to really act in "Fury" and "Last of the Mohicans," he proved that pretty is as pretty does, providing they give you a chance to turn in a pretty good performance.

Franchot Tone, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., are all members of that vast army which has proven that you've got to make them like you after they've grown tired of looking at you. A pretty girl is like a melody. But a handsome Hector is just a false note, unless he can play a tune on the cash register—at the box-office.

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!

HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —

OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME



THE NEXT DAY

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?

NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

TWO WEEKS LATER

OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS' MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK —

I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?



Let's Beat The Drums

[Continued from page 29]

What the movies have done is to illustrate the books of the masters. Not with etchings, or oil paintings—but, rather, the movies have illustrated them with live models, 1936 human beings who are counterparts of the originals. And that is a very pertinent contribution to culture.

The important point at issue is that the moving picture industry has grown up. Moving from the burlesque of Mack Sennett to the subtlety of a Shakespeare required the stride of a Gulliver. More, it demanded vast education, vast mechanical perfection and vast sums of money, calling for imagination and daring. The filming of Pearl Buck's "Good Earth," for instance, with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, is a tremendous undertaking. Those of you who are familiar with the book would be completely crushed if you were asked to reduce the giant canvas she painted to the dimensions of a screen in a neighborhood theatre. That the movies are not awed by such a task is heartening, for it means that the industry is truly adult.

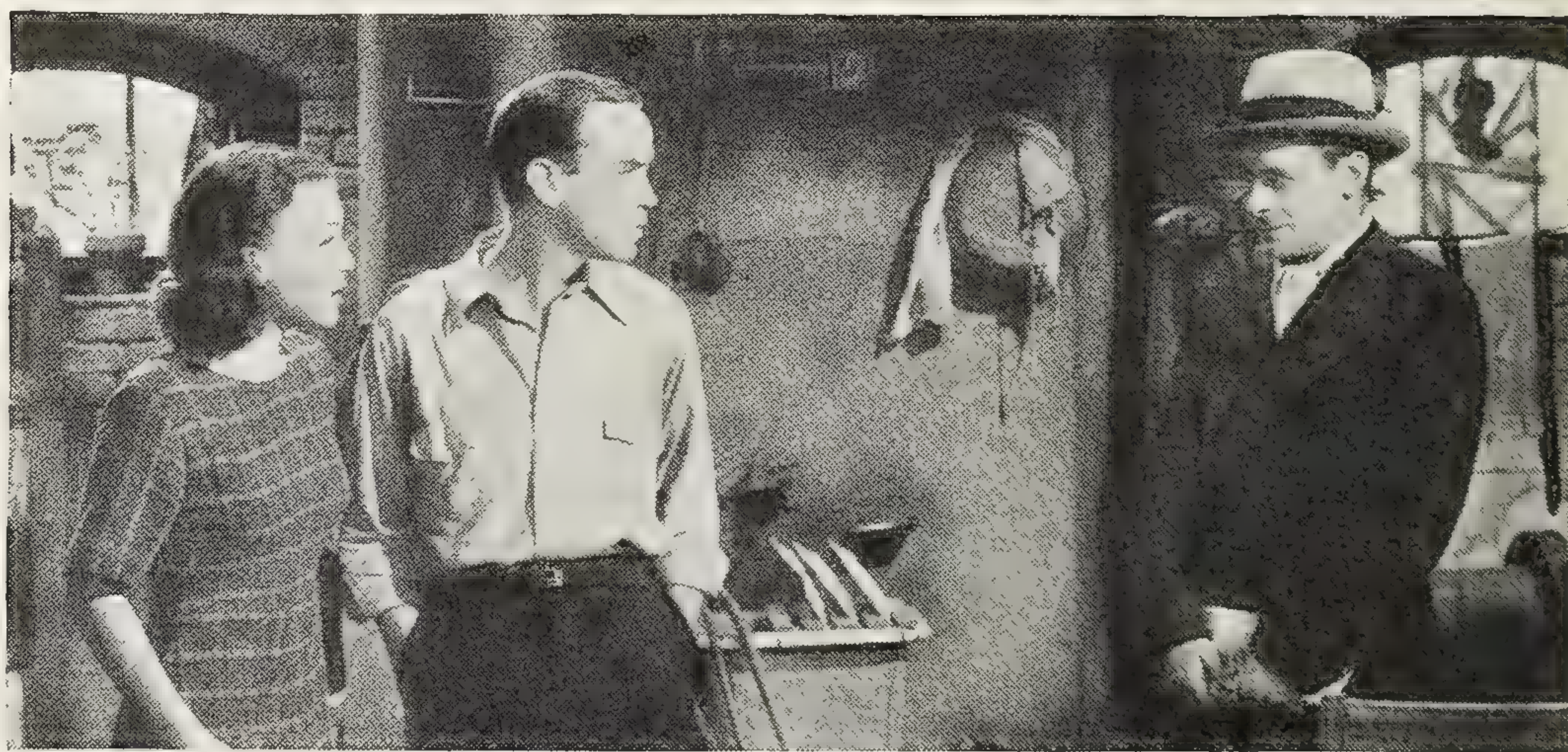
If the directors, the writers and the mechanical geniuses of the Coast were to devote themselves exclusively to these giant portraits, it would result in over-saturation, if there is such a thing as "over" satura-

Comedy Relief all mixed up nicely.

Now I am fully aware that the B-pictures are necessary as part of the financial setup, that they often recoup the money that is thrown into the super-super-specials. But the production of these B-pictures must keep pace with the movies, or the Coast moguls will find that foreign film companies will take the market away from them. The foreign film studios can't compete with a "Cavalcade" or a "San Francisco" or a "Mutiny on the Bounty," because they have neither the money nor the mechanics to compete, but they can overwhelm the B-product of Hollywood, and they'll do it, unless the Coast studios improve the trite formula.

"It Happened One Night" is a case in point. This easily could have relapsed into the B-picture classification. That it didn't was due, not so much to casting, because B-pictures squander fine casts, but because Frank Capra touched it so lightly that it became a gay, gorgeous comedy. The hitchhiking scene, the running "business" of the trumpet that blew down the walls of Jericho—these were sufficient to lift it into the high brackets.

In calling on the Walter Wangers and the Jack Warners and the Harry Cohns and



The successful play "Winterset" has been made into a film by Radio. This scene shows Margo, Paul Guilfoyle and Eduardo Cianelli. It will be out soon.

tion. But this is not the case. In the columns next to the advertisements of "Romeo and Juliet," "Mary of Scotland" and "Green Pastures," you will find listed lighter fare such as "His Brother's Wife," and "Devil Doll" and "Girls' Dormitory" and "Swing Time." This establishes the balance that the movies need. The Ritz Brothers' insanities are just as necessary to the screen as the genius of a Laughton; the Marx Brothers and Eddie Cantor are needed to leaven an "Anthony Adverse." The movies, while reaching out for a higher culture, are wise in preserving a sense of proportion. It would be fatal if Hollywood ever lost its sense of humor.

There is one warning, however, that should be sounded. The A-pictures of Hollywood, these super-flickers, are undeniably the last word in craftsmanship and construction and casting. When they are loosed on the markets of the world, the effect is one of breathless appreciation. But, in developing the A-pictures, the Coast has relapsed into a smug treatment of B-pictures. All of these B-pictures come out in a pattern that is identical, never bad but never very good. It is as if the movies had developed an Automat. By depositing \$150,000 in the slot, out comes a Grade B-picture, with Hero, Heroine, Menace and

the Darryl Zanucks to improve the breed of Class B-product, I'm not asking too much, for they have demonstrated that they can do anything to which they set their minds.

They proved, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Good Earth" and "Anthony Adverse," that they could out-Guild the Theatre Guild; in "Cavalcade," the movies proved that they could do a greater job on a panorama of British history than the British stage could do; in "The Great Ziegfeld," the movies put Ziegfeld and White and Carroll to shame, and RKO has demonstrated, time and again, in the Fred Astaire musicals, that the New York musical stage can't hold a candle to Hollywood. So, having proved victorious on all fronts, the movies can improve their Grade B-product. Probably it never has been called to their attention before.

But, apart from this single pessimistic note, the occasion calls for loud hurrahs. At the present moment, the movies are sitting higher than ever before. Their adventures in Shakespeare and Dickens and Pearl Buck, each crowned with amazing success, is magnificent work. Hollywood now has its feet planted firmly on the high road. Art and William Shakespeare both have been put on the reel.



Avoid
lipstick
parching
...and keep
lips lovable

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive. So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a NEW kind of lipstick. It gives your lips exciting, indelible color... but without any parching penalties.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick smooths and softens your lips, because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



Artists In Love

[Continued from page 60]

Carros, he returned.

"I went to the Theater Morel that night, but I had nothing to do with the crime," he insisted. "I went there to see Yvette Delange—"

"Why?"

"She was my wife. That night I went to ask her for money."

Carros told of that interview. Yvette asked Morel for twenty thousand francs, but she had given him only five thousand, then sent him away. The time he placed at three o'clock. "When I left," Carros said, "I did not see the doorman, Dubec, anywhere about."

Dubec was called back to the stand. Pressed by Roget he declared that he had seen Carros leave the theater at about three o'clock.

"Where were you?" Carros shouted at the witness.

"I saw you from my office."

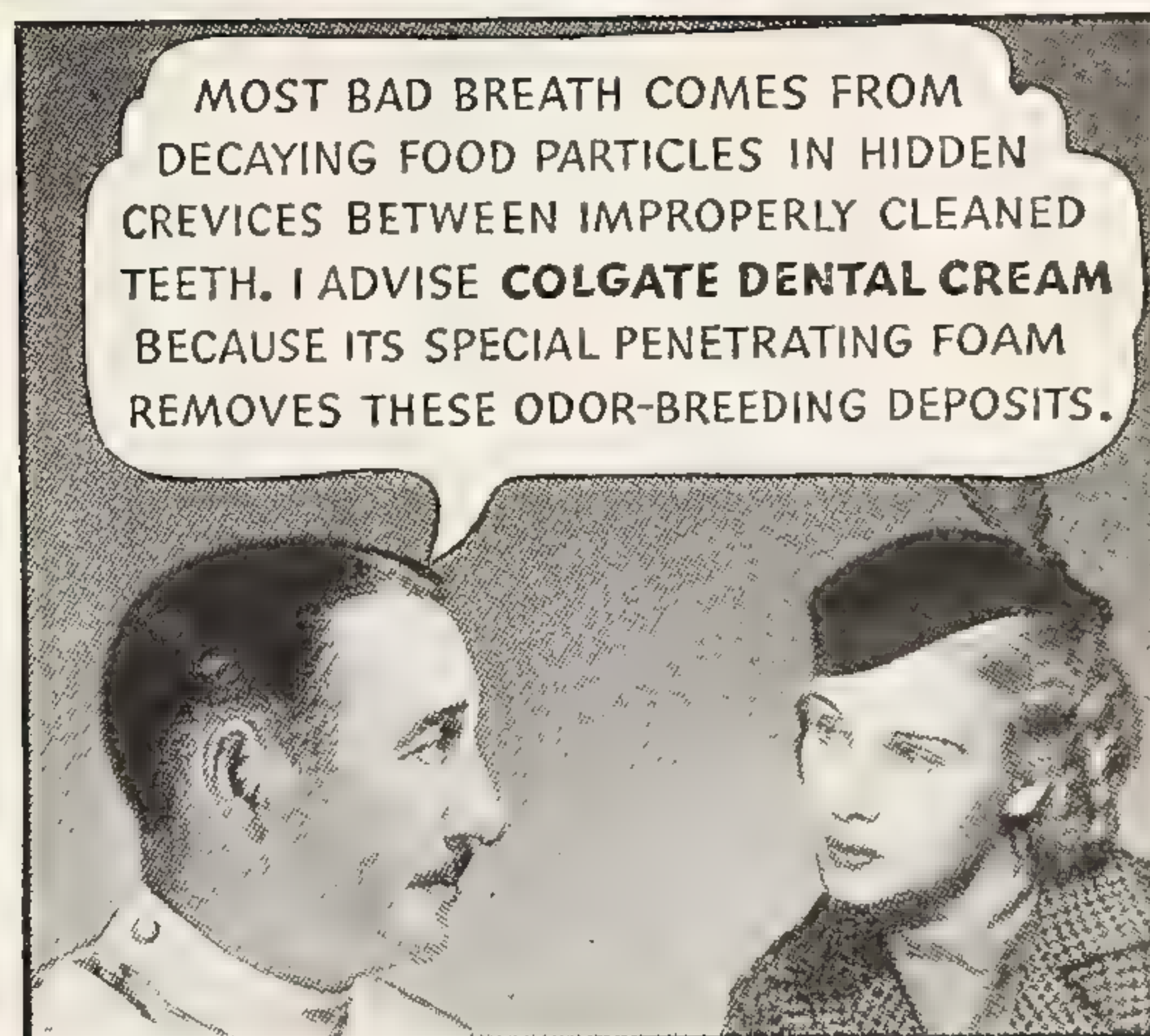
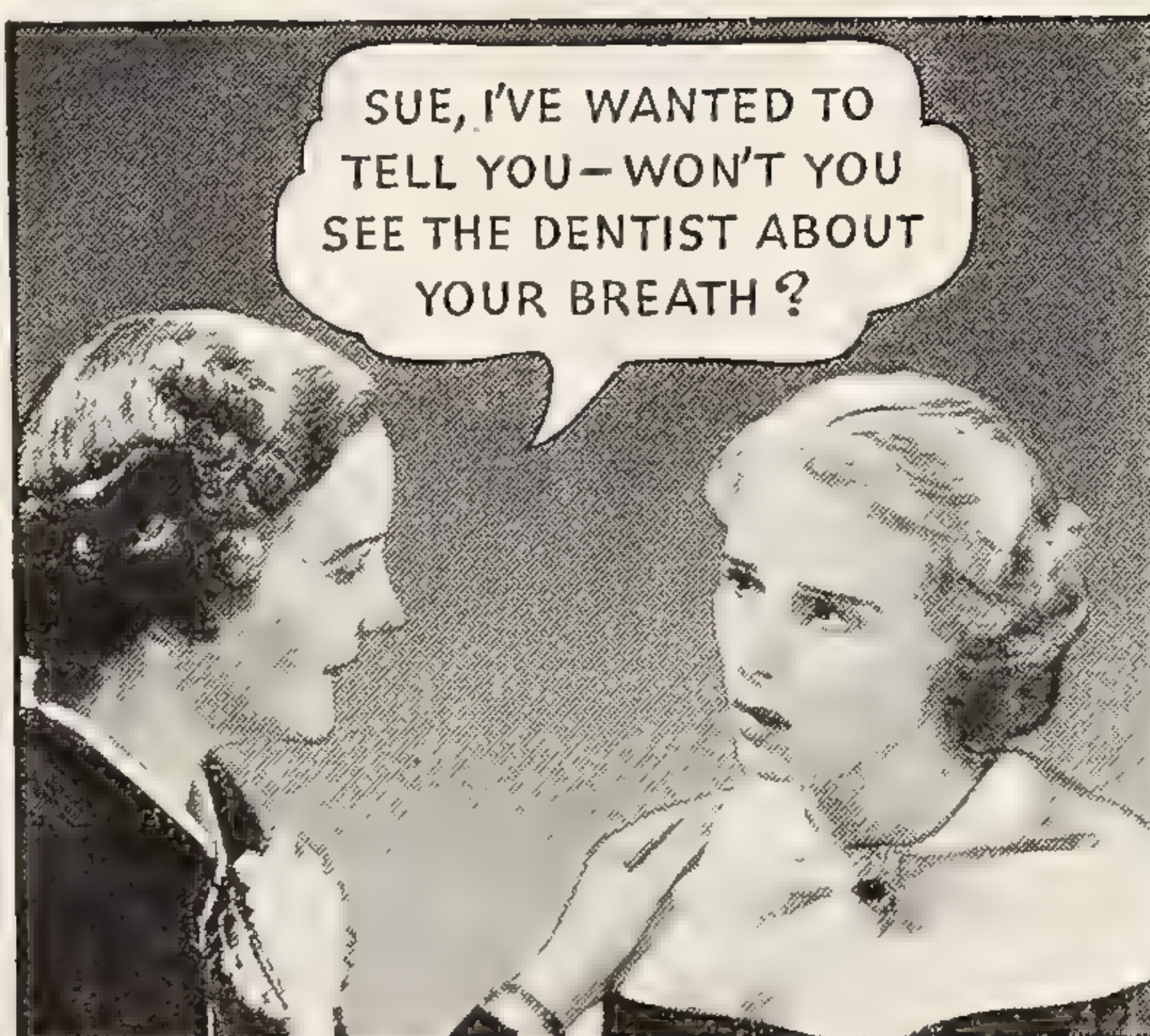
"You're a liar! You couldn't have seen me leave. My wife didn't want me to meet anyone. She let me out through the private door."

Dubec looked flustered. "I must have been mistaken," he mumbled.

Across the courtroom Gaby glanced at Tony. His head was lowered. He could not meet her gaze. Tony's hopes had been dashed. Carros, found after this agony of search, plainly was not the murderer. His testimony proved nothing . . . nothing!

But the President persisted in his questioning. "If you were not in your room,

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT-



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

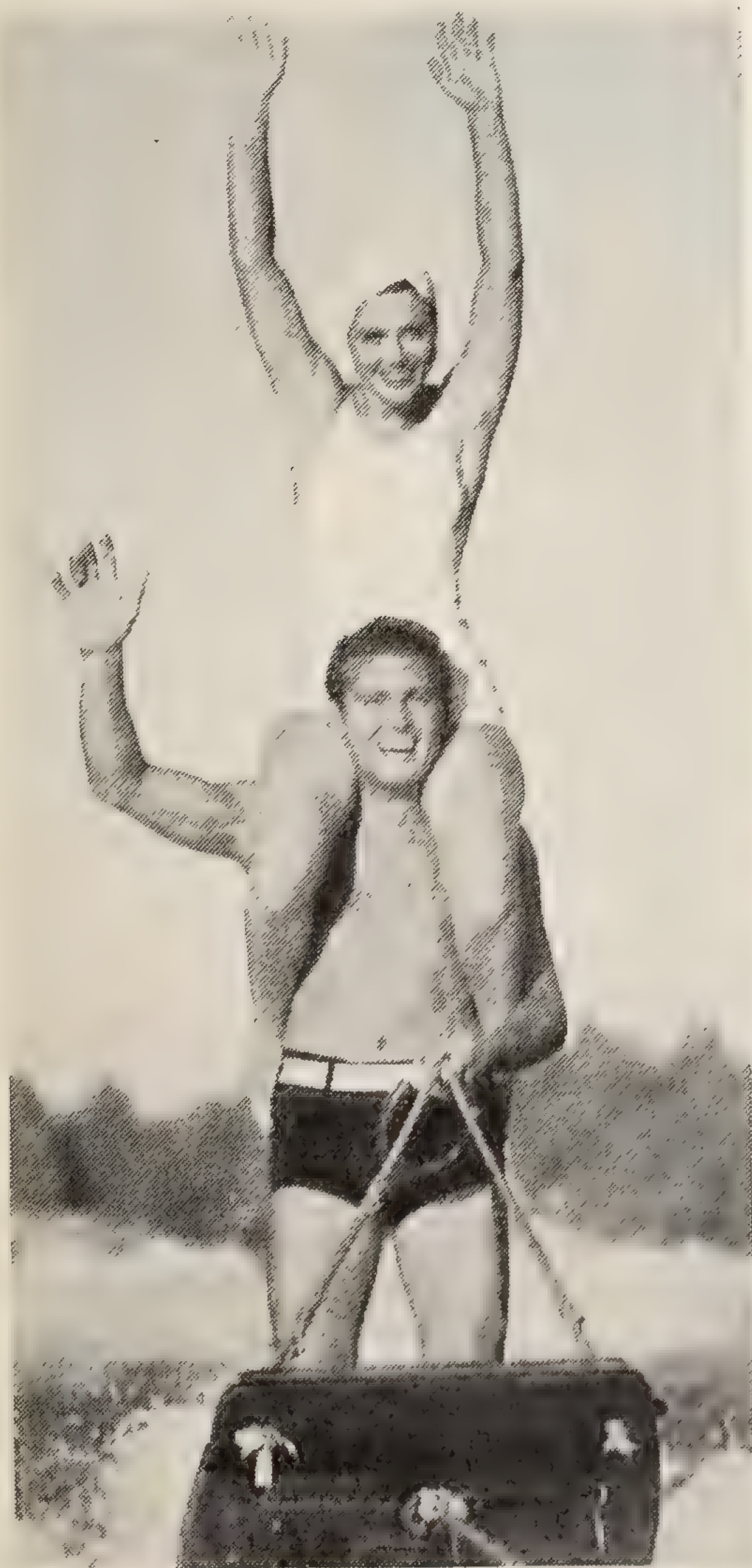
WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



Wide World

Happy Honeymooners. Allen Jones and his bride, the former Irene Hervey, aquaplaning at Lake Arrowhead.

HITCH YOUR Beauty TO A STAR



TO enhance the loveliness of your skin, safeguard its texture in the Hollywood manner. Use the finest of powders and the finest of puffs—for with powder puffs, too—it's texture! Use the famous Screen Star Puff, endorsed by famous stars. Its deep plush pile is extra-long and super-soft and its smooth, even texture dusts on your favorite powder with the delicate touch of a zephyr-like breeze. Remember, too—change your puff frequently. A clean skin demands a clean puff—for health, as well as beauty. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

Autographed by

YOUR
FAVORITE
SCREEN
STAR



SCREEN STARS Powder Puffs

"HITCH YOUR BEAUTY TO A STAR"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders. They're good for free premium.



Dubec, where were you when this man left?"

"I don't remember. Perhaps I was doing my rounds."

"But you have testified that it was when you were doing your rounds at four o'clock that you discovered the crime!"

"Yes, my lord," Dubec cried, brightening as though he felt himself on firmer ground. "When I got to Yvette's room I noticed the door was half open and the light on. I thought she had gone home and left the light on. So I went in and it was then I saw her stretched out, the knife—"

Roget was on his feet. "Witness!" he thundered. "You say the light was on when you rushed from the room?"

"Yes sir."

"Then why was the light out when the men you summoned went in a minute later?"

Over the doorman's face came a look of confusion and futile rage.

"My Lord," cried Roget. "I ask your permission to reconstruct this crime." He left his seat and walked to the witness stand. Close beside him was a chart showing the plan of the dressing room and a table on which were ranged the dagger, the pistol and other exhibits of evidence used in the trial.

While the State thundered objections, Roget proceeded. "I know who is the guilty party and in one moment I will denounce him to you," he shouted.

"I will go back to the night of the crime. I see again the corridors of the theater, deserted at this late hour, full of dark corners. The victim, Yvette, has left her brilliantly lighted room for a moment. The fifteen thousand francs are thrown carelessly on the table well in sight from the partially open door. This money attracts the attention of a man who passes the door. The bank notes fascinate him. At a given moment, thinking himself alone, he creeps into the room with noiseless footsteps. He seizes the money and is about to make off with it, when he hears a noise. Yvette Delange is coming back! He will be caught. What shall he do! He darts into the adjoining

room and his gaze meets the dagger, left lying there by Gabrielle Seymour—"

A gasp came from the tense audience as Roget's hand picked the knife from among the exhibits. Holding it he went on, "At this moment the victim enters her dressing room. Unconscious of the danger menacing her she is about to enter the adjoining room. Suddenly the light goes out. In the total darkness she can see nothing, hear nothing but the terrified beating of her own heart. One minute passes . . . another . . . then she hears the sound of footsteps. Something brushes against her in the dark. It is the thief, escaping. 'Who's there?' she cries out. There is no answer. She has an instinctive feeling that someone, someone armed perhaps, is lurking in the darkness . . ."

Roget paused. "One moment, I beg you . . ." he apologised. From the table of exhibits he picked up Yvette's small revolver and seeming to find his right hand occupied with the dagger, handed that to the witness who accepted it as a matter of course.

"She seizes her revolver," Roget went on dramatically. "Pointing it in the direction from which she heard that noise, *she fires!*"

The roar of the pistol filled the court room. Roget had fired the shot directly over the head of Dubec.

Instantly the doorman drew back his arm and hurled the dagger straight at him. But Roget had dodged low. The knife sped across the room and embedded itself in the wood panelling.

Dubec stared at the quivering blade, driven there by his own hand, a gleaming admission of his own guilty secret. His face turned the grey hue of putty. His shaking fingers clawed at trembling lips.

"I had to do it!" he bleated. "I had to kill her in self-defense!"

Regardless of the dignity of the court, Tony Seymour pushed his way to Gaby's side. His arms drew her from the prisoner's box and folded her close. Too moved for words, they stood embraced, finding their happiness with every heart beat that counted the seconds until their freedom.

One Of The Great Screen Successes

[Continued from page 26]

brother's career, I too adopted the name Morgan. The next thing I did was to look up an old friend, Edgar Allan Woolf. He started me on my stage career."

Woolf, who since then has become a well-known Hollywood writer, wrote a vaudeville sketch for Frank, and his career was well launched.

His acting technique, which had, then, the same grand sense of the ridiculous as it has now, won him practically instant recognition. As a result he soon left the vaudeville stage for such Broadway hits as "Mr. Wu," "Topaze," "The Firebrand," "The Bandwagon" and many others.

Morgan is by no means a newcomer to



Eleanor Whitney says working in pictures is as easy as sliding down hill — the shorts, the shoes and the smile do it.

the screen, although it has been in comparatively recent years that he has skyrocketed to fame under the M-G-M banner. Those of you who remember Anita Stewart will probably remember him in an opus made in New York in the "Silent" days called "The Girl Phillips." "Laughter" with Nancy Carroll was another picture he made in the East.

Then back to the stage, his first, and only love, where he remained until the movies extended their beckoning hands, and as a result Frank Morgan has become practically the best scene stealer in the business. Not that he is deliberate in such theft. Far be it from him to indulge in any of the tricks of the trade such as putting another's back to the camera, and so forth. But when he becomes slightly confused, raises his eyebrow in dismay and studies his fingernails in utter, stuttering bewilderment, then the scene is practically "in his bag," regardless of who is playing with him.

It isn't at all difficult to give you a word picture of Morgan because he is exactly the same off the screen as he is on, with the definite exception that in real life he loses that stammering indecision of his and becomes the epitome of correct clear speech. He uses no makeup for his pictures.

Six feet and a little over, he weighs 180 pounds, "all the time." His hair is dark brown and he has hazel, humor-crinkled eyes.

He wears a beret because: "I am definitely not a pseudo-artiste, but I wear a beret because it keeps the hair out of my eyes when I am driving an open car. I wish that people would understand that nothing one can wear is quite as effective in an open roadster as a beret. I'm heartily in favor of starting an "In Defense of the Beret Movement" and will even contribute an old one or two to the cause."

Morgan is a good sailor; of athletic tendencies, although definitely not the Tarzan type; reads modern novels and biographies and smokes a pipe. Like many another Hollywood celebrity he is an ardent racing fan, and also likes baseball.

He is probably as well-known for being the perfect host as anyone in Hollywood. Not only is he the very height of graciousness while entertaining, but his stories, told in that indescribable Morgan way, make invitations to his home practically fought over.

Someone has described Morgan's sense of humor as being the kind that excels on the backstroke and the follow-through.

He is so well-known for his witticisms, as a matter of fact, that various sayings of his have become "Morganisms." If you have ever read anything about Morgan you are probably acquainted with some of them, because his speech is usually besprinkled with these jewels of a rapier-like ability to catch and describe the idiosyncrasies of others. Here are some of those you may have never seen.

THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS—What happens as you come out of the ether.

JEAN HARLOW—Silver slippers on a polished staircase.

JACK BENNY—The guy who sold you the Brooklyn bridge.

WALLACE BEERY—A fight club when the crowd is gone.

JOSEPH CALLEIA—The way a gangster would like to look.

TED HEALY—He put the banana peel there.

Those things are a part of the personality that makes Frank Morgan the excellent actor, stealer of scenes, and raconteur that he is. And a swell guy, withal.

If the writer might be permitted a thumbnail description of Frank Morgan, it would be this: The gentleman reading Thoreau and sipping a Scotch-and-soda by the Lambs Club window.

SOFT HANDS are sweet to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening, whitening dry, red skin.

**QUICKER-ACTING LOTION
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN!**

Sooner!
(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)



IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back with Hinds! Its lubricants soak into dry skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Use Hinds regularly. *Creamy*, not watery—every drop works!



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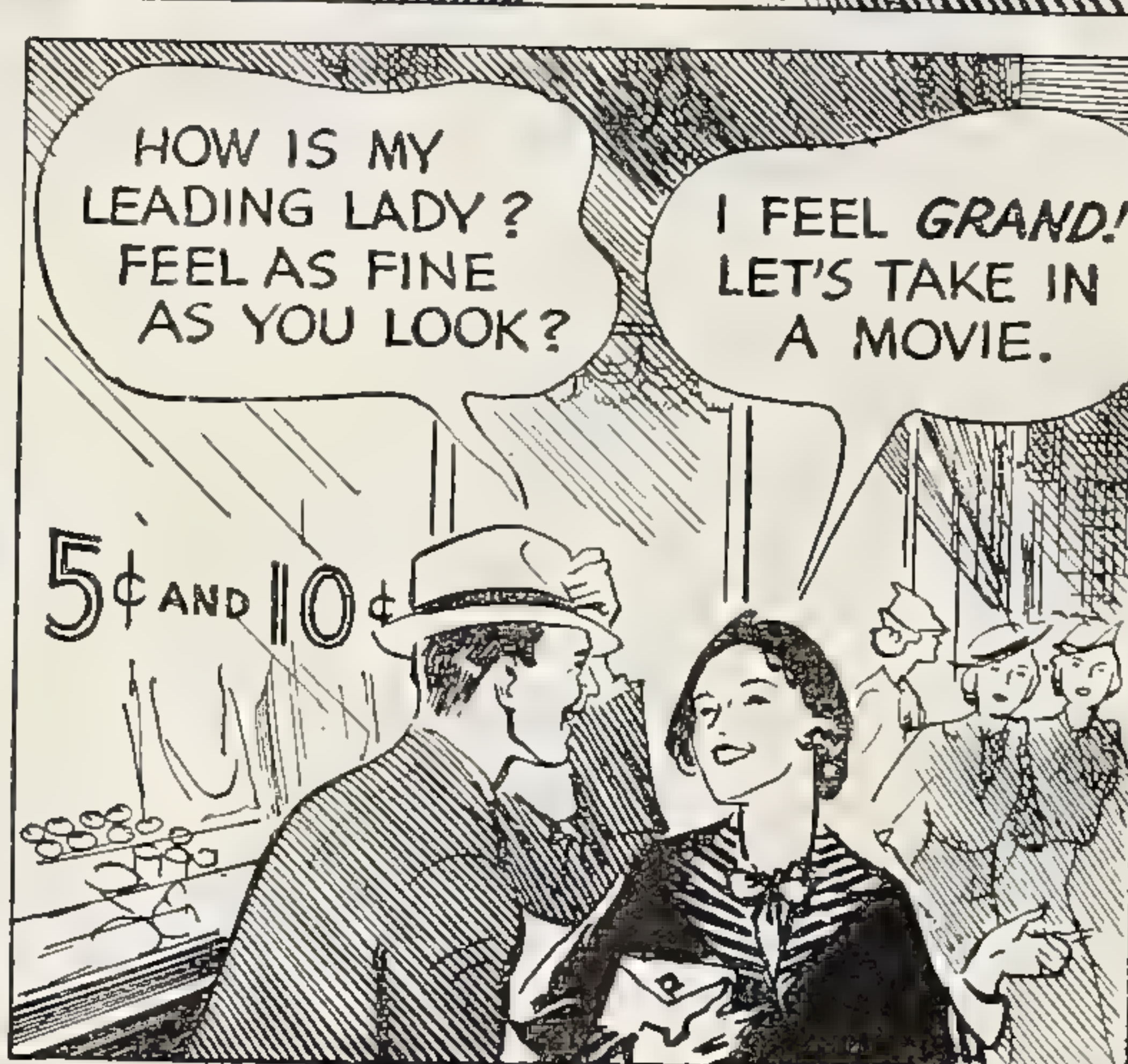
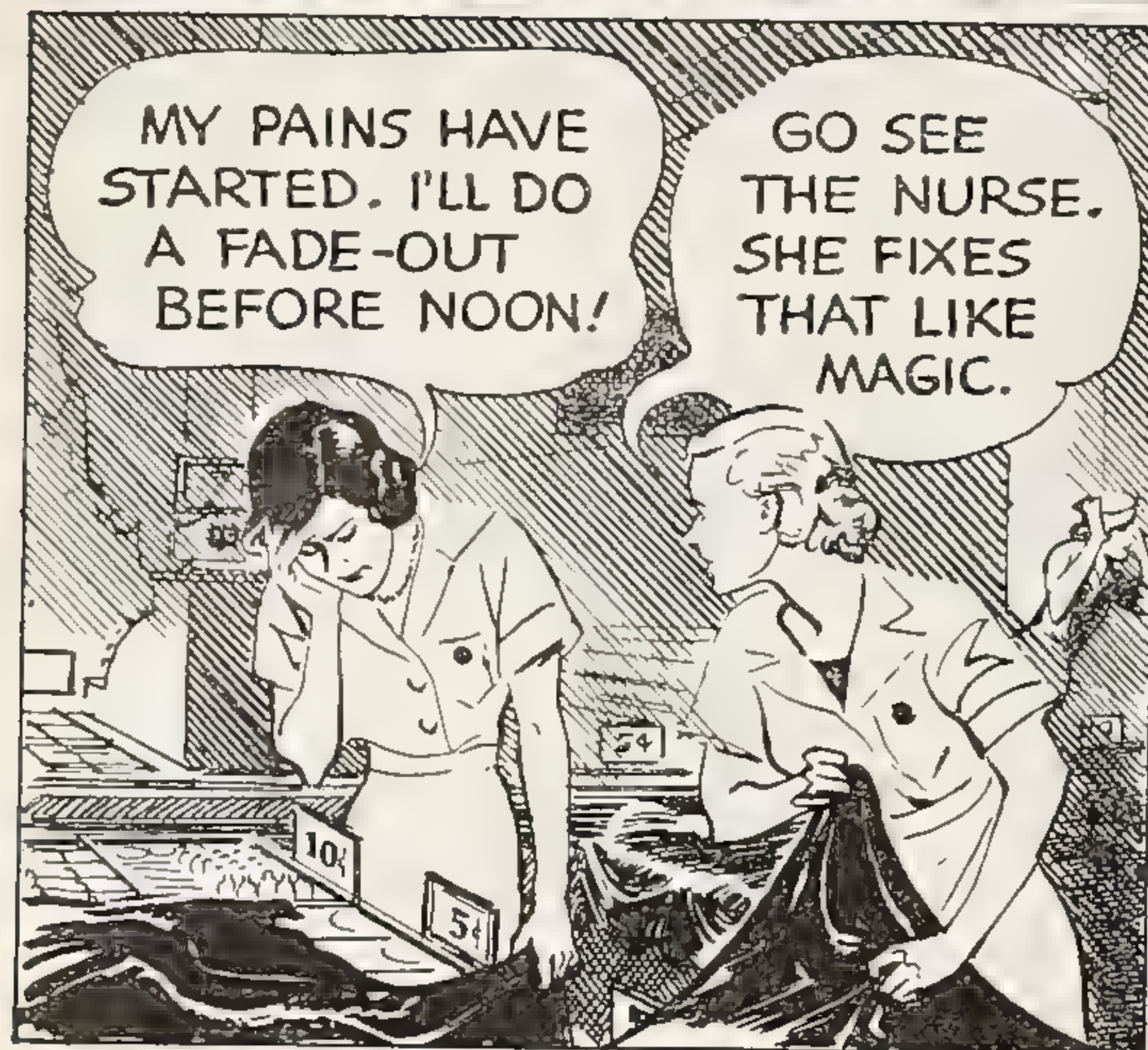
HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

**IS QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!**

FREE *The first*
One-Piece
DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Tidy. Simple. No fuss. No bother. No waste. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"



JOIN the modern women who no longer give-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period, including women who have always had the hardest time.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!

Projections— Irene Dunne

[Continued from page 31]

Southern custom?" "I beg your pardon," said Irene becoming rigid with dignity, "I'm not *teched* in the head. I was born in Louisville, Kentucky. I lived in Madison, Indiana. I was educated in St. Louis and Chicago. And I don't see that it is anyone's business anyway." At the end of the dance Dr. Griffin said, "May I have your phone number?" With hauteur Irene drew herself up for the usual squelch, discourteous, "I don't give my phone number to strangers." But imagine her surprised horror when she heard her voice saying, and not so coldly either, "It's Plaza 5048."

It was three months before Dr. Griffin called her. Irene had just about given up hope. Then it came at last. "Hello, there," he said, "Do you remember me?" "Yes," said Irene all a-flutter, "I—I mean, *no*." Later, much later, after they had had many dates together Dr. Griffin told Irene that he had decided that first evening at the Biltmore that she was the girl he was going to marry. And that he had gone to a jeweler's the next day and selected a diamond engagement ring for her. But there was the career problem. Dr. Griffin was firmly established as one of New York's leading physicians—and he didn't like the stage. And there was Irene singing away beautifully in one successful musical comedy after another—and with one eye still sort of hopefully on the Metropolitan.

It was several years before Irene finally accepted the ring. They were married July 11, 1927, in a church on East 83rd Street, and it was the kind of a wedding that every girl intends to have—and usually doesn't. Irene had definitely abandoned her career. She was now Mrs. Francis Griffin. They honeymooned for many months in Europe and Irene went on a mad buying spree—she bought linens, antiques, drapes, vases, all kinds of beautiful things for the home they were going to build in New York. (And which eventually was built in Hollywood eight years later.) Back in New York again Irene tried to keep busy with decorators, designers, architects, and the servant problem—and wouldn't even allow herself to look in the direction of Broadway, well, maybe, just a little peek occasionally.

And then one of those New York foggy mornings when Irene was trying to decide whether she'd go over to Bergdorf-Goodman's and look at dresses, or just stay in bed, Anita announced that Mr. Ziegfeld was on the phone. It was the most exciting phone call Irene had had since Dr. Griffin had said, "Do you remember me?"—and before she had hung up the receiver she had promised to play "Magnolia" in one of his companies of "Show Boat!" Her heart beat fast, the blood coarsed madly through her veins, she felt like a star on an opening night—and then she thought, "What will my husband say?" If it had been any other play Irene would not have considered it for a moment—but "Show Boat" was her own flesh and blood, it was a part of her.

Irene's father, Captain Joseph J. Dunne, was a builder of Ohio River steamboats and as a child she had spent many happy days with him on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and she had never gotten over her nostalgia for the river country. Captain Dunne was a gay, romance-loving Irishman, with a quick temper and a sharp wit, but, despite the temper, everyone who came in contact with him adored him, and little Irene fairly worshipped the ground he walked upon. He died when she was twelve—up until then her life had just

The RIGHT Lipstick Shade
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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks;
enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

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10¢ and 20¢
AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has brought quick relief to thousands for whom other remedies failed

Asthmatic paroxysms are quickly soothed and relieved by the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound. Standard remedy at all druggists. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Write for FREE package of cigarettes and powder. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. WW-9, Rupert, Vt.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



been one continual laugh. Yes, Irene couldn't resist "Show Boat." After all she was "Magnolia Ravenal." Dr. Griffin proved himself then, and later, a very understanding husband. If a man marries a girl who has the theatre in her blood, he needs must be very understanding.

Irene played "Magnolia" in the Chicago company of "Show Boat" and was nothing short of a sensation. Naturally it didn't take those Hollywood talent scouts long to send their cards backstage to her dressing room, and at the end of the run Irene signed a contract with RKO to make pictures in Hollywood. In her new Holmby Hills home today there is a green chair (and not much else unless the furniture has arrived from New York since I was there) which Irene calls her Problem Chair, for she sat in it the night she talked over her return to the stage with her husband, and again the night she tried to make up her mind whether or not she wanted to come to Hollywood. The poor old Problem Chair will probably get pushed around unmercifully by all the handsome New York and European furniture that Irene has bought for her magnificent new home—but, after all, what with being one of the most popular and glamorous screen stars in Hollywood today, what with her first home since she was a child, and what with Dr. Griffin managing to spend more and more of his time with her in California, Irene really hasn't many Problems to settle now, has she? Well, if you knew actresses like I know actresses you'd know that no matter how happy and successful they become there are always Problems. The green chair remains in the library.

When Irene arrived in Hollywood in 1930 there was a great Anti-New York-stage-actress drive on, and Hollywood didn't warm up to her one bit. In fact Hollywood was rather rude. They called her "cold." They called her "aloof." Worst of all they called her a "lady." She was shoved soon afterwards into a little number called "Leather-necking," and she had just about decided that she had made a dreadful mistake and had better call the whole thing off when she was handed one of the plums of the year, the feminine lead opposite Richard Dix in "Cimarron." When "Cimarron" was released in February, 1931, Irene automatically became a star, with a new contract and a big salary.

With the exception of a few bad pictures, Irene has had one successful screen production after another, all of them tremendous box-office, and all of them adding to her steadily increasing popularity. Most notable of them have been "Back Street," "Silver Cord," "Stingaree," "Age of Innocence," "Roberta," "Magnificent Obsession" and "Show Boat." When she did the famous Shuffle dance in "Show Boat" the preview audience went mad. Irene could hardly believe her ears. "They like it," she gasped to her mother, "and I thought they would be horrified." When she tried to leave the Pantages Theatre after the preview that evening she was almost torn limb from limb by her adoring fans—it proved one of the nearest riots they've ever had in Hollywood.

Strange to say, Irene didn't go on the stage because of the glamour of the theatre, the footlights, and grease-paint, and the thrill of curtain calls, and the excitement of it all. She went on the stage simply because she had to make a living, and she had a voice, and that seemed the most natural thing to do. After her father died the Dunne family fell upon hard times and Irene realized that her mother and young brother were dependent upon her. She had always wanted to study for the opera but she knew that this took years of study and thousands of dollars, and it wasn't for the likes of her. She had to be a wage-earner.

Her first experience with the "theatre" had been at a Chautauqua in Madison, In-

Another Love-match Shipwrecked...



...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

MILLIONS of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations...childbirth.

Not liking to discuss such a delicate subject as feminine hygiene is natural...but when misinformation, ignorance, and half-truths threaten happiness, a wife is guilty of *serious neglect* if she fails to learn that there is a reliable answer to her problem.

You will find that "Lysol" gives you a new sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness that is most reassuring. But more important, "Lysol" brings the

poise and peace of mind so essential to a truly happy marriage.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension—and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears very soon after use.
6. STABILITY... Keeps its full strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! "Lysol" presents the famous doctor of the quintuplets, in 3 talks weekly, on "Modern Child Care"—Mon., Wed., Fri.—C.B.S., 11:45 A.M.—E.S.T.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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that's what
women say
of new **GLAZO**



**So lovely, so superior, that
old-type polishes are OUT**

EVERYWHERE, women are hailing new Glazo as the perfect beauty "find" for fingertips. They're thrilled with Glazo's amazing new formula—so superior to old-type polishes in its richness of lustre, its longer wear and ease of application.

New Glazo wears several *extra* days, with no chipping, peeling or cracking to disturb its shimmering charm. It scorns streaking, flows on every nail with glorious evenness of color. And evaporation has been so reduced that your polish is usable down to the last brushful.

Glazo brings to your fingertips a wide range of exclusive, fashion-approved colors—and be sure to see those stunning "misty-reds!"—Glazo Suntan, Poppy Red and Russet. Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



In the eagerly awaited "Plainsman" Mr. DeMille is directing Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. It is a Western picture that will set the pace for all "epics" forever.

diana, when she had played "Mustard" in "Midsummer Night's Dream." It seemed very important to her then, but two years ago she went to the Hollywood Bowl to see the Max Reinhardt production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and to save her life she couldn't even find "Mustard." Except for the usual plays at school Irene knew nothing about the stage when she arrived on Broadway to seek a career. In fact her only equipment was a feather fan with an amber handle which some one had given her when she left home.

But she soon discovered that there was more to being an actress than a feather fan with an amber handle. After plenty of pavement pounding she was given a part in the road company of "Irene"—and, after that, success was more or less hers. Despite publicity to the contrary she has never appeared in Opera. She would like to some day. She spent a season with the Civic Opera Company (which isn't opera) in Atlanta, Georgia, and fell desperately in love with that Southern city. Being from Atlanta myself I happen to know that practically every eligible male in town proposed to Irene while she was there.

Irene claims her worst fault is a quick temper and a sharp tongue, which she inherited from her Irish father, and that it is always getting her into trouble. "I'm much better now though," she says. "And soon I think I'll have everything under control." I suppose that you, like myself, are one of those dumb people who can never think of the right answers when the air grows tense and drama rears its ugly head. Only after we go to bed at night do we think of something very crushing that we might have said. "Oh, oh," we groan in mortification, "Why didn't I think of it then!"

Well, dear reader, that's where Irene Dunne puts one over on us. Irene always thinks of that devastating, cutting, crushing, biting remark at the scene of action—and not hours later in bed. Irene is caustic, and can draw blood with a word. Personally, as one of our most dejected bed-writhers, I envy Irene her sarcasm. I've always wanted to come off best in a conflict of temper instead of just choking a "You—You—" and bursting into tears. But Irene assures me that it isn't any fun at all. Whereas we groan all night in bed because we couldn't think of anything clever to say at the moment, Irene groans all night in bed because she did, and she's awfully sorry she did. So you see, you can't win. "You have no idea," said Irene, "how it feels to know that you've cut someone to the quick. I'll never do it again, never, never."

Irene can slam a good door and throw a good hair-brush, too, when her temper flares, but she has such a grand sense of humor that hardly have the pictures fallen

off the walls and the hair brush cracked in two parts before she is dying laughing at herself. She is awfully ashamed of these little temperamental outbursts and doesn't like to talk about them—but I always say an actress without a temper isn't worth her salt. I suppose I'm not the right kind of an influence but personally I sincerely trust that Irene keeps both her temper and her sarcasm. They're safety valves for an emotional actress. And, after all, acting, particularly when singing enters into it, isn't the easiest thing in the world.

Irene is definitely one of the Great Warriors of Hollywood. Not as good as Fred Astaire and Bill Powell, but almost. She can, and does, worry about practically everything, though you'd never know it by looking at that beautiful, serene face. Ironically enough, when Irene was at the Loretta Academy in St. Louis she organized a club the sole purpose of which was to have fun. It was strictly against the rules to worry about anything. It was called the "Mischievous Maids Club" and all the members, limited exclusively to ten, wore little gold pins with MMC monogrammed on them. Irene was the president and one of the few members who never had to pay a forfeit for worrying. Well, all I can say is that she has certainly been making up for lost time.

But, of course, Hollywood is a far cry from Loretta Academy. "But honestly," Irene told me just the other day, "I'm not going to worry any more. It isn't worth it. Look at 'Show Boat.' I worried myself sick over it. I knew the public wouldn't like it. But they do and it has broken all kinds of records. Yes, I decided while I was in Europe this summer that I'd never worry again. I shall laugh blithely all through 'Theodora Goes Wild.' That's the picture I'm doing now for Columbia, you know. It's different from anything I've ever done before, and it's a comedy, and I'm going to laugh and be gay and never give a thought to worry." (Entre nous again. I was at the studio the second day of production and I fear that our little Irene is worrying again.)

"Mikes" and boats-that-might-sink-in-the-night frighten Irene more than anything else. She loathes speaking over the "mike" and this fear of it has kept her away from many a premiere. The lurking "mike" and the unctuous young man who says, "Folks, we have with us tonight Miss Irene Dunne. Irene say a few words—" can make her jittery for days afterwards. She's the type of person who knows exactly where the life-belts are buried on a boat, how to put one on, and just what life boat she's supposed to dash to when the danger siren rings. Her father taught her all these things when she was a little girl gallivanting around with him on the Ohio river boats, and though it's an excellent thing to know

it's made Irene extremely suspicious of ocean travel.

She crossed on the Queen Mary when she went to Europe this past summer with her husband and her mother and she thought it all very beautiful and grand—but the foghorns were just as frightening as ever. One groan out of a foghorn and Irene is prepared for the worse. She admits, with the proper degree of modesty, that she is an excellent cook. She once won ten dollars at a County Fair in Indianapolis, which was the prize for making the best doughnuts, and when you can make nice flaky doughnuts, says Irene, you've really arrived as a culinary artist. She likes to take long walks accompanied by her police dog, Major, and she is considered one of the best golfers in the cinema colony, with the rare distinction of being a member of the hole-in-one club. She also has the rare distinction of being the only movie star in Hollywood to give a party without any furniture in the house. It seems that when she returned from Europe recently she was so eager to be in her first real home that she "moved in" before the furniture arrived from New York, and being in the mood she proceeded to have a cocktail party. (Didn't I tip you off that she was a Party Girl!)

It's no pose with Irene that she hates to talk about herself. She really is shy. So, naturally, when she first arrived in Hollywood the fan writers had quite a time with her, and not being able to worm out any exciting facts about her they dismissed her with the word "colorless." Now actually, on the contrary, Irene Dunne is the most colorful actress in Hollywood. And the most gracious. And color and graciousness, in the land of the Garbos and Hepburns, rarely go hand-in-hand. It's a treat to know Irene Dunne. As a matter of fact it's a lot of fun.

"Let's Talk Turkey!"

[Continued from page 19]

JELLIED FRUIT PUDDING

- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 cups cold water
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- 1 package Royal Pineapple Gelatine
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup pecans, broken in pieces
- 2 tbs. marachino cherries, sliced

Add raisins to one cup water and bring to a boil. Drain and measure water. Add enough more boiling water to make 1 cup and use to dissolve gelatine. Add salt and second cup cold water. Chill until very thick but not set. Add raisins and remaining ingredients. Pour into molds and chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. 6 portions.

APPLE SNOW PUDDING

- 1 pkg. Royal lemon or lime gelatine
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 egg whites
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 large tart red apple

Dissolve gelatine, sugar and salt in boiling water. Add cold water; chill until mixture begins to thicken. Grate *unpeeled* apple; pour on lemon juice. Add to thick gelatine; whip until frothy; add stiffly beaten egg whites. Continue to beat until mixture holds shape. Pile in sherbet glasses or molds. Chill. Serve with custard sauce.

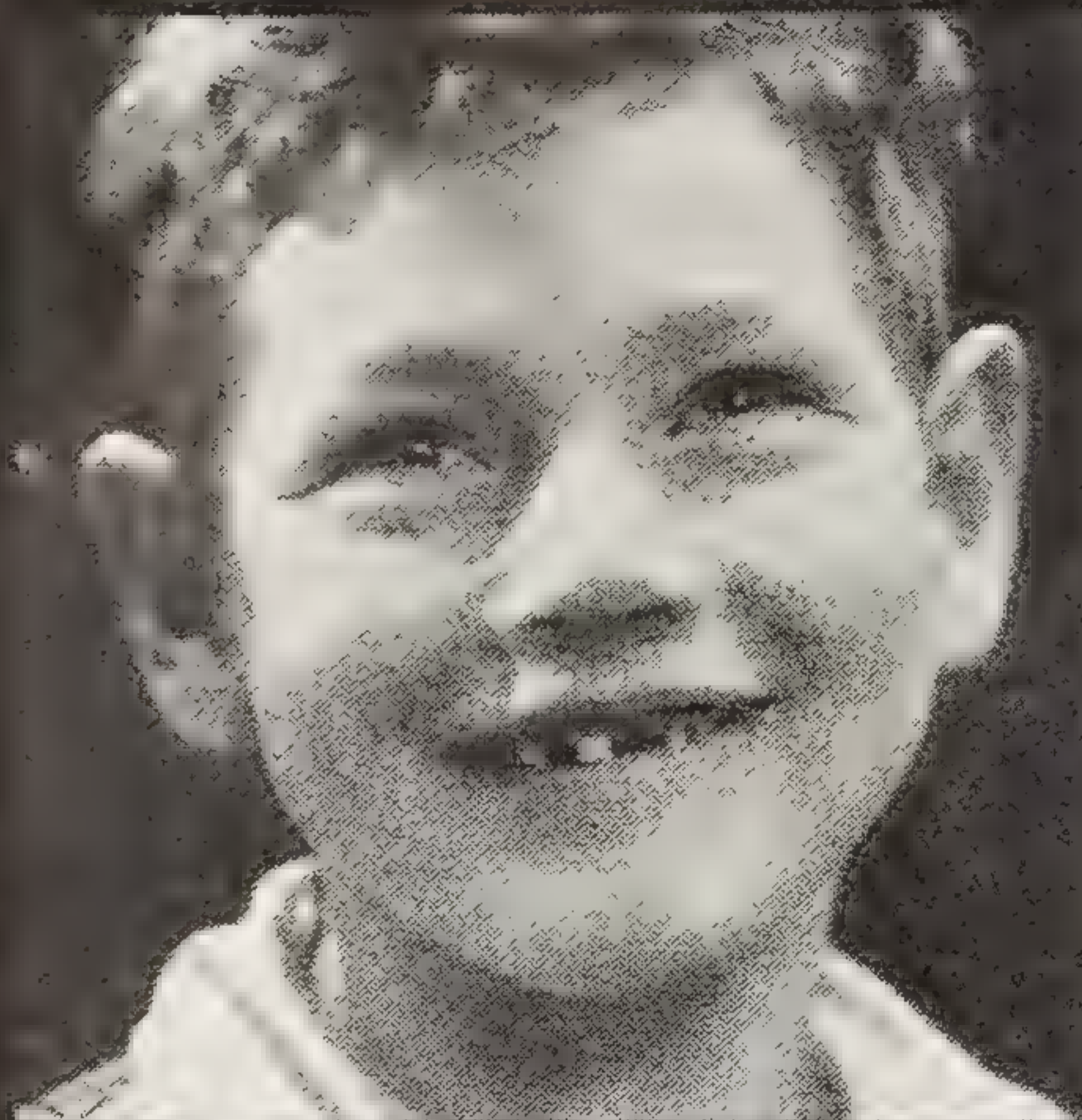
If you would like an all hot supper for Thanksgiving night, here is one that, by preparing all ingredients either the day before or while your Thanksgiving dinner is cooking, can be on your supper table 20 minutes after it has been put in the oven. This menu is sufficient for four persons



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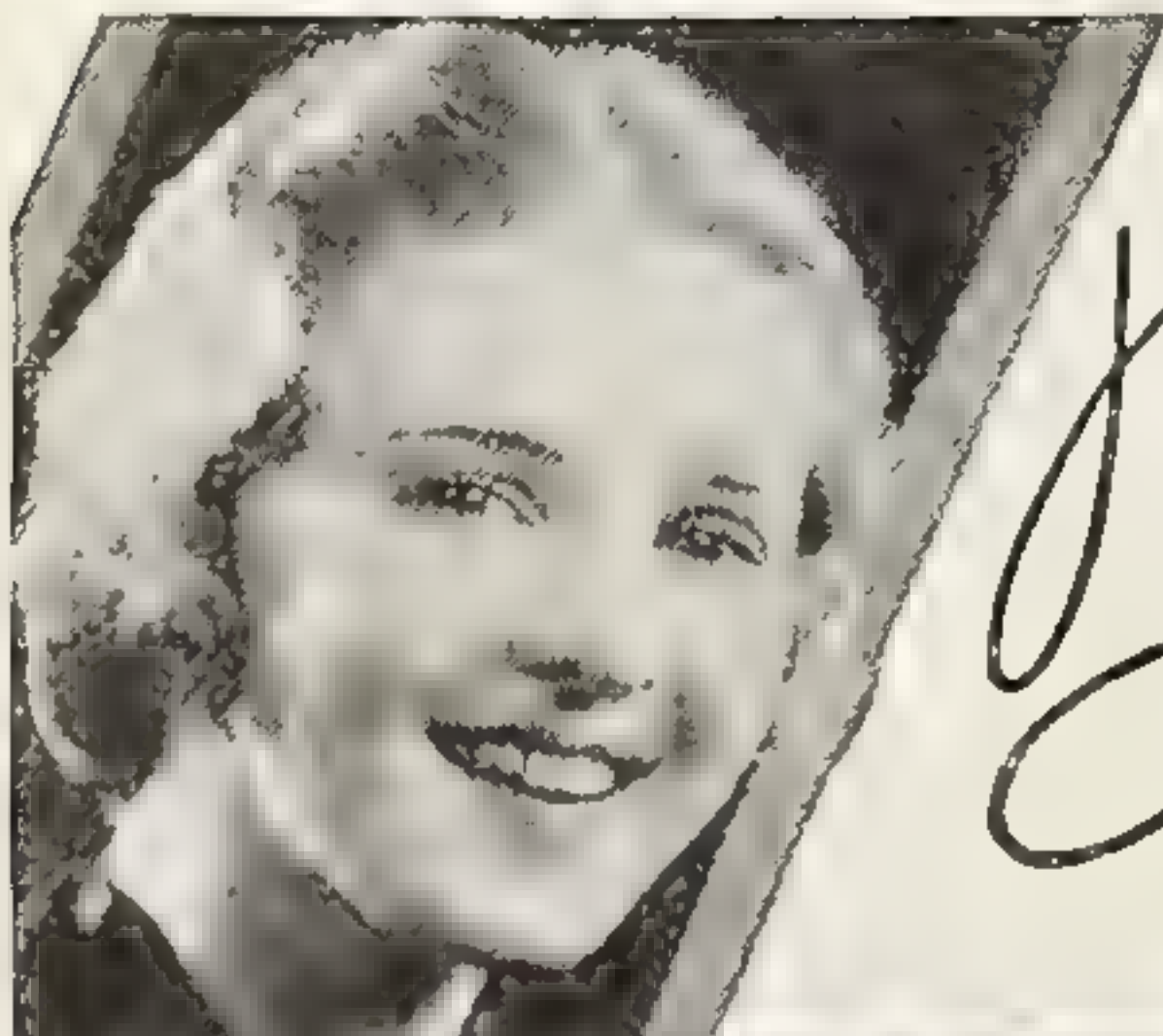
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and, while not elaborate, is tempting, filling and delightfully different.

Cook 4 large sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender. Separate a cauliflower into flowerettes, cook in boiling, salted water about 15 minutes. Heat 1 can asparagus in its own liquid, drain, lay four or five stalks on a large slice of boiled or baked ham, roll and fasten with toothpicks. Place in center of broiler rack and brush with butter. Peel potatoes, mash, add 1 tbs. butter, dash of salt and enough orange juice to make a soft fluffy mixture. Fill cups made from 2 oranges from which the membranes have been removed and the edges of which have been fluted with a vegetable cutter. Brush with melted butter, put a piece of marshmallow on each cup and

place cups on extreme inside of rack. Dip cauliflower in melted butter and place at front of rack. Wash and peel 4 large mushroom caps. Put butter in each cap; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place on broiler between ham rolls and cauliflower. Adjust rack so that orange cups are about 3 inches below heat and broil 15 minutes. When serving sprinkle cauliflower with paprika. A cheese sauce may be poured over asparagus-ham rolls if desired.

It won't be long now before you'll be gathered around the festive board in the traditional Thanksgiving fashion and I hope and believe that the above menus and recipes will contribute to your holiday enjoyment.

Rumors from Pictureland

[Continued from page 21]

WITH all the Hollywood boys marrying into society these days the poor local girls just don't have a chance. (Joan, you'd better not let Dick Powell out of your sight. And Carole, look out for Gable.) Hollywood had it all set for handsome Randy Scott to marry Betty Furness or Mary Brian or one of the home town girls when he ups and announces that he has been married for months to Mrs. Marion duPont Somerville, of the Wilmington, Delaware, duPonts who simply reek with millions. Randy, following in the footsteps of Fred Astaire, who also married into the Social Register, refuses to say much about his wife except that he has known her since 1915, and that she loves horses, goes in for breeding them and riding them in horse

shows. The new Mrs. Scott is expected in Hollywood within the month, and no need to say that Hollywood is bursting with curiosity.

ELEANOR POWELL and Frances Langford have collaborated on a song which they call "Taptation" (cute?) with Frances writing the music and Eleanor the lyrics. Outside of writing songs, and acting, and singing on the radio Frances is now busy trying to raise her weight to a hundred pounds. She's still a long way off.

AND, of course, Hollywood was all set for Henry Fonda to re-marry Margaret Sullavan, but imagine our surprise when he announces his approaching wedding to

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Mrs. George T. Brokaw of New York and Paris society. That all comes of letting him go to Europe last summer.

WHEN the studio painters arrived to "do over" Marlene Dietrich's dressing room (Marlene's due back from Europe soon) they made the startling discovery that Marlene jots down telephone numbers on her walls. Why Marlene, a big girl like you.

WITH the first day of production of "Love on the Run," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable celebrated the fifth anniversary of their first co-starring picture, "Possessed." Neither Joan nor Clark could recall off-hand how many pictures they



Olivia de Havilland was charming in the great "Dream" picture and now she has made a hit in "Anthony Adverse."

have co-starred in during the last five years. Director Van Dyke staged the party as a surprise to his two stars and provided a cake appropriately decorated with two little figures in wedding costumes. During the party the victrola played over and over again "You Are My Lucky Star."

"GO-NUT" is the latest expression in Hollywood where the term "pixilated" (remember the darling old ladies in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"?) began its career as a national phrase. "Go-nut" was coined by Nelson Eddy, who admits being a "Go-nut" himself. According to Nelson a "Go-nut" is any person who is fond of moving or of anything that moves. The town is full of them.

ROBERT TAYLOR has a new black and white checkerboard dressing gown which you can see miles away even on a cloudy day. Probably a little something he wanted to startle Garbo with.

VIRGINIA BRUCE is wearing a new diamond ring with a diamond *that* big, but refuses to tell who gave it to her. Ditto Betty Furness and her new diamond wrist watch. Secrets?

THERE'S always something new under the sun—especially the Hollywood sun. Celebrities have been "done in oil" and "done in clay," but now Eleanor Powell has decided that they should be "done in dance." In her new musical extravaganza, "Born to Dance," she will do as tap steps her impressions of several celebrities. Those to be honored are Franklin D. Roosevelt, King Edward, Joan Crawford and Mahatma Gandhi.

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



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Reviews of Pictures

[Continued from page 57]

ture. Melvyn Douglas has the best part of his screen career and is a truly magnificent John Randolph. Maybe we are just incurably romantic but we do sort of wish there had been more Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor and less wrangling over politics.

A SON COMES HOME

A DRAMA THAT'S RIGHT DOWN TO EARTH—Paramount

"YOU are about to see Miss Mary Boland in her first dramatic role" was flashed on the screen at the preview of "A Son Comes Home" before the picture started. This was definitely a warning to the audience not to laugh when Mary came on the screen. Many a comedienne, turned dramatic for the nonce, has had to sit through the torturous agonies of the damned at her preview because the audience whooped and howled thinking that she was just being funny again. So the tip-off was a pretty smart idea on Paramount's part.

In her first dramatic rôle for the screen (but not for the stage) Mary Boland plays an angel of the water-front sort of rôle and her sincere and emotional portrayal of mother-love is nothing short of magnificent. The plot is simple: it's the story of a good woman whose sense of fair play rises above her great mother-love, and who protects an innocent boy who is accused of a crime committed by her own son.

Donald Woods is excellent as the young boy who, accused of a murder he didn't do, comes to Mary to help him in his time of need. Julie Haydon, of "The Scoundrel" fame, returns to the screen, after a long absence as Mary's helper in a water-front chowder joint, and gives another noteworthy performance. Also outstanding in the cast are Anthony Nace as the real son, Wallace Ford as a reporter, and Roger Imhof as a detective.

WIVES NEVER KNOW

AN HILARIOUS MARITAL FARCE—Paramount

HERE'S one of the funniest and best of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland farce comedies and just the picture you need to chase the blues away. Supporting Charlie and Mary this time is none other than Adolphe Menjou in another of his swell low-comedy rôles.

Charlie plays a devout floriculturist (what ecstasy he gets out of his new seven petal petunia) and a model husband, and Mary is the model wife. All is sweetness and light until Mary wishes to impress Topeka society by snaring Menjou, the distinguished author of "Marriage—The Living Death" for a dinner party.

Charlie buys a thousand copies of the book, and the publishers force Menjou to be the guest of honor at Mary's dinner. Then Menjou decides to try out his marriage theories by inducing Charlie to go on a binge so that his wife will be happier in having something to forgive. And he persuades Mary that she and Charlie are just two vegetables, withering at the roots, because he has never given her the chance to forgive him for anything.

So Charlie steps out, much against his will, and Mary forgives him until—she finds out about the French actress. That takes a lot of explaining. Vivienne Osborne is grand as the French actress who throws herself at Charlie just to make Menjou jealous. It's a most amusing picture.

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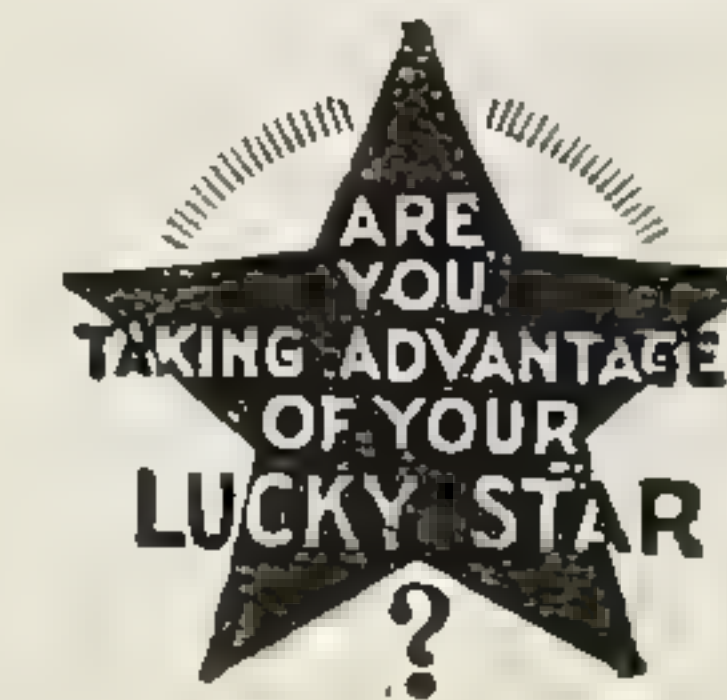
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Studio News

[Continued from page 17]

dancer. I can dance a little but I'm not music in motion as she was. My fascinating American Mick of a father was a gambler and a drinker. But gambling bores me and the other field is over-crowded. I can play the piano—but no audience is going to stand up and cheer the bricks off a building for me. I can paint and I can sculpt—but not well enough to be an old master and not badly enough to be a new genius. I have everything—and nothing."

"You have a body," Skippy mutters. "That's why you're here."

"A clothes rack!" Kay ejaculates disgustedly.

"Buy yourself a rich husband with it," Skippy suggests, dealing the cards again.

"And write the life history of a parasite," Kay mocks. "So that's your opinion of my talents."

"It isn't lack of talents that's your trouble, my child," Skip informs her, scanning the cards.

"Then what is it?" Kay demands.

"You'll always find yourself tripping over your heart," Skip tells her. "A big heart is a millstone if you want to fly high, my pidgeon. You've got to be self-centered and hard and selfish and cruel."

"I can be all of those," Kay informs her.

But Skip shakes her head negatively. "Just a softie. You ought to take it up with your ancestors."

"The drivel you read from cards," Kay sneers.

"I don't need cards to know what you are," Skip maintains stubbornly. She looks at the cards she has dealt out. Evidently they are bad again for she makes a face.

"All black, eh?" Kay ponders, leaning



In "Come Up Smiling," ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins do the comedy, and Patricia Ellis and James Melton bring out the idea.

across the table. "Who is this—the King of Spades?" pointing to one.

"A man you may pray you will never meet," Skip tells her.

"In short—a man," says Kay brightly, hopefully.

As I've remarked often enough before today, this is a scorcher. Over and over they take this scene. It's a long scene and neither Kay nor Skippy is mulling a line but everything goes wrong. Nerves begin to grow taut. So, although I had hoped to have a chat with Kay when the scene is finished, I decide the best thing to do is beat it before I'm thrown out and have my chat with Kay some other time.

We go to the next stage and find the lunch room of a large department store. The picture has been variously called "Let's Pretend," "Sing Me a Love Song" and "Come Up Smiling." It features James Melton, Patricia Ellis, ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins.

ZaSu and Allen are sitting at a table together. The other two chairs are tilted against the table to show they're reserved. ZaSu is opening her lunch when she happens to glance up and see Pat and Jimmie coming in at the far end.

"Yoo-hoo," Pitts yells jumping up, and waving. "Jean! Yoo-hoo!"

Pat sees her and she and Jimmie make

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their way over.

"I saved two seats for you," ZaSu informs her when she pauses at the table.

"Thanks," says Pat briefly. She starts to pull out a chair but Melton is already there to push it under her. Then he sits down opposite her.

"Oh, Mr. Hanley," ZaSu smiles absently at Jim, "this," indicating Mr. Jenkins, "is Chris."

"Chris?" Jim smiles.

"Yeah," Allen says. "Cross."

"Cross?" Jim repeats. "I thought it was Chris."

"That's right," Allen encourages him. "Christopher Cross—commonly called Criss Cross. I was christened Cross but was crossed up at the christening and I've been criss-crossed and cross-crissed ever since." He laughs uproariously at his own wit . . . the dope.

"He always says that when he's introduced," Pittsy puts in helpfully.

There is much more to the scene than this and it is both amusing and dramatic, but lack of space prevents my giving you all the dialogue. I'll just add that there are also some swell musical numbers in this show and that Melton has never been in better voice.

And so we come to the next in the apparently never-ending series of "Gold-Diggers." This is the 1937 version. It would seem "The Good Life Insurance Company" has been holding a convention in Atlantic City. Prominent among the salesmen are Dick Powell and Lee Dixon. As it draws to a close (the convention, I mean) the two boys are being called down by the owner of the agency for their lack of interest in selling life insurance. Presently we find them on a train going back to New York.

Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Rosalind Marquis (and is *she* a cutie!) and a bunch of other girls are on the same train. They are show-girls and their show has folded up. You know how show-girls are, especially when they haven't a job in prospect. Each of them snags a man. All, that is, expect our Joan, who is a virgin at heart. When there aren't enough girls to go 'round, a bunch of the men (the drunken bums!) start chasing Joan through the train. She darts into what she believes is the ladies room and slams the door. But lo and behold! There's young Massa Powell shaving. It's his compartment (although why *he* should have a compartment when he isn't even a good salesman isn't made clear). He has soap on his face and although he has rinsed it, it is still in his eyes. Fumbling around for a towel he grabs the jacket of Joan's dress and dries on that. She gives a little scream, realizing her mistake and Dick forces open his big blue eyes.

"Whut ah you doin' in heah, my little gal?" he asks in a fatherly sort of way.

"Some drunks were chasing me," Joan all but sobs.

"They'll go away or pass out—or something," he comforts her. "Are you one of the show girls?"

"I was," she admits. "Show closed. Now, I'm going to get a job." She glances towards the door. "Don't you think they've gone by now?"

"They'll wait for hours," he predicts. "Where you going to get a job?"

"That's just it," she laments. "I don't know."

"That's tough," Dick sympathizes and then—like a flash—comes an idea. "Maybe I could fix it up," taking a card from his pocket. "How'd you like to work in an insurance agency?"

Joan glances at the card. "Lovely work—if you can get it," she coos.

It's getting late so anything even resembling a chat is out of the question. I wave to Dick and Joan and even before I get their return wave, I'm next door



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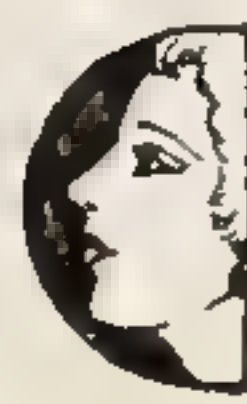
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Wayne Morris and Dick Purcell discuss etiquette for "King of Hockey."

looking at Dick Purcell emote in a little number formerly called "The Shrinking Violet." The studio must have realized what a laugh that would be to anyone who knows Dick so they quick changed the name to "King of Hockey."

Mr. Purcell is a star hockey player at college and he finally turns pro when he leaves because he can't find any other work. He plays for the New York Violets and George E. Stone (a gangster again, for a change) tries to get Dick to throw games so the gambling interests will have a chance to clean up. Of course, our hero refuses.

Somewhere along the way Dick meets Anne Nagel and makes a play for her, but she wants no part of him. We find him in his room reading "Emily Post" in an effort to find out what's wrong with him.

"This book," his room-mate (Wayne Morris) interrupts, "ain't goin' to help you, either. Knowin' which fork to eat your ice-cream with ain't goin' to overcome all that dough she's got. You're just a hockey player—and broke most of the time, too."

Before Dick can answer there is a knock at the door. It's a telegram for Dick. After he's signed for it, he stands reading it.

"What's the matter?" Morris asks.

"Plenty," says Dick, handing him the wire to read. It's from Merton, Pennsylvania and reads:

"STORE BADLY DAMAGED BY
FLOOD STOP NEED FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS URGENTLY STOP
HATE TO ASK YOU BUT CAN YOU
SEND IT

THOMAS MCKENNA"

"McKenna?" Morris philosophizes, looking up from the wire. "Ain't that the old guy you was tellin' me about that put up the money for you to go to school?"

"Yeah," Dick nods impatiently. "He gave me everything. And the one time he asks me for help I can't do a thing. That's what burns me up."

"You mean," Wayne suggests sarcastically, "you ain't got five hundred dollars?"

"Have you?" Dick counters eagerly.

"Now, Gabby," Wayne murmurs, hurt to the quick, "you know I ain't. Mebbe," helpfully, "we can figure out something."

"Yeah? What?" Gabby asks impatiently, sitting down and picking up a newspaper.

"Oh, I don't know," Wayne answers vaguely. "I come from a family of figgerers. My grandfather was a whittler. He used to set on a fence an' whittle an' figure and whittle and figure—"

Gabby impatiently flips the paper open at this crack and *what* do you 'spose he sees?

"GEE-GEES GALLOP AT PACIFIC PARK TODAY"

Well, Mr. McKenna, if I know my movies and horse-races, your five hundred smackers are practically on the way to you.

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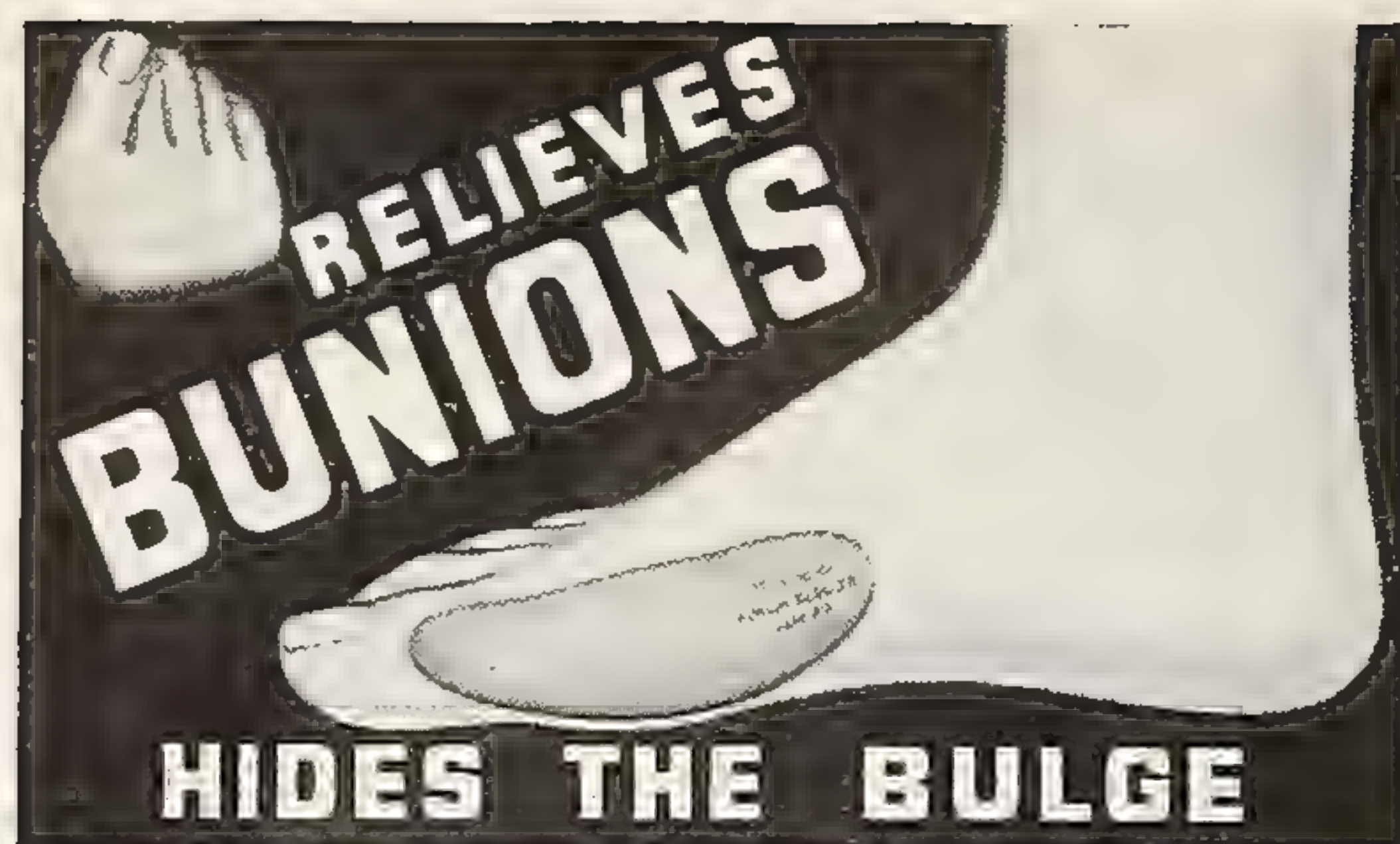
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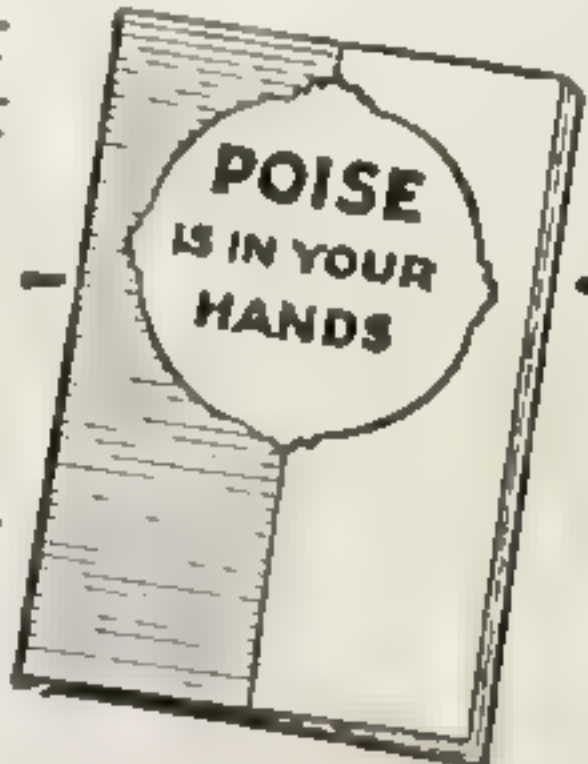
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this lot? Sure you would. I did, too. But, no! Mr. Bernie Williams who is touring the lot with me, grabs me by the arm as I head for the gate and, very dramatically, says, "Wait! You ain't through yet. We haven't seen 'God's Country and the Woman.'"

I start to give him an argument because I'm too tired to be interested in either one of them. So I just let him drag me where he lists. It turns out to be a rough shack in a north woods lumber camp. It isn't the mess shack because there's no stove and not enough tables. It doesn't look like the bunkhouse because there are no bunks. Maybe it's the club room.

At any rate, Beverly Roberts in a white shirtwaist and a brown suede skirt and boots that come up to her knees is addressing one of the toughest looking bunch of men I ever saw.

"That's all," she says, hard and resolute. "I've held nothing back. Nothing! Because I felt you had a right to know. I've been a blind, stupid fool to ever even think I was in love with him (It's Mr. George Brent of whom she's speaking). But that's all over now! We'll have a fight on our hands—but a good logger never turned down a fight yet. Are you with me?"

"Yay!" roar the men.

"That's fine!" Bev roars back. "This scrap isn't going to be pretty—and if there's anyone of you who'd like to drop out, now's the time." There is a roar of protest from the men. They are spoiling for a fight. The script says so. Beverly smiles. "Get going now and we'll show that chinwhisker Russett (Mr. Brent, again) what a log drive really means."

"As the men turn away," the script continues, "excited and talking, we—FADE OUT."

And I fade to—

Paramount

GUESS I'm due to take another licking over here. There's just too much doing in the studios. The first set I visit on this lot is "The Plainsman"—the C. B. deMille yarn starring Gary Cooper. This has to do with Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Gary is Hickok.

The scene is Buffalo Bill Cody's cabin. Jimmie Ellison plays Cody. Mrs. Cody (Helen Burgess, her first big part) and Gary are standing at the table. The door opens and Jimmie and Jean Arthur (who plays Calamity) enter. Jimmie doesn't welcome her to the place. She throws her packed deer-skin saddle bags beside the door and crosses quickly to Cooper.

"Bill, did they hurt you much?" she asks.

"I'm all right," he says curtly.

"I couldn't come till it got dark," she explains, "'cause I was scared they'd be watching me." She pauses a moment beside Helen, glancing defiantly at the three. "I know you don't want to see me. But," turning to Gary, "I got to tell you something, Bill. Custer's ordered you brought in dead or alive. The troopers have combed over every hidin' place by the river. They'll be out this way next."

"He's goin' back to find Lattimer," Ellison says bitterly.

"Lattimer's gone," Jean announces. "Pulled out with his wagons."

"Where?" Gary asks.

"Nobody knows," says Jean.

"I'll find him," he decides.

"Yes, Bill, of course you will," Jean says, as she kneels beside him and gently forces him back into his chair. "Some day you're bound to but don't try to find his trail now. Just try to save yourself from Custer's men. No tellin' what they'll do to you."

I'll call your attention once more to the heat of the day and they have a wood fire in the stove in the cabin. "This wood's going to make an awful noise crackling," Jean warns them, and adds, "Sounds good, though."

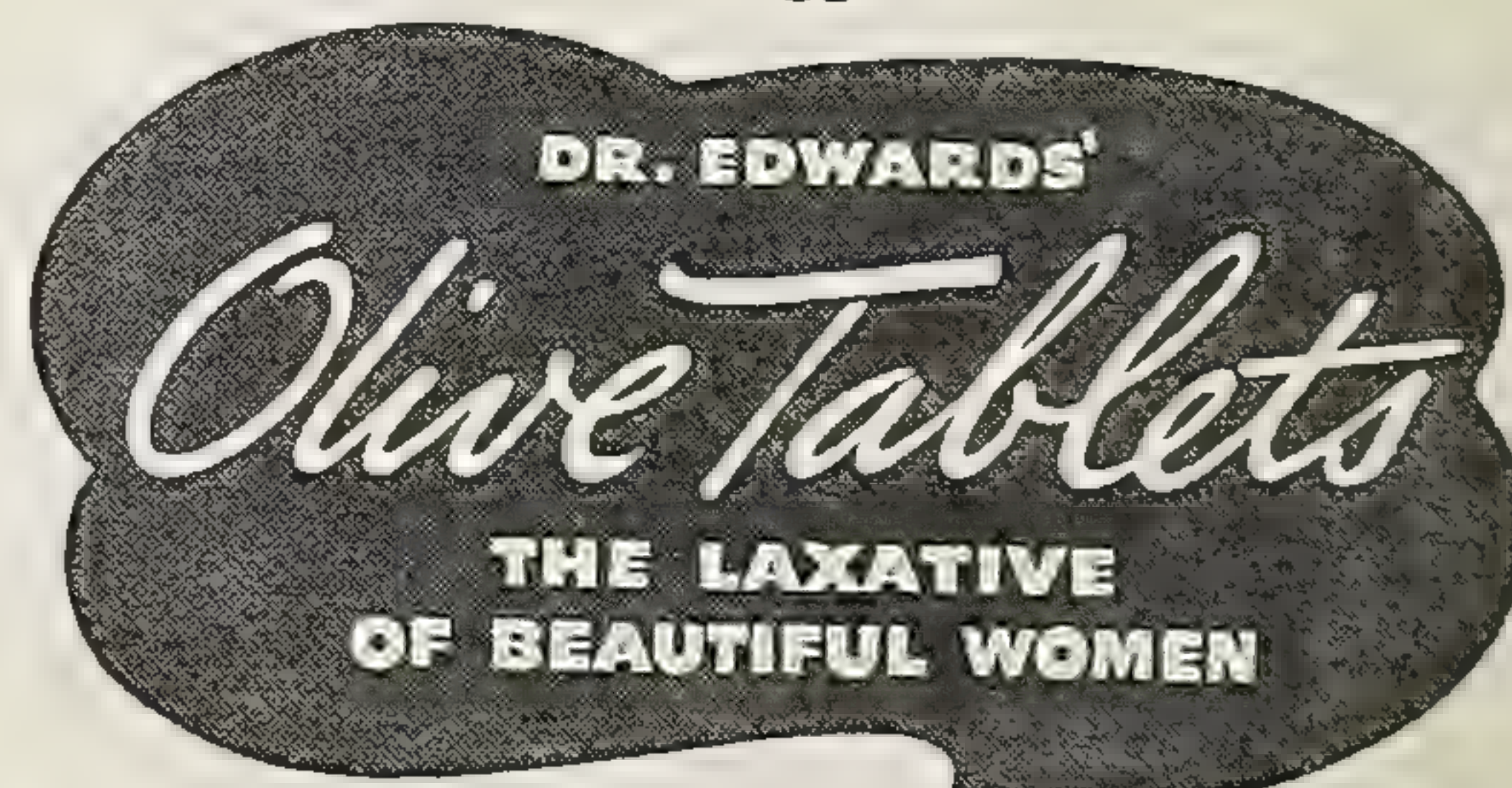


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EGYPTIAN HENNA

"Smells good, too," Gary decides, taking a tentative sniff.

I notice, when the scene is finished, that Gary's left hand is bandaged. "What's the matter with your hand?" I ask in mock solicitude.

"Oh, I hurt it," he says. "I'm always hurting it in pictures. And curiously enough," he grins, "it's always the left one I hurt."

"Well," I say as I rise, "I gotta be going."

"What for?" Gary demands. "Why don't you sit around and rest? We're all resting."

Anyone who knows Gary would never argue *that* point with him so I just smile—rather vaguely—and amble over to the next stage.

Here we have "Champagne Waltz" with Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout, to say nothing of Jack Oakie and Herman Bing.

Miss Swarthout isn't working today but MacMurray is, with the California Collegian orchestra. Fred used to work in this orchestra before he got a break in pictures. So when he found they were going to need a band in this picture he insisted that they hire this one. And, more, he invited a couple of the boys to share his dressing room with him. He plays the orchestra leader.

The script isn't finished, of course, so I can't tell you what it's about but the set is the interior of "The Jazz Palace," where Fred and his boys hold forth nightly. Next door is The Waltz Palace where Gladys sings. *She* sponsors Wagner.

There never was a more modernistic setting in New York than The Jazz Palace, even though this one is in Vienna, gay Vienna. Everything is chromium striped



Henry Fonda and his bride, the former Mrs. George T. Brokaw, socially prominent widow of the late New York financier.

Wide World

and fascinating modernistic squares.

Fred and the orchestra are doing one of those impromptu or, rather, informal numbers. The orchestra plays and suddenly they go very *piano* (soft). Fred points his baton at the bass viol. "When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail?" he asks.

"When it's a waggin'," says the bass viol and then there is a loud noise from the orchestra. Presently they *piano* again.

Fred points at the first violin. "When is a door not a door?"

"When it's ajar," answers the violinist and another blare from the orchestra.

Fred points to Benny Baker. "When is a straw hat not a straw hat?"

But dammit, I can't read my notes and you'll have to see the picture to find *that* one out.

"That's very good," says Mac, "you'll go far. Now, all together, do your best. This is a good one, your final test. When is a seal not a seal?"

"When it's broken," yell the chorus and there are a series of "awk's" like the noise seals make and three or four of the boys flop around on their bellies in such a perfect imitation of seals I think they should be in vaudeville—if there is any vaudeville.

Velozy & Yolanda, those swell dancers, finally get a break in this picture.

On the way out I stop to say hello to Jack Oakie. "Aren't you working in this?" I inquire politely.

"Naw," he says with that formality for which he's distinguished. "Bing and me don't do this comedy stuff. We do the 'Knock knock' routine."

"What's that?" I persist.

"Come on, Herman," Oakie calls. "Show him."

So Jack says "Knock, knock."

The EYES that had to have "IT"!

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THE MASCARA WITH
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SMART

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TO BELIEVE IT... SUCH AN
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EYE-GENE

"Whoos dere?" inquires Herman.
 "Anna," says Mr. Oakie.
 "Anna who?" says Mr. Bing.
 "Anna gonna rain no more," sings Jack.
 "Knock, knock."
 "Whoos dere?"
 "Irma," says Jack.
 "Irma who?" Bing wants to know.
 "Irma gonna have trouble with you?" asks Jack.

Well, m' dears, I simply fly. I can't stand puns and when Billy Bakewell went to New York I thought I'd heard my last one.

The last picture on this lot is shooting right out in the open before God and everybody. Right there on the street. It's called "The Turning Point" and it must have something to do with prison because there are a thousand men in prison uniform lolling about. Presently the gate opens and a car drives in. "Boo! Boo! Boo!" yell the prisoners as Paul Kelly and a few other men get out. Paul addresses them but I can't hear what he says.

"Hey, youse guys," hollers the assistant when the scene is finished, "we'll do it again and don't make those 'boos' so long drawn out. Make them more staccato. Now!"

So they take the scene again and this time there are a series of short, sharp boos and to an uninitiated, such as I, it sounds like nothing in the world so much as a certain crooner's "Boo, boo, boo."

I mention something of this and my guide snaps me off.

"Enough," I scream. "I've been insulted today from one end of Hollywood to another. I'm going where I'll be appreciated."

"Where?" demands my guide skeptically.

"I don't know yet," I answer with more truth than sense, "but I think it's—"

M-G-M

OUT here I find plenty of appreciation (liar) but only one company. It's "Libelled Lady" with Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Jean Harlow. Four finer actors you couldn't find. Take a bow, Jean. I've been telling you for years about Spencer and just wait until you see Myrna in "To Mary—with Love." (Take a bow, Myrna. Take a bow, 20th Century-Fox).

This picture is just starting. I suspect Jean and Spencer are in love but for some reason, in the office of the justice of the peace, she has just married Willie Powell. She's standing by the door with Spencer close by.

"Well," says Jean to Spencer, "aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Oh, sure," says Spence. "Sure." So he kisses her on the cheek and Jean gives out one of those rapturous sighs and sort of pushes her cheek up against his mouth. Finally he draws away a minute but you can imagine Jean's not hard to take so he puts his mouth back again and Jean must like it because she closes her eyes and puts her cheek back, too. It's all just a little embarrassing for Spencer. Charters (the justice of the peace).

"An old friend of the family," Willie explains to Mr. Charters. But then Jean goes back for still more, so Mr. P finds it necessary to emphasize his explanation. "A very old friend," he qualifies agreeably. "Oh, er," holding out Jean's bag to her.

Jean snatches the bag out of his hand, her eyes blazing.

"Well," Mr. Charters well's, "I hope you'll invite me to the silver wedding."

"It'll have to be within the next six weeks," Jean snaps.

They all force a laugh and there is a chorus of "good-byes" and Spence is shaking hands with me.

"You—," he begins and if my mother heard what he called me she'd never let me go out with him again.



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VOICE

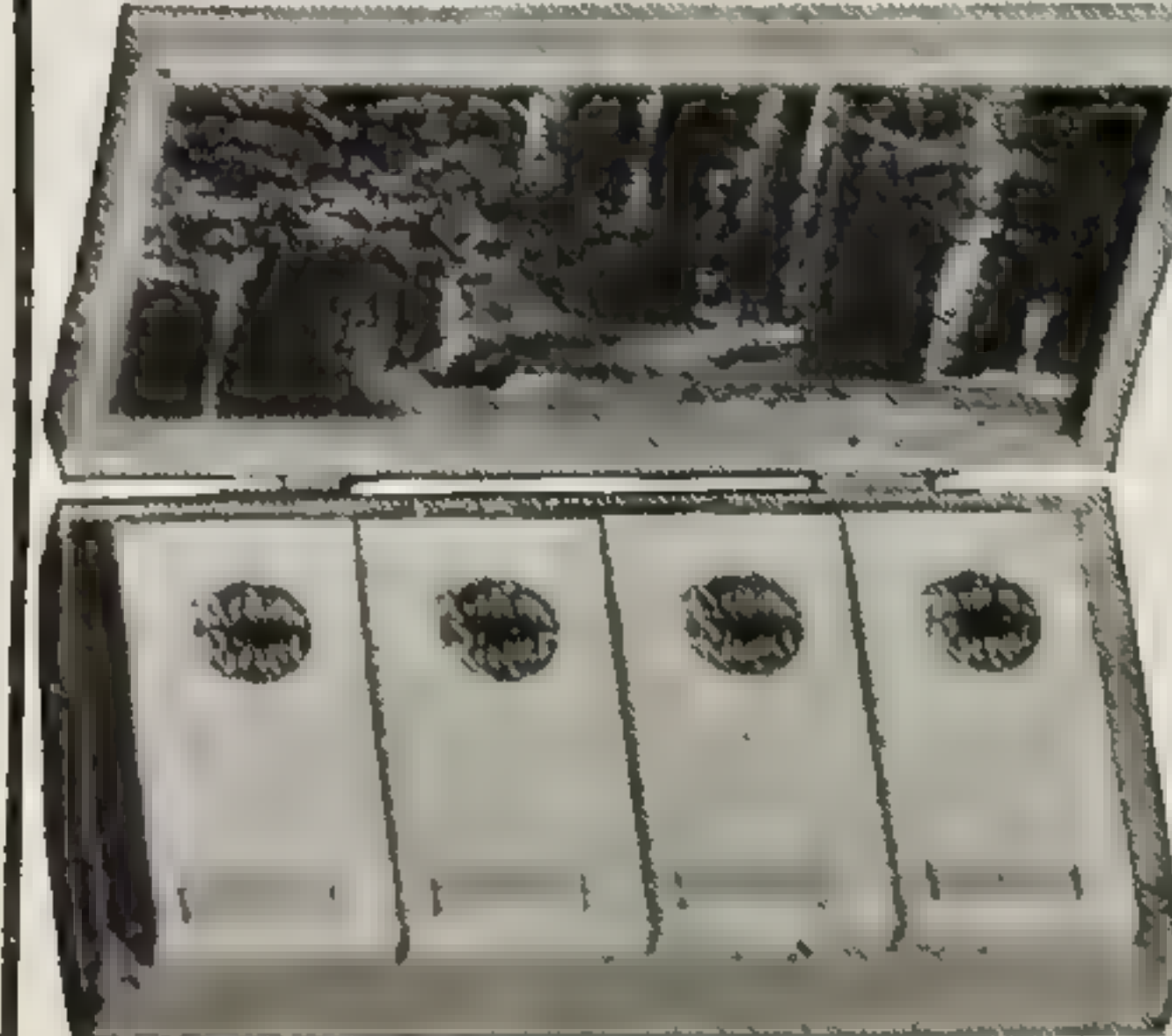
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Two Blonde Menaces

[Continued from page 28]

actual experience. Often too, someone makes a crack and has to be taken down."

"Like a certain leading man?" teased Joan. "He started to tell Glenda a naughty story and you should have seen her eyes blaze. For once she couldn't think of words fast enough so she took a swing at him. One was enough. He apologized profusely and meant it, too, but she never forgave him."

"We can take care of ourselves," said Glenda, "for we learn a little of everything in this business. We have a long list of 'can do's.' We've learned some fancy wrestling holds, how to handle fire arms, to speak the gangster's lingo, how to drive a truck, to mix and spread cement, navigate a power boat, the elemental rules of flying,

the chorus girls' dance routines. Once, Joan had to learn the knack of falling down a long flight of stairs without hurting herself, and I was sent to prison and had to learn the convict's frantic feel!"

"Don't forget the arts and wiles of the secretarial job," reminded Joan. "We have both played many seductive secretaries. Take it from us, a screen career is a liberal education."

"You can't go stale before the camera," she continued. "You must always keep your mind open to the lighter touches for comedy can never be forced."

Here's a swift glimpse of those two loveable hotcha cuties of the screen whose bubbling merriment never fails to delight a million film fans!

Stars or Stooges

[Continued from page 23]

has always had the good sense to employ the most expert advice which was available, and to follow it. Mary Pickford's favorite cameraman was the chap who knew her worst camera angle and who would sing out, "Don't give me the little monkey-face, Mary!" when he glimpsed it through his lens.

The successful ones are smart enough to be dummies! Clever enough to let the experts tell them.

Sometimes this is difficult for people who have enjoyed success upon the stage, people who think they have learned how to do it, who have perfected and *proved* stage technique. The first week's shooting with Luise Rainer was a series of temperamental blow-ups, protests and scenes. Luise thought that these people were trying to re-model her, to turn her into something artificial. Days of patient persuasion convinced her that they were merely trying to emphasize, upon the screen, the peculiar and valuable qualities which only Rainer possessed. Once she was convinced of that fact, Luise became the most tractable star you could imagine.

"They are only trying to make me be the real me—on the screen!" she said, wonderingly.

Luise had learned to be a "dummy" to her own profit.

Sometimes the stars' very defects are turned into assets by the experts. You have all admired Boris Karloff's cultivated voice and diction. Did you know that Boris had an impediment in his speech and that constant coaching and stern training were probably responsible for that meticulous delivery? Critics have mentioned Norma Shearer's carriage as being the most interesting of that of any woman in pictures. Did you know that Norma was inclined to be a trifle—er—bow-legged, and that her study (with the advice of experts) to overcome that slight defect has resulted in her having one of the most interesting walks of any feminine picture star?

Kay Francis says: "I am too tall and thin. I have an inclination to frown and wrinkle my forehead. There are things about my eyes which are wrong, photographically. I don't even know exactly what they are! I only know that make-up men, cameramen, dress designers and electricians have overcome these defects for me without my half understanding how these things were accomplished. If you like the way I look or sound upon the screen, these people must have the credit!"

Kay has learned how to be a clever "dummy."

Sometimes the experts have to be shown. Bette Davis was merely a pretty ingenue for a long while. Lots of people really didn't think that she was even very pretty! She wore such very heavy make-up on her eyes in the effort, one gathers, to be "exotic." When Leslie Howard insisted upon having her for his leading woman in "Of Human Bondage," and when they made her up to suit the rôle she was to portray, something in Bette was released. Then she showed us what she could do!

When I first met Bill Powell, he told me that he thought he was nearly finished in pictures.

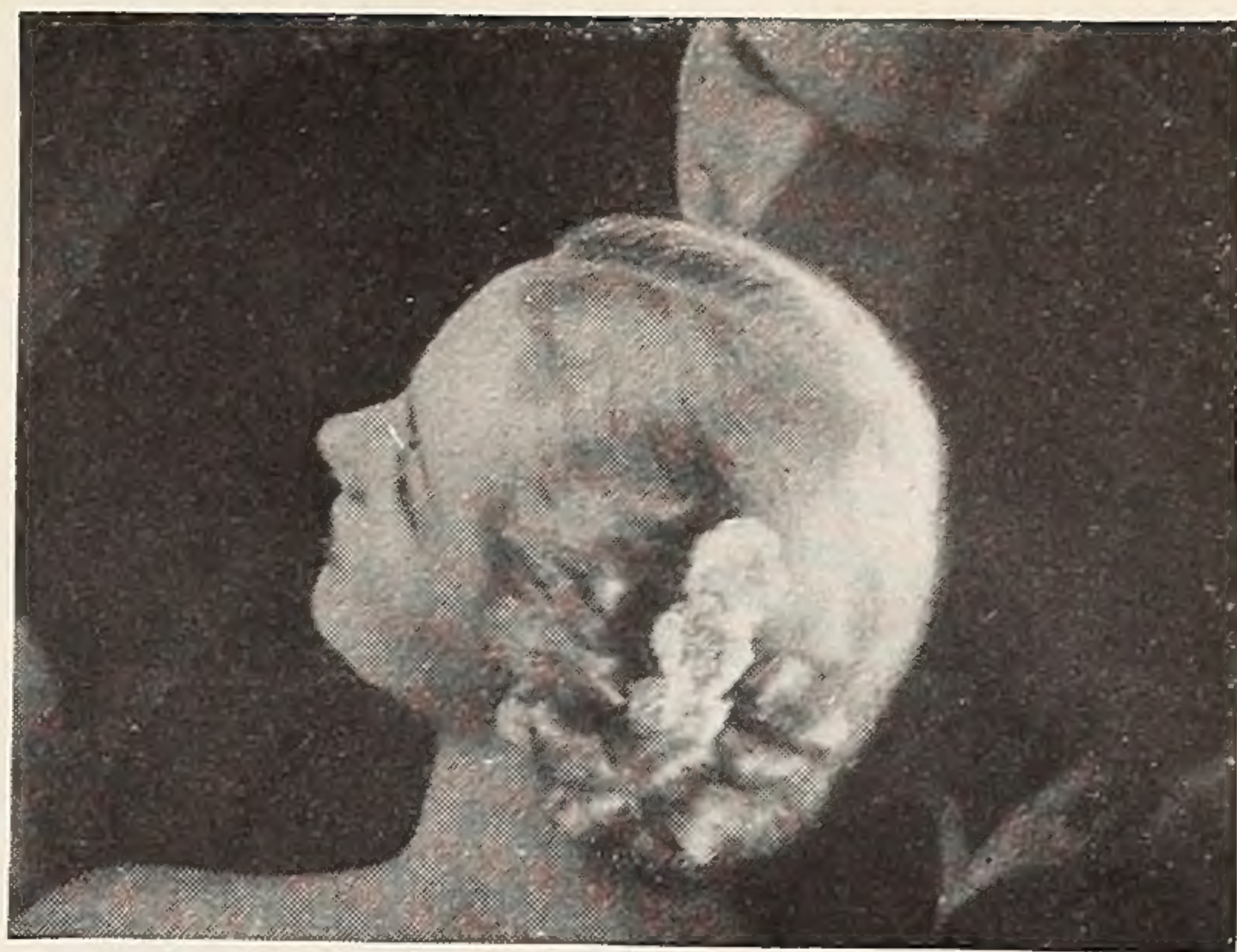
"They have given me a droopy mustache and correspondingly droopy eye-lids for years," he protested. "You can't go on being so droopy, so slimy, forever!"

Just about then, talking pictures made their debut and it was discovered that Bill Powell could talk. The experts removed all the droops and gave him lines to say—and you know the results. But Bill, showman that he is, was resigned to the opinions of the experts then. I'll wager that he would be the first to tell you that experts are responsible for a great part of his success today.

Your successful star is your intelligent "dummy."



Cute little Virginia Weidler with her sweater of bright wool for the first cool days.



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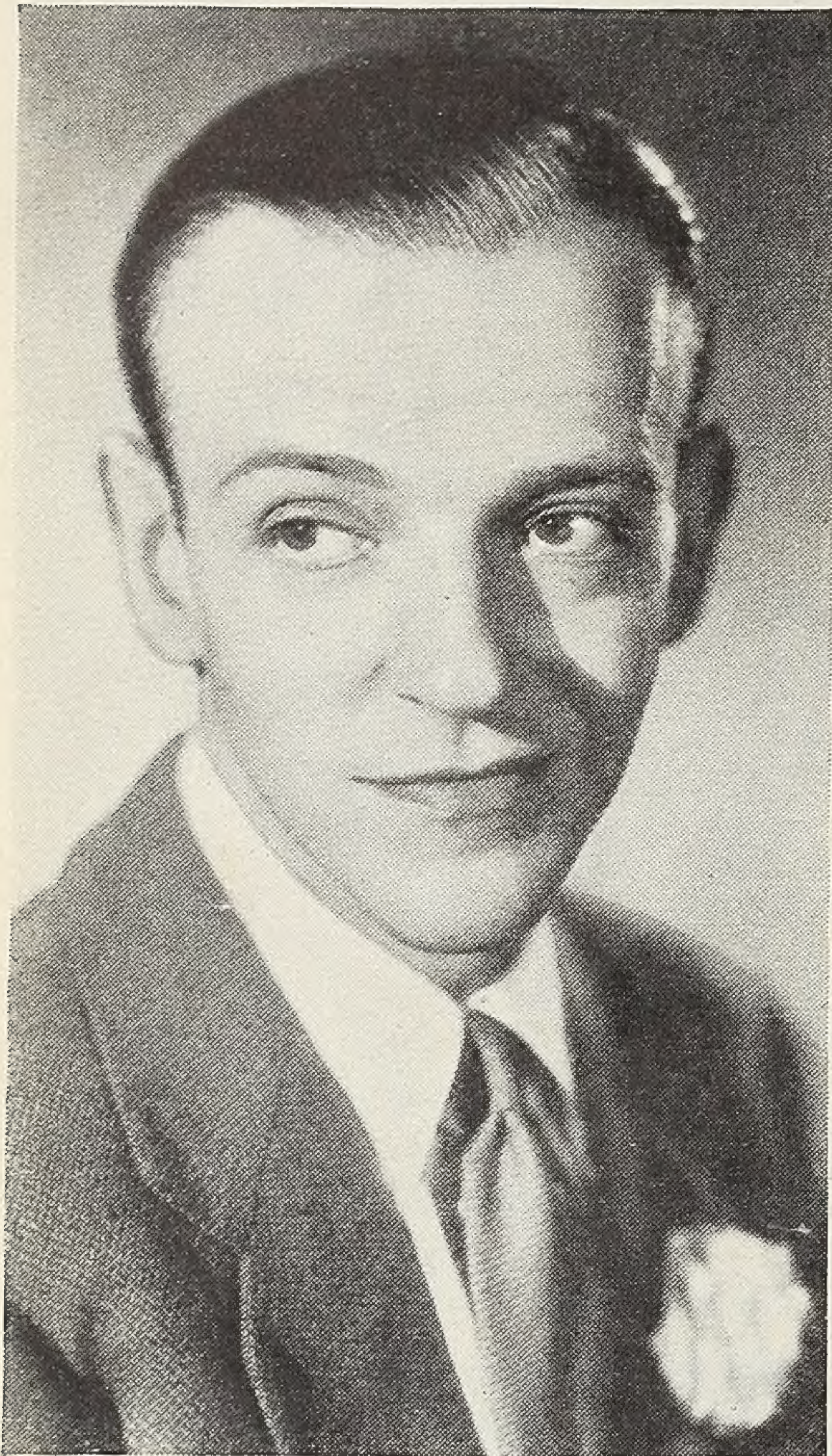
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The Final Thing



Fred Astaire

FRED ASTAIRE, after romping about in England with his sister, Adele (Lady Cavendish), returned to New York and found "Swing Time" playing at the monster Music Hall. Fred doesn't know how good he is on the screen nor how much people like him. He thought he would go and see the picture, so alone and unrecognized he bought a ticket and saw himself "as others see him."

He was pleased to hear the audience expressing their enjoyment. When one of his dance numbers ended the folks around him clapped and chuckled and seemed to like it so much that Fred couldn't help liking them, too. He felt that if they wanted him in pictures they could darn well have him. So he left the theatre, dashed to his hotel and then to the flying field and the next day he was in Hollywood ready to make "Stepping Toes."

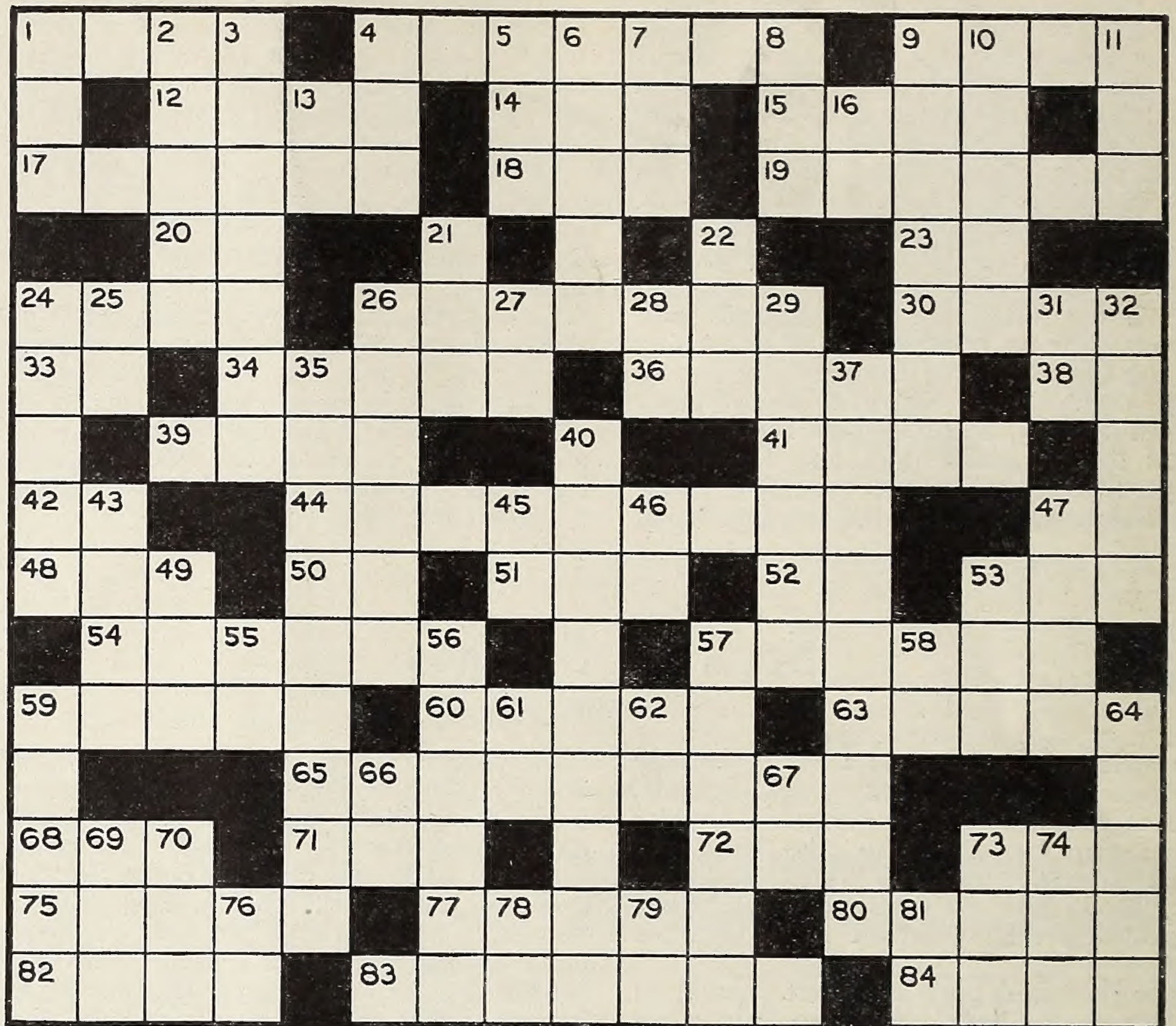
That's Fred all over, always ready to do his stuff ever since he was a boy in vaudeville, and it shows on the screen, too.

* * * *

We always feel unhappy when we come to the end of a book we like. It is welcome news if we learn that the story is to be put on the screen. "Gone With the Wind," a best seller, has been purchased by David O. Selznick for the screen. Already he has refused offers of \$50,000 more than the \$65,000 that he paid. Margaret Mitchell, a young and very charming Southern woman, has written this fine book and Atlanta, Ga., may well be proud of her. George Cukor, master director, will make the picture. Can you guess who will play Scarlett O'Hara?

Edw. Keen
EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



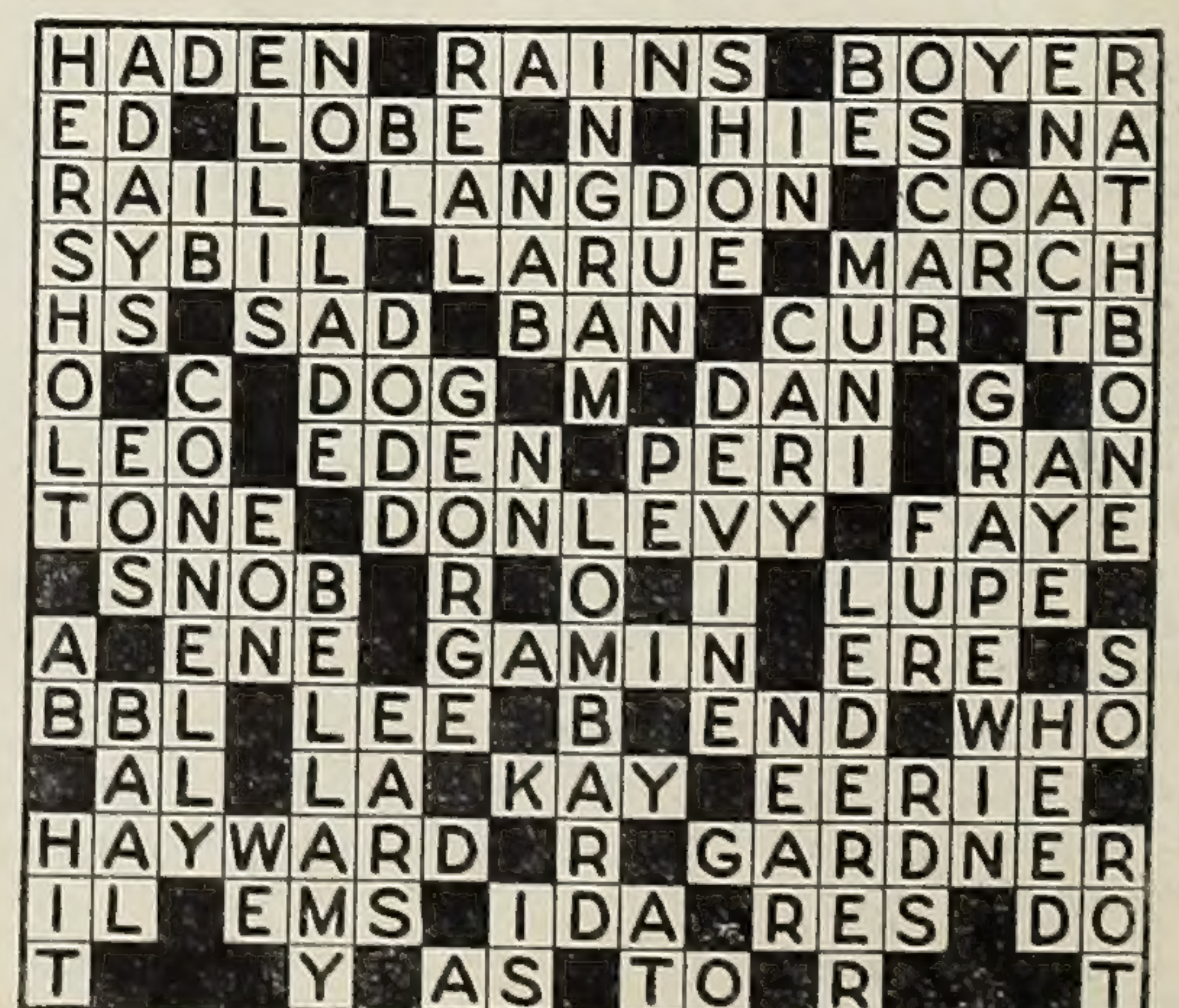
ACROSS

- 1 The quiet young school teacher in "M'liss"
- 4 "Mary of Scotland"
- 9 The nurse in "The Road to Glory"
- 12 She is featured in "Sworn Enemy"
- 14 To sin
- 15 Scent
- 17 Paul Muni's wife in "The Good Earth"
- 18 A measure of weight
- 19 The bad man in "Public Enemy's Wife"
- 20 A continent (abbr.)
- 23 A degree
- 24 Humble
- 26 The priest in "San Francisco"
- 30 Small venomous snakes
- 33 Indefinite article
- 34 To produce mental agitation (slang)
- 36 To have (Fr.)
- 38 A preposition
- 39 Verbal
- 41 Inequalities
- 42 Within
- 44 Katharine Hepburn's secretary in "Mary of Scotland"
- 47 He is one of "The Texas Rangers" (initials)
- 48 To partake of food
- 50 Her latest picture is "Yours for the Asking" (initials)
- 51 To sum up
- 52 Every (abbr.)
- 53 A small mound
- 54 Pangs
- 57 She gave a splendid performance in "Fury"
- 59 The captain in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"
- 60 One who guides or directs a vessel
- 63 Magnolia in "Show Boat"
- 65 Gymnastics
- 68 To incline the head
- 71 An untruth
- 72 Mrs. Charles Boyer
- 73 Greek letter of the alphabet
- 75 To fear greatly
- 77 To extend
- 80 The charming newcomer in "Girls' Dormitory"
- 82 He last appeared in "We Went to College"
- 83 She shares honors in "China Clipper"
- 84 Quantities
- 25 Type measure
- 26 Consolation
- 27 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
- 28 Chief accountant (abbr.)
- 29 One of the three youngsters in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
- 31 Parent
- 32 He was one of Will Rogers' closest friends
- 35 The cafe singer in "San Francisco"
- 37 Romantic persons
- 40 With Gary Cooper in "The General Died at Dawn"
- 43 Pertaining to a nation (abbr.)
- 45 The sun god
- 46 Doctor of divinity (abbr.)
- 47 Not fat
- 49 Pronoun
- 53 To bind
- 55 Royal Navy (abbr.)
- 56 A globe
- 57 The stem of a leaflet
- 58 Very reverend (abbr.)
- 59 The wealthy young sportsman in "The Spend-thrift"
- 61 Her latest picture is "The Gay Desperado" (initials)
- 62 Part of the bible (abbr.)
- 64 With Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim"
- 66 Symbol for titanium
- 67 Court of appeal (abbr.)
- 69 The eye
- 70 Mrs. Joel McCrea
- 73 A large Australian bird
- 74 Man's name
- 76 The "mammy" singer
- 78 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 79 The male star of "Yours for the Asking" (initials)
- 81 Exists.

DOWN

- 1 To obstruct
- 2 To get up
- 3 With Conrad Nagel in "Girl from Mandalay"
- 4 Possessive pronoun
- 5 To fondle
- 6 The demonstrator in "Earthworm Tractors"
- 7 Vase
- 8 Neither
- 9 Co-starred with William Powell in "My Man Godfrey"
- 10 Surfaces
- 11 Abbr. form of masculine first name
- 13 Civil Engineer (abbr.)
- 16 Perform
- 21 Skilful
- 22 Revenue (abbr.)
- 24 Feminine first name

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



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men always notice"*

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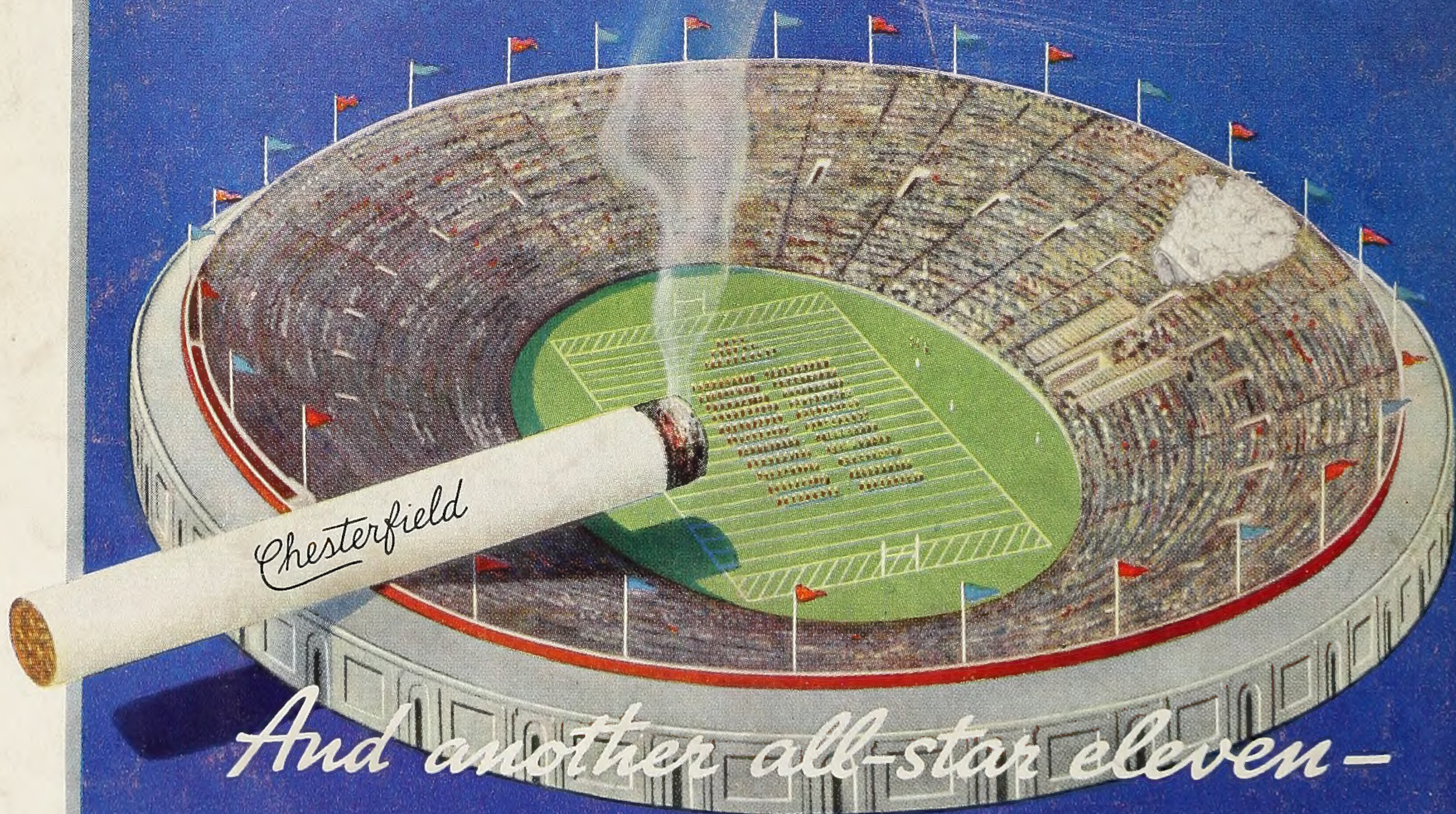
When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for *you*. Why don't you try it?

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